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November, 1906

Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

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THE GAME IN THE GARDEN.

Through the cool, dark hall Philip fluttered towards me like a yellow butterfly.

"Chère," he said, "come into the garden." At that ingratiating little French word I followed him.

"Into the new garden?" I asked.

Philip looked scornfully at me. "Of course not; into Jessie-dear's garden."

As we crossed the grass plot he said meditatively:

"Isn't it queer to think that she has been dead for more than a hundred years and we still keep her garden as she planted it. It always makes me a little sad to play with her flowers. You know she was only twenty when she died and they cut off one of her curls."

"So you opened Great-aunt Mechtildi's chest again."

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"Oh! I played with it all yesterday afternoon when it rained. I tried on Jessie-dear's bracelets and the muff made out of feathers that Rudolf gave that Eunice who went to live in Russia. I wonder why she didn't take it with her, for it must be very cold there. Here we are."

We passed through the honeysuckle-wreathed gate into the old garden.

"I have a wonderful lovely new game," said Philip. "Will you play it with me?"

"If I can play it sitting still."

"Do I ever ask you to play the other kind? Lie here in the grass under the thorn-apple tree and close your eyes. I am going to touch your cheek with flowers and you must guess what they are." He flitted off, while I lay with closed eyes. In a moment he was back.

"Now," he said, and a feathery mass of something touched my face. I felt a hundred slender tendrils brush my cheek, and here and there among them I could distinguish something smooth and thin.

"Ah! that must be love-in-the-mist," I said.

"It looks like Josephine," said Philip; "her blue eyes and *cheveux bouffants*. This?"

A spray of small, compact, evenly separated blossoms of a minutely ribbed, silky texture gently tapped my face. At the end of each blossom was a tiny spike that seemed to try to prick me. It was easy to guess what sort of flower that was.

"Bleeding-hearts?"

"Yes. Now this one."

He pressed a crumpled, deliciously scented bit of something of exquisite texture against my face. It was as if a piece of satin streaked with velvet lay against my skin. I could feel the smooth richness of the one and the thick, soft pile of the other.

"Draw it across my face," I said.

The petals were very crumpled and irregular.

"That must be a flag."

"It is—a white one. I shall be very careful with this one, for you can never guess it."

"It is the very easiest one," said I, proudly. Those fluted circles that you are pressing down so precisely are the edges of digitalis bells."

"You are very clever. I have only one left."

He trailed a slim, elastic stalk of clustered fluffiness across my eyes.

"Ah! that is bridal wreath."

"They say it was Eunice's favourite. But you are wonderful to guess them all."

"Oh! Philip! Philip Lorne!"

"Lorna Doone," said he, twisting up his dainty, azure-eyed face.

"Don't you know that flowers smell?"

His joyous laughter floated out upon the still summer air.

"Philip, the Fool," said he.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

"THE CLYTEMNAESTRA."

Stephen Brandon's invitation to return to America on his yacht had been given with all the heartiness of which, I think, he was capable, and I accepted it gladly. It was not only very opportune, since circumstances urgently demanded my presence at home, but I was also anxious to renew my friendship with Brandon, the chum and next-door neighbour of my boyhood. Although twelve years had passed since our last meeting, I had not entirely lost track of him, but had heard, sufficiently indirectly, of his entering the law, his subsequent retirement, his marriage to a penniless Italian girl, and of the birth and death of a son. On our unexpected encounter in Naples, the gap in our own acquaintance had been easily bridged by the continued friendship of our families, and we had passed the evening in pleasant reminiscence with comparatively no mention of the intervening years. Now as we sat in the tender that was taking its rapid course through the bay toward the "Clytemnaestra," I studied my friend in the light of later years and perceived him to have logically fulfilled the promise of his youth. He was a tall, heavily-built man, tanned by much seafaring, with a hooked nose, keen, narrow hawk-eyes and a straight, thin-lipped mouth expressive of forceful, though quite unemotional, egotism; a strong, clever face, holding a certain compelling fascination quite independent of charm. He was looking at his yacht now with half-shut eyes, appreciatively critical of the beautiful boat, the outcome to a great extent of his own genius. It was evident that his youthful fondness for yachting had developed into an absorbing passion, and the "Clytemnaestra" was certainly a fitting object of devotion. Her long, glistening black hull, with its sweeping curves, her sharp,

graceful prow, seemed to justify her reputation of being the fastest boat in her class.

As we drew near, my friend drew out his watch with ill-concealed eagerness.

"We can be under way in less than half an hour," he said, and then added, as if in apology: "You see, I haven't been on her for five months. I had her meet me over here."

We climbed on board, and as we reached the rear of the deck a slim woman in black rose from a low chair. I was surprised, for I could not recall Brandon's mention of a lady in his invitation. He introduced me, however, to his wife, informing her evidently for the first time, that I was to be their guest on the trip and then left but a scant time for compliments and apologies before dragging me away to other parts of the ship.

I left him with the captain and returned to my hostess just as we were about to start. She was leaning against a funnel and gazing at the warm radiance of the shore with obvious longing in her soft brown eyes. Save for these, her face could not be called beautiful; it was not only irregular in feature, but it lacked the colour which might have served as an atonement. She had, however, refinement and distinction, and though her pallor was further heightened by the unrelieved blackness of her gown, it in turn emphasized the lustre of her eyes. There was, moreover, a conspicuous grace even in the easy simplicity of her position, and as she turned gently toward me with a soft ripple of her draperies I wondered—with a wonder that gradually became belief—whether perhaps the essence of her charm for her husband were not essentially the same as that of the "Clytemnaestra."

We stood together silently as the boat drew out of the bay, and when at last the gorgeous city hid itself from our view she shuddered ever so slightly.

"Adieu to Naples," she said in a low, resonant voice, and though the tone was light, it held a deeper insinuation.

"You are fond of the city?" I asked.

"It is my native town," she answered simply.

"Oh, of course, you are an Italian."

"I *was* an Italian," she corrected me gently, and I felt in her voice the same longing that I had lately seen in her eyes.

"Ah, well, it's not adieu," I said cheerfully. "It's only good-bye till we meet again."

"For you, perhaps," she spoke with an odd finality that precluded questioning. I felt puzzled and not a little troubled. Brandon joined us opportunely.

He remained long enough to arrange a deck chair for his wife, then eager, alert—carried me off to the wheel and entertained me with an account of the weight and capacity of the "Clytemnaestra," of her various improvements and of her many trips. Of his last and best-known record trip across the Atlantic, however, he did not speak. I waited, thinking it reserved for a more momentous occasion, but neither then nor at any other time did he mention it to me.

Much of my leisure was spent on deck with Mrs. Brandon, since being unable either to share or appreciate with proper intelligence Brandon's absorbing enthusiasm, I could not help but feel myself an intruder both in the engine-room or on the bridge, between which places my host divided the major part of his time.

During the first two or three days of the voyage Mrs. Brandon exerted herself to entertain me with conversation which, if it was not strikingly clever in itself, was distinctly so in its sympathetic suggestiveness. It was also in agreeable contrast to that of her husband, for she never alluded in anyway to yachting, and soon I noticed that, although when alone with me this was the chief factor of Brandon's talk, in the presence of his wife he made a strenuous and remarkably successful effort to avoid it. An almost exaggerated, yet far from empty, courtesy seemed to characterize their relationship, behind which I felt a nicely corresponding reality. But it was a vague, rather than an intimate cordiality and significantly void of the conjugal element.

By the fourth day we were, of course, in open sea and out of sight of land. My hostess had gradually become more and more silent. She would lie quiet for long intervals, gazing out to sea, while I was supposedly occupied with a book. She always assumed, I noticed, a rather unusual position, saved from being awkward in itself by the impossibility of her ever being so. Half lying on a low deck chair, she would clasp her hands behind her head, but instead of allowing her arms to remain naturally extended, would draw her elbows forward till her face was almost completely screened. Instead of gaining color under the salt wind she seemed, if possible, to grow more pale, and a new curiously

strained expression which I was at a loss to define had come into her face. At meals and during her husband's infrequent sojourns on deck she roused herself, it is true, to a passable imitation of what was, I suppose, her usual gracious ease, but I could see that it was done by no little effort, and I wondered why, since it could not be always sustained, she preferred to drop the mask before me rather than her husband.

The evening of the fifth day the moon hung low over smooth waters and the air was unusually mild. Brandon and the captain, a short, mild-faced little man, joined us about ten, and we talked long on indifferent subjects. At half-past eleven the captain bade us good-night, and a little later Brandon proposed a general breaking up. His wife pleaded the beauty of the night as a pretext for a still longer delay, so we lingered on idly for perhaps an hour more. Then Brandon rose and helped his wife out of her chair. I seemed to detect still a mute pleading resistance in her moonlit face, but she said good-night quietly and disappeared into her cabin.

Perhaps I should explain that there were only four staterooms besides the saloon on the deck. The farthest forward was empty and locked, the second had been apportioned to me, the third and fourth were occupied by Mrs. Brandon and her husband. The dining-room and other cabins were below.

The night air had rather stimulated than made me drowsy, and I delayed retiring to finish an interesting article begun during the day; the silence of a boat, which seems only more intense because of the innumerable little groans and creaks that continually break it, being close about me. Suddenly I heard faintly, but distinctly, the sound of a laugh. It was not the laugh itself that startled me, but its peculiar quality. I laid down my book and waited. It came again, a curiously high-pitched, mirthless laugh that stopped for an interminable second in the midst of its upward cadence and then continued. While it lasted, it seemed to pervade entirely the atmosphere around me, but I felt convinced that it had originated in the empty stateroom next to mine. I opened my door and looked out. The deck was black and silent. I stepped toward the dark door of the empty cabin. Suddenly something moved, and I perceived a figure, crouched on the threshold, rise and move swiftly past me. No outline was distinguishable in the night, but a strand of fine hair had swept across my face and I knew that I had seen my hostess.

I returned to my cabin and shut the door.

"It must, of course, have been she who laughed," I said to myself as I went to bed, and yet, oddly enough, I felt sure that I was wrong.

The next morning was bright, but the yacht rolled in an extremely heavy swell. In the late afternoon it clouded over and began to rain quietly. Mrs. Brandon lay, as usual, in the stern, and coming silently along the deck, I caught a glimpse of her face before she knew of my presence. Then, as she became aware and turned, I understood the meaning of the tense expression that had troubled me. It was caused by a tremendous repression, a mastery of unruly nerves acquired at the cost of all too much precious vitality. I had seen her without it.

Brandon told us at dinner that the weather promised to be very nasty, and when we went on deck we found that a cold, raw wind held sway. Mrs. Brandon persisted in staying out of doors, although her husband pleaded with her either to go below or into her cabin. We wrapped her up well and I stayed with her, for Brandon was concerned with preparatory measures for the coming storm. Her face looked to me pitifully pale and weak against the pile of dark furs.

"You really ought not to be out here," I took it upon myself to plead.

"I can't go in," she said quietly. "I simply can't."

Wondering if she were worrying about the storm, I said reassuringly:

"I don't believe the weather will amount to much."

"The what?"

"The weather," I repeated. It had evidently been very far from her thoughts.

Later I went up to the bow and stood looking out over the rocking sea, when suddenly, above the noise of the waves, there sounded from behind me that shrill, uncanny laugh. I went swiftly back to the stern. Mrs. Brandon was not there, but a moment later she came slowly down the other side of the deck and made her way to her chair. She offered no explanation as I covered her, and somehow I did not care to ask one.

Then, the gloom of the weather and the evident depression of the lady notwithstanding, I deliberately attempted to be amusing, and finally accomplished my purpose. I elicited a laugh from my companion—the first I could remember hearing her utter—and though it was high and

slightly nervous, its crystal cadence bore not the slightest resemblance to the weird sound I had heard so recently.

At Brandon's return, though I purposely distanced myself from their conversation, it was evident that she was again protesting against withdrawal—this time, however, in vain. I helped her to the door of her cabin, Brandon following with her wraps, and as she said good-night I could feel her trembling.

All that night the storm worked itself up into the fury that was to culminate the following evening. It was impossible to stay on deck the next day, and Mrs. Brandon remained in her cabin. We assembled as usual at dinner time, though no pretense was made of a formal meal. Brandon attempted to conceal a certain exquisite excitement behind his usual cool manner, but I could see that he was supremely enjoying this uncertain peril, and I believe his only apprehension was for the well-being of the yacht itself. He forbade his wife's return to her state-room, as the deck was now quite unsafe, and left me with her in the dining-room. I sat clinging to the arms of my chair and listening to the muffled sound of the storm that, reaching us through closed port-holes, was doubly ominous of the more fearful reality without. Mrs. Brandon seemed utterly indifferent to her surroundings. Her arms were crossed on a table before her, her chin resting on them, her eyes shut. Suddenly she opened them wide and looked at me in an unseeing stare. From above, quite distinct from the noise of the storm, came the sound of that high, mirthless laugh. It was repeated again and again. The woman shuddered.

"Do you hear it, too?" I asked at last simply to interrupt the sound that was fast becoming unendurable.

"Do I hear it?" she repeated, and her voice was dry and harsh. "Ah, Holy Mary, do I hear anything else? Have I heard anything else for days?" She repeated the last phrase in a sort of moan, then, throwing herself back in her old position, her hands behind her head, she pressed her arms tightly against her face. For the first time I realized the significant fact that in this way she was stopping her ears.

Silence, so far as we were concerned, prevailed for a few minutes, then she rose to her feet, steadying herself between the chair and table. The tense expression had left her face. It was dazed and puzzled.

"It's a dreadful storm, isn't it? Why am I down here?" she asked

in her usual voice. Only her exceedingly distinct enunciation made it possible for me to understand her.

"Because the upper cabins are not safe, you know," I called back.

She seemed to ponder my words, her long fingers playing with the leather tassel of the chair. A dripping sailor slipped down the main hatchway, visible through the door, letting in a blast of damp air and a roar of sound. Then he fastened the clamp and was gone.

"Not safe up there," Mrs. Brandon repeated dully, "then where—then where is the child?" she demanded, and her dull gaze changed to one of panic-stricken horror. Before I could stop her she slipped past me and rushed at the hatchway. Tearing back the bolt, she lifted it and climbed out, leaving me to receive its downward fall on my upraised hands. Heavy enough in itself, with the added weight of rain and high wind upon it I wondered what superhuman power had aided her frail weakness. By the time I was out on the wind-swept deck, I could hear her voice blown back from the darkness ahead. I struggled after, gripping the handrail. Then from the edge of the deck I heard Brandon's voice. It seemed miles away.

"Camilla, you fool! Go back," he screamed.

But I was nearer her now than he. She was beating the door of the empty stateroom with her clenched fists and crying:

"Let me in, it's my child—my baby! Let me in!"

It seemed I would never get to her. How had she reached there so soon when I could only creep on inch by inch against wind and motion! Then above the fearful noise and the woman's screams I heard again the high, shrill, rising cadenced laugh and now I knew what it was—the laugh of a child in hysterics.

At last I stretched out my hand and touched her, when in a sudden, mad lurch of the boat we were both thrown down and across the deck. As I struggled to rise I felt Brandon close to me. The woman between us was unconscious. Together we managed to drag her slowly back to the hatchway, to wrench it open and scramble down.

Mrs. Brandon never recovered consciousness. She had struck the back of her head in the fall, and concussion of the brain must have set in. She lived through the night, but with the abating of the storm she seemed to lose strength. At dawn, while the boat sailed through calm waters, she died.

Whether my gloom was oppressed or lightened by the sense of mystery around me, I cannot tell. At the time it seemed increased, but now I believe that that element afforded my mind something of an alleviating diversion. Brandon's grief seemed to render him unapproachable. He sat on deck near the chair that his wife had always occupied, his lips tightly compressed, and he might have given the impression—did not one know better—of a man laboring under a great annoyance rather than a sorrow. I naturally forbore to interrupt his solitude, and in wandering up to the forward part of the boat came upon the captain, troubled and anxious.

"What is it, Captain?" I asked.

For answer he drew me over to the rail and said in low tones:

"You'll do your best to keep this from getting out?"

"Out where?"

"Among the crew—as long as possible. They think her ill. They're a superstitious lot, and a second death would be too much!"

"A second death?" My wonder was all too apparent. The captain looked annoyed.

"Of course—on the last voyage—the child, you knew."

"No, I did not."

He hesitated a moment, evidently weighing the propriety of his going further with its detail. I could see that he was anxious, however, for a sharer of his knowledge, and thereby, to some extent, of his responsibility; and, considering, I believe, my acquaintance with the later circumstances, he decided to put me in possession of the earlier.

"We were making just this very crossing," he began, "The end of a fast cruise, with every possibility of a record trip. The child was three years old, a sturdy, brown-faced little chap, as fond of the ship almost as his father. She was wrapped up in him—the child, I mean—never let him out of her sight, watched him, as he climbed around, with the eyes of a tigress over a cub. Well, the third day he had a little fall. It didn't seem to amount to anything, and no one thought much about it. But the fourth day he was quite ill. She connected it with the fall, and seeming to see what was coming, wanted to turn back at once. But her husband pooh-poohed the notion—said it was mere seasickness, they couldn't stop a record trip for an imaginary worry on her part. She pleaded to no purpose. Well, I suppose the motion of the boat was an added evil. The next day, brain fever set in. Then it was too late

to go back. The boy lived only two days more, but those two days were hell. Did you ever hear a child in hysterics? You don't want to, anyway. It's so uncanny, so outside of your control, and when it lasts practically for forty-eight hours, growing weaker and weaker till—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "The child died the morning of the eighth day out, just as she did. It's more than queer. You see now why I don't want the crew to get hold of it."

The captain went off, and after a long time I returned and sat down near my host. He was gazing in moody abstraction at the horizon, on which now one could perceive the faint outline of land. At last he spoke.

"I see now where the trouble lay. What a fool I've been."

"I think perhaps you were more," I said, not anxious to spare him.

"You're right. Did you see?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you— Oh! of course it was none of your affair, I suppose. But, oddly enough, we've never met as heavy a storm as that before. Next time she won't take it so rottenly."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, her weight's too far aft, of course."

"Oh!" said I, and rising, I walked deliberately away.

HERESA HELBURN, '08.

FROM CLEMENT MAROT.

A curse upon the worldly wickedness,
That with my love hath wrought me such distress;
Alas, by worth I won her amity,
By wealth another stole it craftily—
Virtue in love hath ever small success.

God grant that harm may never near her press;
Curse the fine silk and laces of her dress,
Curse the bright gold that makes her false to me,
Pearls, diamonds and other jewelry,
Since these it is that make her love me less.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

MISS SUSAN CHESBOROUGH, MORALIST.

It was five years since I had been in New England, and as the train rushed past the rugged hillsides, patched with huckleberry bushes, glorious with golden-rod and asters, footed by reed-grown creeks, many sleeping memories awoke and my task had somehow become a difficult one, while Bob Chesborough's letter in my pocket weighed unexpectedly on my conscience.

"After all," I argued to myself, "although taking advantage of a woman sounds pretty bad, it's really Bob's old tyrant of a father we're tricking, not his sister." But my pride had been strangely touched by the associations which this once-familiar country aroused, and the shamefulness of my errand was not to be argued away. "Don't be a fool, Dick Mainwaring," I might say to my heart's content, but something else would insistently answer "Cheat!"

Still indecisive, I fell again to looking out of my window, as, rounding a curve, we pulled over a long bridge, and then for a mile or more ran smoothly across the salt meadows, all cloth-of-gold under the smoky blue of the Indian summer sky. "Essex," wailed our melancholy conductor, "Essex," and I realized that my two days' journey was at an end.

Looking in vain for a conveyance of some sort, I finally accosted the end-man of a row of blank-featured individuals seated smoking on a station truck.

"Can you tell me," I said, "where I can get a hack?"

"Ain't none," was my answer.

"Do you know of anyone who would show me the way to Miss Susan Chesborough's?" I persevered.

"O," said my friend, sliding to his feet and extracting a pipe from his clenched teeth, "be you goin' thiar? Jake!" he shouted, "Ja-ake!" and then lapsed into passivity once more.

As I waited, there appeared in the doorway a boy of about eleven. "Take this feller up to Chesborough's," commanded Jake, Sr., and the boy, having surveyed me solemnly for a minute, turned without a word and pattered ahead over the platform, evidently expecting me unquestioningly to follow.

Across the yellow sand-road we went, along a narrow board path which led over the marshes wet with high tide, to a strip of stony beach. Thence we climbed for a number of minutes until we gained the summit of the bluff. On steadily, for half an hour, Jake led me, until, where a great oak with slanting foliage had widened a fissure in the gray glacier-marked rock, we turned inland across the fields. Before us, at the top of the rise, the white of a house gleamed between the trunks of a long elm avenue—a typical New England house, with homely square-paned windows and neat green blinds and clumps of cheerful red brick chimneys—while at one side was a gnarled orchard.

Here, on a wooden seat under an old apple-tree, I saw a woman reading. She was tall, as she sat there, but delicately built, and her white dress gleamed against the gray wood and green foliage, while her long, rather large hands and the silvery streak across her low-dressed hair subtly fell in with her very womanly personality.

"Thiar she be, mister," said Jake, and disappeared, while I walked across to Miss Susan Chesborough, who rose to greet me.

"I am Richard Mainwaring," I said, and soon I found myself sitting there beside Bob Chesborough's sister under the quaint apple-trees, the river at our feet, as if I were paying a delightful visit this mellow autumn afternoon, and not at all as if, after weeks of scheming, I had but just arrived from a far journey with a certain definite object in sordid view.

"It is long," Miss Chesborough was saying, "since Robert has been to 'Sherwood,' but we have had occasional letters, and we know your name well, Mr. Mainwaring." She smiled in her insistently friendly way at me as she spoke, and, suddenly coming into her pleasant atmosphere, a strange impulse rose in me, and I realized that I was talking purposelessly, driftingly, as I should naturally have talked once long before.

"I used to know this country well," I began, "my home is a few hours' journey up the river."

"Ah," she said, graciously accepting my lead, "you have had a glorious trip down to 'Sherwood.'"

"No," I shook my head. "I have not been there for five years."

"That is better, is it not?" she laughed. "You have the best trip of all ahead of you. It is just the afternoon I should choose out of all the others to come home after five years."

Her words kept me silent for a full minute—that I might go home

had never entered into my plans for this much-planned trip. The possibility confused me, and I passed heedlessly this logical spot for introducing my errand, asking hedgingly: "You care for this country, then, Miss Chesborough?"

"Oh," she cried, seemingly taking pleasure in expressing her emotion, and not so much addressing me, "it is the most lovable country on this lovable earth. Look," touching my arm and motioning to the meadows below us, where the blue-jeaned farm hands were piling the neat hay-cocks into their lumbering ox-carts, "one works all day—if one has the good fortune to be a man, Mr. Mainwaring—and then, each sunset, one's labour done, weary and hungry, one comes back across the fields to fire and books and affections. Can you tell me anything better than that?"

"The city," I said, "to have one's hands on the levers, overcoming circumstances, the satisfaction of realizing one's possibilities, and," I added grimly, "of making others realize one's possibilities."

"Do you know," she answered gently, "I think we never realize our possibilities—we all have so much, so very much, to express, and most of us, when we cannot find the language to speak out in, forget—we are so pitifully forgetful," she smiled across at me.

"I wonder," I said, "I wonder if a man could remember after five years of forgetfulness?"

As I spoke a harsh voice called across to us from the house, "Susan! Susan!" Miss Chesborough rose quickly. "You will excuse me for a minute?" she said, "my father must want me."

Her father! Alone in the orchard, I faced squarely that which, only a few days before, I should have called my duty. Bob back in the city, and the campaign we had been planning and fostering and now at last brought to a head, the victory for us to put out our hands and take up if only we held the magic key which old Squire Chesborough, with his influence, could get us, which he *would not* get us unless—I felt for the letter in my pocket. Bob, with that foolishly cunning expression in his eyes, had told me that "Susan could get anything out of the old man," and he had added, "she will, too, if I write to her. The 'plan' would sound all right to her—neither of them would suspect anything until it was all over." Thus the scheme had taken shape, and now Bob's letter in my pocket remained to be delivered. Fumblingly I felt in my coat, glancing up as I did so to see Miss Chesborough in her white gown

sweeping across the grass toward me. She had caught up a spray of golden-rod and she was humming tō herself.

"That foolish old song has been running through my head all day," she said, not continuing our former conversation, and then, as if to herself, she sang, laughingly, in a sweet, high voice :

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never called to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

"Will you sing the rest?" I asked, and she went on :

"We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

"Thank you," I said when she finished, and then we sat for a minute without speaking.

It seemed to me that a long, long time had passed since Jake had left me on the river bluff—it seemed as if in that time I had found something and lost something and "remembered" back years and forgot all that belonged in between.

"Miss Chesborough," I said as I rose, "I have had a delightful afternoon. I shall see Bob in a few days and I shall tell him how much better the autumn is at 'Sherwood' than in town, and next week, when I shall be coming up the river again, home, I shall bring him with me."

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

URANIA.

She dreams on solitary heights,
Through lovely days and lovelier nights.
The world extends beneath her view,
Bounded by braided green and blue;
The mighty cities all are laid
In gleaming circles at her feet.
But, ah! she finds it far more sweet
To watch the dawn stars rise and fade;
The glacial rivers flowing by
Hold more enchantment for her eye
Than narrow ways that man has made.

So shall it be until the one,
Appointed from the first, have run
The snowy summits where she stays,
Dreaming through lovely nights and days.
And there is none may utter blame
Against aloofness such as hers,
The clearness of her deep eyes stirs
All lying thoughts to bitter shame.
But he who wins those heights above
May look, and sigh: "How long, O love!"
When her pure lips shall speak his name.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

ROMEO IN THE SLUMS.

The city of Richmond one summer started a playground for slum children in *Rockets* and, as a good citizen, I went on a certain Saturday morning to help to amuse them. *Rockets* lies far from the homes of clean people, deep in the gloomy heart of the city, and it was here that the electric car bore me. Down many steeps, from the green suburbs to the solid town houses, from the comfortable homes to the huge dry goods

stores, the clean-smelling, tidy drug-stores, the dazzling jewelry shops, then from these to the big bare factories and wholesale houses, and thence to the dark, cheap little shops of emigrants and of negroes, it droned. At last, on a corner in the glaring sunshine, it left me, and went swiftly on its busy way again, buzzing and humming like a great bee. Looking about, I saw a fat tousled grandmother in a doorway opposite, between two small windows, which were garnished with bandanna handkerchiefs, shoestrings, and black licorice. So engrossed was she with tossing a beady-eyed baby, that she did not see me until I had crossed the street and addressed her, asking where I might find the playground. Then her answer was a stream of such broken English that I could not make heads or tails of it, but when I said that I was going to play with the children there, she said a great deal. After talking herself hoarse, she shook her head at me, pointed to an old weather-beaten house with a faded air of aristocracy very pitiful in its present surroundings, and then, as I approached it, called after me warningly:

"Romeo! Ah, Romeo!"

"How interesting!" thought I, listening to the cracked echo of the door-bell. "Evidently there is some romance about the old place—Romeo! Ah, Romeo!—Her class is always superstitious."

Someone opened the door. I passed through the dead air of an empty, dusty hall into a bright back-yard, to find it resounding to the same cry, "Romeo! Romeo!" Then, "Lick 'im! That's right! Holler 'nuff!" It was a bare quadrangle, from the middle of which rose tall posts for a swing like a gallows, and around which ran a rough board fence. At one end, under a shed, a crowd of tiny children, dressed in bright dirty rags, played blissfully in a great white heap of sand, burying their thin little hands in it or shaping it earnestly into the likeness of such feasts as few of them had ever tasted in all their pinched little lives. Since the attention of the warden was occupied with them just then, the group of small boys near the entrance were free to do as they liked, and they were using their freedom to the best advantage. They stood in a fierce, excited little circle, around something. I stepped forward to see. A boy lay on the ground, his face in the earth, while another sat on top of him, swinging his fists joyously, and the crowd, as crowds will, cried to the upper one:

"That's right, Romeo! Hit 'im again!"

There was no mercy or chivalry in his face, for they are not often

taught in the slums, but there was a light in his big gray eyes that had something primitive in it. I rushed into the circle, lifted the victor from his seat, and, while the other walked blubbering away, shook him. That shake transformed him before my eyes. He turned in a moment from a vainglorious conqueror to a pitiful little being, who, with his pale face, his shifting eyes, his stooping shoulders, his tousled, matted hair, resembled nothing so much as one of the gaunt, scared alley-cats that frequent the garbage-pails in the neighboring yards.

"Teacher," he besought, in a whining voice, "don't put me out. I didn't mean nothin'."

"Then you must behave yourself. Can I trust you?"

"Yes, ma'm. Cross my heart!"

I let the cringing little body go, and turned away to tell a fairy story to a crowd of those small girls whose backs seem always bent under the weight of baby brothers and sisters. Peace reigned for half an hour, then an uproar rose in a corner of the yard, and I arrived just in time to hear Romeo say, "It's a lie, and if you say it again, I'll lick you."

A very little Italian boy, with very big eyes and very soft curls, put his grimy hands on my clean white skirt, and explained tearfully that Romeo had taken his roll and sausage. Romeo denied the accusation. The accused was searched, the stolen goods were found on him and were returned.

"Romeo, I'm sorry, but if you won't be truthful and honest, you can't stay here."

He showed his white teeth in a smile as charming as if I had complimented him on his sweet nature, then, turning to one of the posts nearby, swung up it as agilely as one of those alley-cats might have done, and, seated on the roof of the shed, looked down upon us. Picking up a piece of slate by his side, he said to the small plaintiff:

"Yer dirty little lobster, take that!" and with an easy motion of his wrist flung it, striking the child cruelly hard on the arm. After that there was nothing left for me to do but to put him out, and, when two big boys had climbed up and brought him down, I took his hand and walked gravely toward the door. He smiled until it closed upon him, and then, in the empty hall, with a sob he clutched my hand in both of his, whispering:

"Oh! Teacher, don't put me out! I don't want to go. I don't want to go!"

"I'm sorry, Romeo, but you'll have to go now. You know you can come back next Saturday."

"Oh, but, Teacher, I haven't got anywhere to go or anything to do this Saturday, and I don't want to go. Oh, I don't want to go back to the street!"

The smutty little face and the big misty eyes wrung my heart, but I had to keep my word. Slowly we walked through the dead silence of the hall. Slowly I opened the big door to the tawdry, ugly glare of the street, and he slipped out.

CARLIE MINOR, '09.

EDITORIAL.

The Berlin *Woche*, in a very flattering account of the Bryn Mawr May Day Fête, declares that the women of America are doing their utmost to arouse a feeling for the beautiful and the ideal, and that it will be due to their influence, alone, if the country is turned from its all-absorbing pursuit of wealth.

The inference may be drawn, without too great conceit, that we are considered as having contributed, by our fête, to this bringing in of a spirit of beauty. The idea of an Elizabethan fête has become, without doubt, intimately associated with Bryn Mawr, in the minds of many outsiders, and to those of us who were here last May Day, the pleached walk is still the forest of Robin Hood, and the tangle in the hollow, a haunt of Titania and her attendant fairies. That is, the spirit and loveliness of May Day have become incorporated, as it were, into our life here, adding so much of poetry and beauty to our associations.

Bryn Mawr has shown herself singularly adapted to beautiful ceremonies and festivities, and it seems a lost opportunity not to take advantage of this charming setting in the forming of lovely traditions, and a crime to mar it by unlovely ones. The rumour that "Lantern Night" is to be celebrated in the quadrangle of the new Library indicates a step in the right direction. Nothing could be more suitable than that the Freshmen should here receive their formal admission to the ranks of the

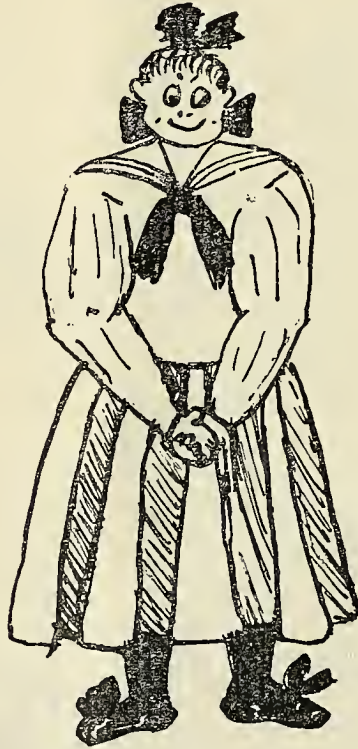
college classes, and the thought of the loveliness of the ceremony—the dark procession moving slowly through the cloisters, lighted only by swinging blue lanterns, with “Pallas Athena, thea” echoed back from the stone arches—leaves one on tiptoe with expectation.

The incongruity of such an occasion with a barbaric extravagant function like the Freshman Rush cannot but suggest itself. Not that all our pleasures must be of the quiet, academic sort, but that the Rush has taken on proportions and tenor that seem almost to do violence to our surroundings. It is the expression of a phase of college life of which we would do well to rid ourselves by trying to substitute traditions, which, while ministering to our enjoyment, will also add beauty and charm to our associations with Bryn Mawr.

DULCI FISTULA.

When I consider how my time is spent
Throughout my days in this dark hall and wide;
The entrance card that it is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To register my courses and present
My course book lest the faculty should chide.
“Do they exact my presence, cuts denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: “They can’t, indeed,
At once demand you here and in your class.
So bear this yoke, although you think your state
Is wretched. Forsake all thought of speed
And let the ‘mothers’ all before you pass.
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MARGARET AYER, '07.

THE AMIABLE FRESHMAN.

I smile at Upper Classmen, because they smile at me.
I smile on Faculty, because I've heard it's policy.
I smile upon my classmates, because I think it's right;
But, oh, it keeps me smiling from morning until night!

M. P., '08.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

- '92. Helen J. Robins is abroad for a year's rest. She is now in Italy.
- '96. Elizabeth B. Kirkbride has returned to Philadelphia after seven months spent abroad.
- '98. Mary Sheppard is warden of Rockefeller Hall.
Edith Gertrude Schoff was married to Mr. John Boericke.
- '99. Katherine Middendorf Blackwell has a daughter.
Evelyn Walker is Secretary of Miss Winsor's School, Boston.
- '00. Cornelia Halsey Kellog has a daughter.
Julia Strieter was married to Mr. Gardner on September 29th.
Edna Fischel Gilhorn has a son.
- '01. Marion Parris is in Vienna under the new Bryn Mawr Research Fellowship.
Grace Phillips was married to Mr. John Kemmerer in June, 1906.
Fanny Sinclair Woods has returned to China.
- '02. Edith Orlady is in Carlsbad, and will later go to Paris.
- '04. Edna Shearer is doing graduate work in Bryn Mawr College.
Marguerite Gribi was married to Mr. Otto August Kreutzberg on October 16, 1906.
- '05. Julia Gardner is back, doing graduate work.
- '06. Elsie Biglow was married to Mr. St. George Barber.
Adelaide Neal, Marion Houghton, Helen Haughwout, and Marjorie Rawson are abroad.
Jessie Hewitt visited college this month. She will go abroad on November 10th.
Helen Sandison, Virginia Robinson, Helen Williston Smith and Helen Moss Lowengrund are back doing graduate work.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The morning of the third of October found us all assembled in chapel for the opening of our twenty-seventh academic year. I make use of the word "our," in view of the fact that while we are here, whatever pertains to our college pertains to us. As individuals, I do not think

we have any of us accomplished that long an apprenticeship, but, as the standard continues to be raised (which President Thomas, in her welcoming speech told us, was an assured fact), the prospect seems distinctly hopeful. We may comfort ourselves with the old maxim, "Cheer up! the worst is yet to come!"

The Freshmen scored their first success on November second, when they held their secret meeting in Abernethy's barn, at which all the Sophomores were very conspicuous by their absence. Frances Jackson was unanimously elected Chairman. The Class of 1909, however, appeared to greater advantage on Rush Night, October fourth, when, "so withered and so wild in their attire," like "blue, meagre hag or stubborn, unlaid ghost," they danced frantically around the sturdy Freshman line, uttering those "dulcet and harmonious tones" that we all remember so well.

The Christian Union entertained the Freshmen with a reception in the gymnasium on the evening of October fifth. Both Miss Thomas and Grace Hutchins, President of the association, delivered cordial speeches of welcome to the Freshmen.

President Thomas entertained the Freshmen at the Deanery on the afternoon of October eleventh, and the graduate students on the evening of October twelfth.

The Students' Association for Self-Government held its first meeting of this year on October sixteenth. The annual reading of the constitution took place and certain changes in it were made.

Ellen Thayer, '07, has been elected President of the Undergraduate Association in place of Harriet Houghteling, who was unable to return to college. Louise Hyman, '08, is President of the Law Club.

Proctorial elections were held on October the fifth, and the new system was put into practice. Of course we all thoroughly approve of the new system, and are looking forward anxiously—very anxiously, indeed—to our honoured fortnight. Still, sometimes those of us who have already enjoyed a whole semester of equal distinction are moved to ask whether we can ever have too much of a good thing.

The election of officers in the three upper classes have taken place, with the following results: 1907—President, Esther Williams; Vice-President, Julie Benjamin; Secretary, Margaret Reeve. 1908—President, Josephine Proudfit; Vice-President, Anna Dunham; Secretary, Edith Chambers. 1909—President, Frances Browne; Vice-President,

Alta Stevens; Secretary, Evelyn Holt. All we who are not elected realize that this is no subject for jesting.

The first College Fortnightly Sermon was preached by Dr. Barton, the second by Dr. Thompson. There are many other interesting names on the list of the year's speakers.

At the Senior Reception which was held in the gymnasium on Friday evening, October nineteenth, the Freshmen were entertained by a clever little three-act skit written by Margaret Ayer and Cornelia Meigs. The autumnal decorations of the room were very effective, and the refreshments thoroughly appreciated by all the classes.

That the library is practically finished and ready for use seems to many of us older residents, whose hearts, "hope deferred," had long ago made sick, more than a miracle. It is indeed a pleasure to be able, without going "down the hill," to see our professors and English readers in their consultation tombs—I should say rooms in the new building. And, of course, we all appreciate the comfort of having a large, beautifully proportioned, airy hall, where we can study in isolated contiguity to our friends, and breathe freely—no, no, I take that back—breathe gently, through tightly compressed lips, lest the reverberating noise of the escaping air should thunder down the room.

It has also been suggested that as a great convenience to the students, an office for checking fountain-pens be established in the library entrance.

HERESA HELBURN, '08.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The captains of the four hockey teams are: 1907, Esther Williams; 1908, Lydia Sharpless; 1909, Edith Brown; 1910, Elsa Dennison.

The completion of the new athletic field gives added impetus to the aspirations of the second teams. They are now having regular practice under very satisfactory conditions.

The inter-class tennis tournament is now being played off. Three new gravel courts, one for each of the three upper classes, have been made between Low Buildings and the new hockey field. Low Buildings is kind enough to hope the Athletic Association will give us high, vine-covered back-stops. The Undergraduates, less æsthetic, would extend a vote of thanks to the association for any kind of back-stop.

SENIOR SONG

(Tune: *45 Minutes from Broadway.*)

In our Freshman year,
When we first came here,
We were the most model of children;
We opened the doors
To austere Sophomores,
And obeyed all their mandates bewilderin'.
We drank muggled chocolate
At gay Junior parties
Where we were too frightened to speak;
We went to all teas, to
All games, and cheered hearty,
And were always so thrilled we could shriek.

CHORUS.

Three years ago we were Freshmen—
Think of the changes time brings,
For the short time it takes,
What a difference it makes
In the ways of the people and things.
Now we are dignified Seniors,
Little there is we don't know.
We are very austere,
But how did we appear
Only three very short years ago.

As Sophomores in state,
We met 1908,
And gave them vociferous greeting.
Those were strenuous days,
Between dances and plays,
And hockey and teas and class meeting.

We reveled in lengthy nocturnal digressions,
Philosophical queries were rife,
We settled our futures in long midnight sessions—
Ah! me, 'twas a jovial life.

CHORUS.

Two years ago we were Sophomores, etc.

A strenuous year
Was the third we had here,
We watched 1909 like a mother.
Sage wisdom we bred
In each little red head,
As we two grew to know one another.
We gave all our strength
To our gay little May Day,
We never had time for our work,
With never a thought of
The hideous pay day
That's lurking whenever we shirk.

CHORUS.

One year ago we were Juniors, etc.

Next year, when we're hurled
On a cold, dreary world,
How different will be our story.
No more we'll appear
So advanced and severe,
And vanished will be all our glory.
Some as nervous young teachers
Will find occupation,
Some graduate colleges haunt,
While some will compete for
The proud reputation
Of oldest living débutante.

CHORUS.

One year and we'll be alumnæ,
Think of the changes 'twill bring;
For the short time 'twill take,
What a difference 'twill make
In the ways of the people and things.
Now we are dignified Seniors,
Filling the big public eye.
We are very austere,
But how shall we appear
When one very short year has passed by?

But let this last year
Be filled with good cheer—
We'll take no sad thought for the morrow,
And let us make gay
While we still have our day,
Why search for new trouble to borrow?
And when we have gone from the place we love dearly,
We'll plan to come back from afar,
With a laugh on our lips and
A song that rings clearly
In praise of our class and Bryn Mawr.

CHORUS.

One year we have to be Seniors,
One year has our class at its prime,
So why think of June,
'Twill come all too soon—
Let us all make the most of our time.
Now we are dignified Seniors,
Little there is we don't know.
We are very austere,
But we're glad to be here—
We'll be awfully sorry to go.

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.

1909's *RUSH SONG TO* 1910.(Tune: *Mamie*.)

Look! here come the Freshmen,
Walking two and two,
Just as little children
Always ought to do.
Though your loving Juniors
Greet you with a shout,
The Sophomores 'll git you
If you don't watch out.

DOROTHY CHILD, '09.

1910's *RUSH SONGS*.(Tune: *Everybody Works but Father*.)

The Sophs are out this evening
To drown the Freshmen's song,
But we'll keep on yelling
As we march along.
Around through the buildings
With 1908 we'll march
Till we come victorious
Under Pembroke arch.

(Then the rush cheer.)

1910, Rah! Rah!
1910, Rah! Rah!
Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr!

(Tune: *The Irish Washerwoman*.)

I.

Freshmen green are we,
Full of simplicity,
The Sophomores chide us, the Juniors guide us,
But soon we shall wiser be.

II.

The Seniors are very kind,
And them we'll always mind,
The Juniors guide us, the Sophomores chide us
And teach us our place to find.

FRANCIS JACKSON, '10.

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Philanthropic Committee—Chairman, E. Sweet, '07; E. Thayer, '07; A. Dunham, '08; H. Whitelaw, '08; E. Brown, '09.

Bible Study Committee—Chairman, L. Milligan, '08; M. Fabian, '07; L. Sharpless, '08; M. Holliday, '09.

Membership Committee—Chairman, V. McKenny, '08; E. Williams, '07; A. Brandeis, '07; M. Nearing, '09; K. Goodale, '09.

Mission Study Committee—Chairman, L. Robinson, '09; D. Forster, '07; M. Moore, '09; L. Haines, '09; P. Goodwin, '09.

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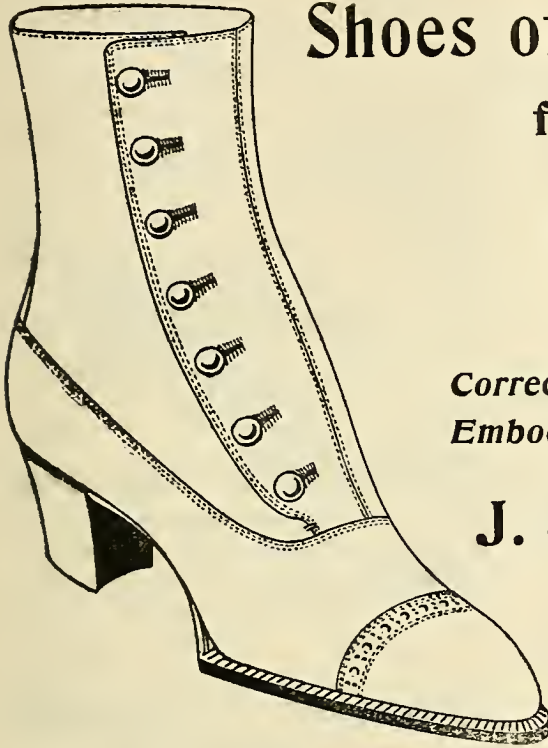
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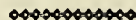
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Tipyn o' Bob

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KENWAY.

Robert Kingsbury scraped his coffee cup absent-mindedly across the edge of his saucer while he watched his aunt's face as she talked to him.

"You used to spend at least part of every week with Eleanor and William at Kenway," she was saying; "until the last few years, you three were inseparable. I can't understand at all, Robert; you do nothing now but work, work all the time. Really, I think the Pages will be quite hurt if you refuse this last invitation to visit them."

"Aunt Fred," laughed the stern-faced man, with a half-formal finality in his voice, "you know that I can't spare one hour away from this case—it is not only my reputation that is at stake: I owe something, you will admit, to my clients."

"Of course, Robert, of course," cried Madam Kingsbury, "but the courts aren't in session Saturday afternoon or Sunday, and a telegram could bring you back to town in an hour. So, my dear nephew, don't

be silly. For myself," she drew herself up in her stately way, "for myself, you would please me very much if you would go to-morrow to Kenway."

The high cart spun around the brick coping at the entrance to the drive. Through the dogwood and wistaria, the way wound up to the low, white, latticed house. Beyond the thick trees was to be caught a bit of the long, sweeping lawn and the bordering daffodils. Robert Kingsbury exclaimed as he came upon it all, the man beside him chuckling pleasedly:

"Arr, Misther Rhobert," he said with his rising Irish inflection, "have y-r-ier seen it luke betther?"

"No, Patrick," said Kingsbury soberly, "I never have."

Their wheels cut sharply across the gravel, and from the orchard the song-sparrows called gaily. As the bay horse pulled up before the low entrance the door opened quickly and a rather tall women of apparently thirty-eight or forty came forward, followed by a jovial-faced, broad-shouldered, distinctly middle-aged, grey-haired man.

"Robert," she said with hospitality, "this is almost too nice to be true: Billy and I sent Patrick to meet you on the one chance in a hundred that you would really come."

"You didn't get my wire?" Kingsbury asked, as he and Page shook hands.

As he spoke, Patrick handed Eleanor Page a yellow envelope.

"Look," she laughed, glancing through the message and turning to her brother, "Robert Kingsbury is 'delighted to come.'"

"In more ways than one, Kenway is the same, I see," scoffed Kingsbury.

Eleanor smiled amusedly at him. "Come," she said, "in quarter of an hour your tea will be waiting for you down on the bank." And she nodded to them as she left them and walked slowly away across the sunny lawn, her gray gown sweeping over the grass.

A few minutes later Kingsbury, with Page, strolled down the gradual slope to the old brick terrace above the river, where Eleanor sat reading as she waited for them. She did not hear the two men as they approached, and they watched her, with unconscious regularity, run through page after page. At the foot of the uneven stone steps they stopped.

"*'Mihi iam non regia Roma, Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellis Tarentum,'*" quoted Robert. "Am I right, Eleanor?"

"Yes," she answered, "I shouldn't have said you would remember even that, Robert."

They were silent a minute at her words, and then, drawing chairs to the low table, they leaned back comfortably, and Page said, as if summing up an unspoken discussion: "Well, anyway, here we are again. Could anything be better?"

They stayed out, chatting half-enthusiastically, half-regretfully over their tea of old times until the full April moon grew more golden and more golden in the fading sunset, and Eleanor, shivering as the damp night air blew up from the water, rose, saying that it was almost time for dinner.

Kingsbury held back a fallen branch for her, and as her brother motioned him to go before, he walked beside her along the narrow garden path. Silently he broke a cherry blossom and gave it to her, and Billy, behind them, sang softly in his full voice some verses that Kingsbury had jestingly sent Eleanor one spring day years before:

"May the stars shine through your window
And keep your sleep to-night;
May the morning sun awake you
In the early golden light.

For all I cannot tell you,
For all I will not say,
May the gaiety of springtime
Be in your heart all day."

As they came to the open lawn they saw the library light dim through the diamond-paned windows, and now the moon was bright above the low willows.

They sat late at the table that night, talking, and then they wandered down by the river again and talked a long while more. The next morning they went together that Kingsbury might see the changes which had come since he had last been at Kenway, and the afternoon on which he was to leave found them once more at tea out on the wistaria-swept brick terrace.

"You see, Robert," said Eleanor, "we are doing the old things, Billy and I"

Kingsbury laughed. "You and Billy Kenway, and, as you say, the old things, all belong to each other," he answered.

"How strangely lives turn out: mine is half past, and yet it has drifted into quite other courses than I once planned, or, for that matter, than I still plan."

She watched him a minute, and then went on: "I had thought I should do a great deal of—good, I suppose, and make a great deal of difference, recognisable, appreciative difference. Whereas, in point of fact, what I think and where I go affects no one really but Billy and a few relatives and my friends."

"Yes, I know," Kingsbury drew his chair a little closer, and Page settled back with his most "Spectator" air of understanding but unaffected third, "I know, Eleanor, but, you see, we so seldom, any of us, make single, big, definite, tangible differences to other people—it's just what you call our 'drifting' that matters. For instance," he went on less seriously, "here I am at Kenway for two days: I wake up suddenly to the fact that my life, too, is half past, and all I have done is to build up a more or less wide reputation and win perhaps a dozen cases which brought good luck to my clients and bad luck to the other man's clients, and which I believed to be in the furtherance of justice. What *I* think or where *I* go makes a great deal of difference in the city—I wish, to any one person, that it made half the difference your thinking and going makes to Billy."

"It's just a question, I suppose, as to what is, after all, success. What would you call success?"

Kingsbury thought for a minute.

"I should call success," he said at last, "the ability to live up to the highest I am capable of conceiving—the realization in my own existence of my supreme ideal. What would you call success, Eleanor?"

"I?" laughed Eleanor Page quickly, "I should call it the finding of some other person with the ability of teaching me the highest I am capable of conceiving—the realisation in some one else's existence of my own supreme ideal."

"Bob," interrupted Billy Page from the other side of the terrace, "I dislike to hurry you, but if you really have to take the seven-ten—"

Kingsbury rose reluctantly.

"I hate to think, Eleanor, he said, as he held out his hand, "how

near I came to missing these two days at Kenway, and how many I have been missing all along for ten years. Since we have been talking of such things, I have discovered since Friday that my life was swinging on the half-way pivot, and, if I had not come here, it would have stopped at the wrong notch."

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

THE TORTURE OF SOLOMON-ERNEST.

Solomon-Ernest lay on his back beneath a tree. He was in an unusually agreeable frame of mind; not that the day was warm and sunny, there are many such in Virginia; not because he had eaten corn-pones for his dinner,—the family always dined on corn-pones and side-meat; nor was it because his little black body was unfettered by the dogs of conventionality,—he never wore clothes in summer. But for some reason or no reason, the world looked good to Solomon-Ernest that afternoon. He squirmed his plump shoulders rapturously, because the thick grass felt so cool and soft to his skin, and stretching out to his full, round length, wriggled his toes in contentment.

Then "Jaspah," his new puppy, of a variety commonly known as "black-and-tan" sauntered up apparently with amicable intent, but, catching sight of two tiny, animated black things, he lost control of himself, and with one yelp of joy he hurled himself upon Solomon-Ernest's feet, and began biting and worrying them, growling deliciously all the time. This game sent thrills up the master's backbone, strange, compound thrills of cold and pain, but also of ecstasy so keen as to be almost unendurable. He shrieked aloud in joy, and kicked his legs in the air, while Jaspah made frantic leaps to seize again his prize. But the boy's mother, hearing the noise, called the dog away. Solomon-Ernest was annoyed, but he said nothing. A fly lighted upon his hand; he brushed it away. It lighted on his neck, and again he brushed it away, and again, each time with increasing irritation. At last the imprudent insect, with much buzzing, perched above his left eye, and began a line of march across his forehead. The little, round face assumed a determined expression, but made no motion except to resolve itself into agonized, fat,

black wrinkles. Above his right eye the fly stopped and began washing its face. Solomon-Ernest's brow contracted spasmodically; his hands clenched and several times started involuntarily toward the place of annoyance, but he always stopped them in time.

Then the fly took up his travels again and started this time on a downward course. Solomon-Ernest was rigid and tense all over, except his cheeks, which quivered and jerked, so that once the fly almost took alarm and departed. But it was a bold creature, and travelled on until it came to the corner of his red curved mouth, where it paused and began exercising its back legs. The child's lips twitched and his hands ached to move; but he had a purpose, and, very silently and cannily, he waited until his unfortunate enemy had composed himself for a nap. Then there was a sudden, quick movement, a snap of tiny white teeth, and the torture of Solomon-Ernest was at an end.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

ON READING KEATS.

TO M. P.

Here where purple violets shine,
Mingling faint odours with the eglantine,
And fading fast beneath the heat of June,
Take up the book and read to me,
To while away the languid afternoon,
Those tales of ancient times,
Woven with dim, rich beauties in his rhymes;
Of pearl-browed maids and silver-armoured knights;
Of ladies dead long years in Italy,
Unwept of kinsmen, shrined in his lament.
Ah! read to me until the paling lights of day are spent,
And dreams troop in with new and strange delights.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY.

That one must outgrow one's first confidence and strength is, as one grows older, very nearly the only certain thing, and no one is quite able to lay claim to maturity until he knows what his rug tastes like. To this sadder consciousness, youth with its unvarying attitude of self-assurance, is as amusing as it is perplexing.

When one remembers what he was at fifteen, clean and cocky, not comprehending of life; yet, taking it at second-hand as a rather bourgeois succession of crosses and crowns—a state of mind best expressed by a big, angular “Beyond the Alps lies Italy” on the fly-leaf of an immaculate Greek Composition Book—his primary shame of failure is apt to be followed by a flood of equally absurd complacency.

For, at fifteen one smelt of Ruskin, and rejoiced that the world was messy for him to put in order. One's psychology was unobtrusive, and the *Psalm of Life* and the *Ladder of St. Augustine*, studied while lacing one's boots, made an excellent system of morality. The Alps?—one knew what they were—

“The heights by great men reached and kept,”

with vague suggestions of:

“When Duty whispers ‘Lo! thou must,’
The youth replied ‘I can.’ ”

And Italy—Italy meant knowing one's verbs and doing one's problems and beating Jimmie in standing.

When the “years between” that poor Keats talks about are over, and one turns for refuge back to that simple apple-eating world that has quite suddenly been destroyed, he finds that with Longfellow and the *Idyls of the King* it has gone forever. Some people may think about

“the hour
Of splendour in the grass
And glory in the flower,”

but, to most of us, there is a question whether what is gone would be worth keeping.

The world, now, is very big and very uncertain, the new mature consciousness is complex and painful. There are too many Alps and too many Italys for one to be quite certain about anything, and one's very tangible soul is too sick and sore to make effort worth while, offering the restfulness of eagerly accepted defeat as the best hope. And, moreover, one must learn that no one cares. For, before, one could feel the sympathetic presence of one's kind parents and teachers in a little semi-circle at the feet of one's Alps—and they hurra-ed enthusiastically at every foot of the way. Now, every one is as bored and stupidly wretched as every one else, and the kind parents and teachers, even “κορυθαίολος” “Εκτωρ” and “δῖος” “Αχιλλεύς” and Walter Pater himself are as fallible and pain-stricken as one's self. One grows, gradually, into looking at life as a marsh, in which every one splashes mud over every one else and uses his energy in keeping his lips, closed over shut teeth, stretched out to look like the grin that deceives no one.

Yet, we must decide that the truth, ugly and unsavoury, is better than any pretty fairy-tale. For the looking for sugar-plums is at best a childish attitude. There are, it is true, some perpetually happy people for whom life is a long climb, who imagine that the vapours of the marsh are winds from the heights, who see the mud as clean snow-drifts, and who, lacking human leaders, have imagined their own Pillar and Cloud. For these people, at all events, the happiest, probably, the wisest, a child's faith is compatible with a man's soul, life has a measure of peace that is not shameful, and “Beyond the Alps” is not a fallacious pervert.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

THE DAUGHTERS.

The news had taken Emily so entirely unawares, that when she got over being stunned, she fell back helplessly on the conventionally traditional method of receiving it. She was, therefore, miserably unhappy, hurt by her mother's lack of confidence, angry at the very thought of the man or anything connected with him. The idea of a stepfather would in any case, she reflected, have been distasteful to her, but the image of an unknown, unheard of, individual, about to marry her mother in Cairo,

only two weeks after she had received news of their engagement, was entirely unbearable. The days immediately following her receipt of the cablegram were spent in useless brooding; useless because the message had contained so little information that all speculation was necessarily vague. She knew no more of her prospective stepfather than his name; and that, in view of all she was in ignorance of, seemed to have sunk to the level of an unimportant detail, for when the college servant brought her a card which bore the words "Miss Judith Darrow," she gazed at it, wondering, for some time before she associated it with the name of her mother's fiancé. It was with much trepidation that she went to greet her visitor, meditating whether it would prove a sister, or aunt, or perhaps no relation at all, of the man whose existence had so lately affronted her. She was surprised, on entering the reception room, to be met by a bright-eyed, boyish looking girl, evidently not much older than herself. Emily smiled a none too gracious welcome, but Miss Darrow laughed frankly.

"I don't suppose till two minutes ago you knew of my existence, did you?" she said.

"No—o," Emily admitted slowly, as if she were still doubtful.

"I guessed it from the way you looked at me. Probably your mother did not think me of enough importance to mention—at the rate of seventy cents a word. But I heard of you—you are evidently more important—and, you see, I have lost no time in coming to wait upon you, as they say in the novels. I feel as if I should have a towel over my arm and an apron around my waist."

Emily laughed, despite her knowledge of the all-pervading melancholy of her position, for her guest had the tuneful, infectious laughter of a child.

"I am very glad you have come," she said gently, "and if it is a question of waiting, I should do that, especially if you have had a long trip."

"Only from New York, and I like travelling; even messy little trips of a few hours, just for the sake of the people. There was an old man on the train whom I almost stole; he was a Rembrandt to the life. I would have, too, if he hadn't been encumbered by a wife and three children—all grown up." She stopped suddenly. "I suppose you were dreadfully cut up by the news?"

"What news?" Emily was confused by the sudden change of topic.

"Why, *the* news, that your mother is going to marry my father."

"Your father, oh!" said Emily, relieved.

"Of course." The girl looked puzzled, then she broke into a boyish chuckle. "Did you think I was his aunt or his mother?" she queried.

"You might have been his sister," said Emily.

"More easily his brother," replied the girl, and Emily understood her. Then in answer to the first question:

"I was very much surprised," she said rather stiffly, in sudden embarrassment.

"That I wasn't at all, but then I'm so used to Papa. He always does things very slowly or in a tremendous hurry. It took him eight years to decide to shave his mustache, and no one knows how short a time to decide to get married. But that's his temperament, being an artist, you know."

"I don't know anything," said Emily. "I have heard so little."

"Oh," murmured Judith Darrow, and was silent a moment. Then, "I suppose you are all ready to hate papa and me and everything connected with us," she said, looking at her hostess with the most candid and winning of smiles. Emily could but meet it squarely.

"I was," she said simply.

Judith Darrow put her hands deep into the pockets of her long coat and looked thoughtfully at the carpet. "I know how it is," she said, at last. "When I got the news I thought of all the possible means of revenge, and the only feasible one was to go off and marry someone papa particularly disliked. But, foolishly enough, papa and I usually dislike the same people. Then it wouldn't have been fair, for, you see, I didn't know whether I should particularly dislike your mother—and now I know I won't."

"Thank you. I know—"

"Now don't say you'll like papa if he's anything like me, for he isn't! I know I'll like your mother, because I can like anyone I make up my mind to, and as I like you, I've decided, you see, to like your mother also. Excuse the repetition of that word; It's very jarring, I know, but it has no synonym."

Emily listened to her companion in fascinated wonder, amazed at her ease, charmed by her candour, amused at her whimsicality.

"How much more college have you and do you like it?" Judith asked suddenly.

"This is my last year and I like it very much," Emily replied, prepared now for any question. "What do you do with yourself?"

"I? Oh, I dabble in paints like papa. I travelled all round Europe with him, but now I have a studio in New York with a friend of mine. She's lots older than I, which makes it perfectly proper, and she doesn't paint much better, which makes it perfectly comfortable. What are you going to do next month when college closes?"

"I had expected to join mama, but now I don't know."

"Now you will come and stay with me for a while in my 'diggings.' Promise me. Won't you?"

The girl had risen eagerly, and Emily rose, too, the better to meet the sincere, straight glance of the other. There was a moment of significant silence, then Emily slipped her arm around her friend's waist.

"I will," she said. "Now come upstairs and I'll show you my sanctum."

An hour later the maid knocked at the door, and, opening it, caught a glimpse of the two girls sitting comfortably on a couch, books and pictures scattered around, and a recently used tea-table close by. Emily took the telegram she brought and shut the door.

"Bellerophon!" exclaimed Judith as the other tore open the envelope. "Don't tell me they're married already."

Emily held out the paper, her hand shaking a little. "They're not married and they're not going to be. It's all off."

A dense silence hung over them for a moment.

"Well," remarked Judith at last, "of course one can't be surprised. Anyway," she added, after a pause, "it's not all over for us. You'll come to New York just the same, won't you?"

Again the two girls exchanged a significant gaze, this time more seriously than ever before. Finally, "Of course I'll come," said Emily, and, stepping close to Judith's side, she kissed her cheek.

A moment later Judith dropped into a chair, chuckling. "Excuse me," she said, "this is a dreadful time to laugh, I suppose, but I can't help it. It has just occurred to me that perhaps, after all, we are having our revenge."

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

COME, SWEETHEART, COME.

"Come, sweetheart, come, till I show thee where the violets grow :
Come, sweetheart, till I show thee where they grow.
Down within the sweet green hollow,
Where no breath of wind shall follow,
That is where they grow."

"But, no, ah ! no,
To-day I cannot go.
In the sun and in the shade
Fair white linen must be spread.
Have patience and to-morrow we shall know."

"Come, sweetheart, come, till I show thee where the daisies grow :
Come, sweetheart, till I show thee where they grow.
Out beyond the pasture bars,
Sky of green with silver stars,
That is where they grow."

"But, no, ah ! no,
To-day I cannot go.
By the hearth-side soon must lie
Piles of cake, all savoury.
Have patience, and to-morrow we shall know."

"Come, sweetheart, come, till I show thee where the asters grow :
Come, sweetheart, till I show thee where they grow.
There beneath the mellow sun,
In dry grass with webs o'erspun,
That is where they grow."

"But, no, ah ! no,
To-day I cannot go.
Many a fabric soft and thick
Waits my needle's dainty prick.
Have patience, and to-morrow we shall know."

"Come, sweetheart, come, till I show thee where the snows do lie:
Come, sweetheart, till I show thee where they lie.
Over all the asters fair,
Roof and stack and branches bare,
And they creep in thy fair hair,
That is where they lie."
"Ah! dost thou sigh?
All the year is come and gone,
Swift the ending draweth on,
For each to-morrow a to-day must die."

MARY NEARING, '09.

THE OBSESSION OF MYRON SACKETT.

Little Plyde put the coffee back on the stove, covered the holes in the can of condensed milk with a large piece of hardtack, to keep off the flies, and then walked over to the open door. "I wonder," he said to himself, "why Pa don't come back. I guess I wish we didn't live here," he added as he sat down on the doorstep to watch for his father. The child waited for a long time, and gazed anxiously now in one direction, now in another, over the endless unvaried sand dunes. Here and there gray sage brush flecked the yellow sand in stunted and grotesque patches, the only form of vegetation which grew in the sun-steeped, arid land. Suddenly a whirring, crackling sound startled the boy, in the scrubby meagre bush at his left, where simultaneously two sage hens flew up, moving in rapid flight toward the clear golden west. By this time the sun had dropped below the farthest sand dunes, tinging the western sky with the splendour of orange gold, while overhead the sky stretched a still, deep blue, and, as always, cloudless.

Twilight followed swiftly, suggestive of the afternoon, latent with the evening, for there it was an hour which embodied the actual tangible meeting of day and night. No sooner had the sun fallen beneath the level dunes, than a heavy penetrating chill seized the air, permeating with intense cold even the scorching sands. The boy soon shivered

violently and was forced into the cabin, where he tried to warm himself by the fire of their tiny camp stove. At last he heard footsteps, and ran to the door to meet his father.

"I guess I'm late, Plyde," said the man as he came in, looking worn and haggard. "But I've been hard to work calculatin' where I want the ditches to lie. I guess I've got it just about fixed. Maybe to-morrow we'll begin diggin'."

For a few minutes the two ate hungrily of hardtack and drank their sweet, thick coffee; but the boy's face grew puzzled, even wistful, as he looked across at his father. Finally, with an evident effort he made up his mind to speak, and going around the table, laid his hand caressingly on the other's shoulder.

"I don't just see, Pa," he said gently, but with a curious insistence, "how us two can get around to do all that. Don't you remember what the man in Dayton told us, the one who made you buy this place?"

"I guess I've forgotten, sonny," and Myron Sackett passed his trembling hands across his jaded hot eyes.

"Why, he told us to get the irrigation men up here, and then they'd fix this place so we'd have lots of grass an' trees, an' a garden maybe."

"Yes, yes, that's it," the man echoed almost eagerly, "that's what I'm fixin' for, grass an' trees an' flowers. We'll get the ditches dug and have 'em all ready for the water, when the irrigation men get around to bring it."

That night Plyde was kept awake for hours by his father, who muttered, often spoke aloud in his sleep, of irrigation ditches, of trees, grass and pasture lands. But at the dawn of another long brilliant day, he fell asleep, never stirring till the sun burned like some scorching, withering blight, high in the radiant blue sky, and beat incessantly upon the parching sand dunes. After he woke up the boy lay for a time motionless in his bunk, for the blinding glare which streamed through the open door, the baking, intolerable heat, made him feel sick and dizzy. When he was able to clamber down to the rough floor, he found that his father had already gone out to work.

"How could he bear to go," Plyde half sobbed. "It's never bin so bad as this." And then the child went out to search for him among the level sand dunes, which blistered his feet as he ran. At last, when he had gone some distance, he came upon his father. The man was sitting

on the ground, his spade carelessly thrown down, and seemed oblivious of the terrible glare and heat. He got up, as the boy drew near, and smiled happily at him.

"You see, it's all come just as I told you. We've got a fine little place."

A frightened look crept into the child's eyes, and his mouth quivered. "What d'ye mean, Pa," he faltered.

Myron Sackett looked around almost triumphantly over the desolate sandy stretches. "Why, can't ye see, the land's been irrigated. We've got grass an' trees, even wild flowers." Here he bent down and plucked a bit of sage brush which he gave to Plyde. "But I guess I'm thirsty, and a little warm. Let's go to the ditch over there and get some water."

"Yes," said the child gently, as he took hold of his father's hand, "we'll go an' get some water."

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

As I entered my great-aunt's room, I saw a dark polished surface reflecting many bright objects. The several small mahogany tables mirrored slim brass candlesticks and their white candles, tipped with wavering yellow flame; the red walnut buffet reflected the soft gleam of the pewter tea service. The images of all the little glittering treasures upon the cabinet fell on the smooth wood with a subdued radiance. The huge round table beneath the cut crystal chandelier held a hundred quivering points of lights in its garnet coloured depths. The leaping flames of the cedar fire, here and there, touched the dark blue tiles of the hearth with brilliant bits of sapphire. And they were old, very old, that dark furniture and those bright things of brass and pewter and crystal.

Beside the fireplace, in a faded brocade chair, sat my great-aunt Mechtildis, a tiny old woman in white lace with huge amethysts at her throat and in her ears. Near her stood a little, gleaming figure, a wreath of daffodils upon his hair, a lighted wax taper in his hand.

"I have been lighting the candles," said Philip, blowing out the taper, "for I love to see all the nice things in the room come twinkling out of the dark. But do you like my daffies? I have been playing Persephone in the garden."

"Playing you were a goddess?" I asked. "Would it not have been more appropriate for you to have pretended you were Dis?"

"Ma chère petite, you are too adorably absurd. Dis, with my hair?"

I was perfectly convinced. Persephone might have had that silky, golden mop, but hardly Dis.

"By the way," Philip went on, "do you think that you could order some pomegranates for me? I shall play that part of the story to-morrow."

"At this season, dried prunes are the nearest approach to pomegranates that I know of," said great-aunt Mechtildis.

Philip laughed heartily. "O, my dear great-aunt, you are so droll!"

Great-aunt Mechtildis looked a bit terrified. Philip really was alarmingly patronizing, and his gentle old kinswoman, I knew, often felt quite unable to cope with him. In the silence that followed his last remark, she evidently considered how she might direct his thoughts into some safe channel, for she finally said:

"While you have been playing your beautiful game this afternoon I have been writing stupid letters. Do be good and amuse me now. I should love a story."

Philip meditated for a moment. "Do you like ancient history?"

"I think it delightful."

"Very well; I shall tell you about the things in this room." He looked about him, and then went over to the laden cabinet. As he opened one of the drawers a clean, pungent odour that recalled the white sunshine of the spring in northern woods was released. Philip took from the drawer a handful of small round objects. He looked wistfully at them.

"The children of years and years must have stored their spruce balls in the cabinet. I suppose that they brought them home from the beautiful woods. Ah! why can I never go to the woods instead of playing in stiff old gardens?"

"'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' " I quoted. Philip's heels came together with a click and he bowed to me.

"I beg your pardon. And look, great-aunt Mechtildis, here are the little figures your son Rudolph moulded out of the gum. I wager you we could find some more of them among Eunice's things."

At this even I was taken aback, and I was sure that Philip saw my surprise, for I could detect a malicious gleam in his eyes. He went on, however, tranquilly enough.

"Eunice was a sweet soul, and an industrious one withal; she filled all these rose-jars." He uncovered one of them.

"O, delicious," he said, putting his nose into it. A rich, spicy fragrance floated to us.

"Oh! I could die upon it," murmured Philip. "I wonder if Eunice thought much about Jessie-dear when she was gathering the flowers in her garden. I have thought a great deal about her and wished I could have seen her walking in the garden. How beautiful she must have been!—with her thin face and red hair."

He moved on to a large brass-mounted drinking-horn.

"The drinking-horn of my ancient kinsman, Clement d'Alcamad," he announced. "From all I have heard of him, I take it that Roland wasn't in it."

"Underhanded little creature!" I exclaimed. "Tell us outright that we are boasters."

"Charming boasters!"

He came to us at the fireplace and kissed our hands. Then he raised his eyes toward the painting above the mantel-shelf, "The Expulsion of Hagar." In the ruddy fire-light Hagar's shoulders gleamed with a soft whiteness. Philip surveyed her delicate, mocking, blue-robed figure for a moment. Then his eyes fell upon the child in the foreground.

"Poor Ishmael," he sighed. "Alas! I, too, am an Ishmaelite. Ah! the sad day that I said adieu to my dear France. But I am very glad that I come of a good family."

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

GOSSIP.

Of all the evils that are insidious in working their way into our affections, and, once in, secure in their hold on us, and safe from any serious attacks for reform, universal in interest, inexhaustible in material, gossip is the most potent. It may not appear that gossip is an almost universal failing, but its very potency lies in its power to insinuate itself into favour when we are only half aware of it, under many forms, and under diverse names, as a manifestation of intelligent curiosity, or even with sly hypocrisy as benevolence and kindly interest.

Gossips are not all cast in one mould; they are as different as preachers or players, and, like other people, may be known and classed by outward signs. There is the garrulous gossip, with whom the process of retailing news comes near to being automatic, who is cavalier and flippant with scandal and neither chooses nor discards, but spins out an endless string of details, and exhibits a fine disregard for minor differences. If it isn't true that "those Jones girls have all their clothes in common, and the one that gets up earliest gets the best ones, and when one was going on a visit she got up earliest and packed all the best clothes and left hardly enough for the other two,—why, it might just as well be true, for they're perfectly shiftless anyway."

There is, too,—strange paradox,—the taciturn gossip, who is infinitely more discreet, and who sharpens the stinging shaft of insinuation with eloquent pauses, shrugs and nods, lifted eyebrows, furtive glances and artful inflections.

The accomplished gossip is a woman,—for who would deny to woman in daily life the palm that Pepys and Walpole and Evelyn have taken from her in literature,—and a woman who combines the methods of the garrulous gossip and the taciturn gossip, and is neither too fluent nor too laconic. She knows when to speak and when to be silent for greatest effect; she seeks to persuade rather than to convince, appealing to the pet prejudices of her audience, working on their curiosity to a frightful degree, and cleverly stilling the conscience that gives signs of stirring. She chooses her subject with delicate care; she preserves for her use the appearance, at least of gentility; she is witty, and knows how to call down ridicule to her aid; she is imaginative, and can supply facts where they are lacking and colour the whole with the vivid hues

of reality. Using her many talents with consummate skill, she gathers up the interest of her hearers, leading gradually to the climax, when, attention strained to the snapping-point, she brings out with great *éclat* the raciest and most scandalous bit, and reaps the joy of the supreme moment in the tense attitude of her listeners, whose popping eyes and pursed mouths betray at once their absorbed interest and their self-righteousness. She leaves the impression she makes in an interesting state of indefiniteness, which is later beaten into definite shape by each hearer, according to her own taste, and thus sets afloat an ever-growing number of versions of the tale, remarkable for their variety, the most reasonable of which is no more like the original truth than a cornfield is like a grain of corn.

It is only an adept in the art of gossip that can raise a field of corn from one kernel thus carefully planted and watered, and only an adept who reaps the subtle and delicate pleasure that comes from the hard-earned success. But who has not felt a measure of this joy, that so delights the sense of humour, so pleases the fancy and flatters the pride, encouraging us to believe and be thankful that for once at least "we are not as other men are?"

This comfortable self-satisfaction is an excellent damper for any pangs of conscience that may trouble the amateur, and will in the end bring about a state of perfect complacency. The gossip by this time will have formed for herself a system that greatly facilitates her task. The crimes of her victims need no longer to be related by painful analysis to motives and circumstances, but may be classed by an absolute standard, and tagged accordingly for the convenience of society.

It is not unusual for the gossip, at some time or other, to weigh the price with the pleasure, but this is commonly done when the joys of gossip have been reaped and the price must be paid. Sometimes one side of the scales sinks, sometimes the other, for the weight of satisfaction varies. The price is always the same. The gossip must be judged by her own standards, and is left no excuse for her harmless inconsistencies; she has, moreover, lost that delicate perception so useful to her in her trade, that is likely to go when conscience goes; and she has become so convinced of the truth of her own words, that she is left no straw of faith in humanity to which she may cling.

ELIZABETH BOGMAN POPE, '07.

*THE MORNING PLUNGE.**A SKETCH.*

Manville's first morning in the Adirondack woods broke clear and cold, touching the autumn leaves to parti-colour and filling all the earth with scintillating light. Here was a chance to bathe alone in that cold pool below the falls, where bubbling foam and flying spray tempted a morning plunge! The campers were asleep, the sun just up; so, slipping from his bag he stretched a bit, then swiftly ran through aisles of yellow birch to where the river fell.

Now and again a fallen branch delayed him, brushing his body with a leafy touch; or some dead bramble tore him; or the little stones, strewn loosely on a bed of dying leaves, reminded his white feet that pent-up city life is not good training for a fleet-foot savage. And then again he sped through crackling leaves that briskly flew before and after him; or felt the sinking velvet of a moss-grown stretch that gave beneath his soft, perceiving toes. And when at last he reached the pool, he stood as though transfixed upon a slippery rock,, half-fearful of the sudden frigid plunge. Then, for a single moment, stretching his two arms straight above his head, he felt the autumn wind blow spray into his face, and with a careless downward look into the cold clear depth below him, he took a graceful plunge into the water.

O, you swimmer, you can feel with him the shock of cold, the tingling sense of freshly pulsing blood through every vein, the sleek smooth touch of water on the skin, and last the heavenly lightness of the body as it soared through bubbling foam.

GRACE S. BROWNELL, '07.

Great Marlowe and rare Ben are dead,
'Tis you and I, friend, live instead.

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.

EDITORIAL.

It would indeed be a menace to the intellectual life of the College if the magazine room of the new library, with its comfortable seclusion and easily accessible periodicals, should claim too many hours of a student's time, so that it is to be hoped sincerely that a remark overheard, not long ago, to this effect, does not hold good for many members of the community. It seems incredible that a succession of serials or short stories, by the mere power of entertainment, could lead one astray again and again, from this or that book begun with forethought and deliberation.

However unfair the charge may be that we are given over to inordinate magazine reading, the charge that we do not substitute reading of any kind for the magazine reading which we do not do, is perhaps more timely.

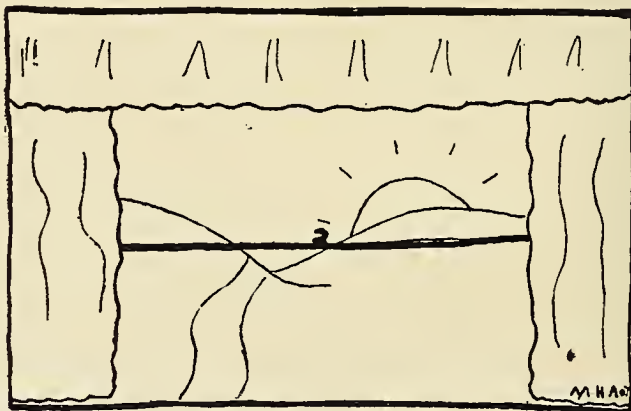
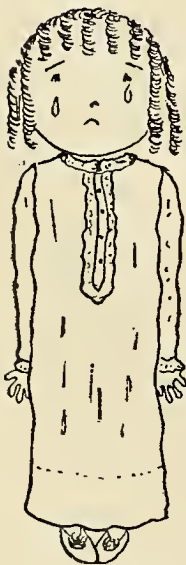
Extended courses in literature have been known to satisfy even an intense craving for books, and at the end of the year an uneasy conscience is satisfied with the excuse that, after all, although without full free will, really an enormous amount of reading has been accomplished. It is exceedingly unfortunate, however, to blunt one's literary conscience so that one accepts, without protest, a guide for all reading. There is no pleasure much keener than that to be gained by searching and finding a book or a poem that fits a particular mood, or complements a certain train of thought. There is an amount of benefit to be derived from a book chosen by oneself, that is proportionate only to the individuality put into one's attitude toward it by one's very desire to read it. This stress on choice does not mean that reading required in any course is to be looked upon perfunctorily. Aside from the disciplinary element, there is no reason why a large amount of the reading prescribed should not appeal to personal taste and all of it to intellectual interest, and thus add the benefit of work pleasurable done. But even granting many a coincidence that might arise in a piece of reading assigned and a piece of reading voluntarily taken up, the mind ought not to leave dormant its faculty of choice, so that when we are no longer in a position to be told what to read, it may be strong and sure in the full exercise of its powers.

There are countless homely ways in which one can foster this

individual reading, if it may be so called—lists, the brevity of which puts one to shame, the book always lying at hand on the table with a convenient mark where one left off—but the method must suit the individual as the book itself does. The important thing is not to grow lax, not to grow desultory in this question of our reading habit.

DULCI FISTULA.

DISAPPOINTMENT.



My sister she tells awful lies.
 This morning upon waking
 She cried: "Run to the window, dear,
 For look! The dawn is breaking!"

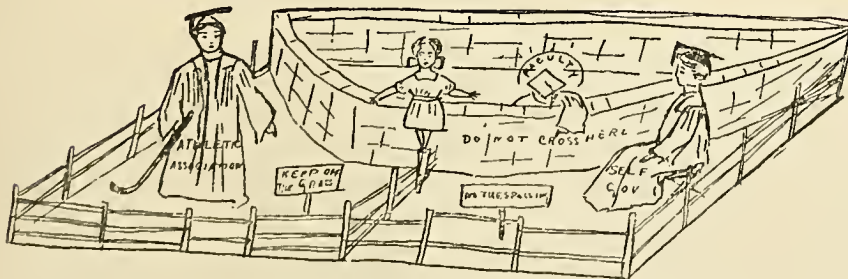
I jumped right up, for course, I thought
 'Twas broken for a fact;
 But when I got there, why, I found
 It wasn't even cracked.

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.



PROCTOR: "I regret to tell you that your costume is not sufficiently tidy for the breakfast table."

BRYN MAWR PLAY GROUND.



UNSOPHISTICATED FRESHMAN: "Where do I come in?"



PETRARCH.

O soul of Petrarch, in what guise
Thou greet'st the unaccustom'd eyes
Of all thy friends and foes
Thy voice is naught but plaintive cries
How can we mortals realize
The depths of all thy woes:
Seek'st thou the secrets of all sin?
Or what we keep our ink-wells in?
Or searchest thou for Laura?
Art wond'ring why we wax so thin?
'Tis "private reading," do not grin—
We have a quiz to-morrah.

DOROTHY CHILD, '09.

THE SOPHOMORE PLAY.

Masks and Faces, by Reade and Taylor, was the play the Sophomores chose this year to enchant the Freshmen. I heard the remark from one who watched from the gallery that, of course, the play was awfully classical, but she did not think the characters individual enough. I shall forbear comment on the first part of this statement, but the second clause seems to me quite contrary to fact. The thing that made the play the success it proved to be was, in my mind, the individuality the various actors gave to their parts.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that love-scenes are extremely difficult for women to act. *Masks and Faces* was full of love-scenes, and for this reason required, perhaps, more than any play that has ever been given in College, that the actors interpret their parts with individuality. "Triplet" was not a lover, but he could easily have been a perfectly commonplace, uninteresting, whining old man, had he not been converted, by the personality of the player, into the lovable, amusing, touching old Triplet whom Peg Woffington was inspired to aid. Sir Charles Pomander was, by no means, the conventional Blue-beard villain; it was by the sweetness of his smile, the subtlety of his motions in taking snuff, the wickedness of his glances that he made us tremble. Colley Cibber will always remain in our minds the most vivid type of decadent rakishness and foppish self-complacency, if one can imagine all that being expressed in one pale, little countenance. We were not disappointed in Mrs. Woffington. The charming personality that we have learned, from so many tales and plays, to associate with this great actress was here made actively real to us. And, as for her adopted sister, sweet Mrs. Vane, she fairly perfumed the sordid London air with the apple-blossoms and green-grasses of her simple, rustic life.

The minor parts were, almost without exception, well taken. To be brief, the play as a whole gave indisputable evidence of thorough training, of careful study, and, what is still more important, of genuine enthusiasm.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08..

1908's BANNER PRESENTATION.

Those of us who had seen 1908's Sophomore play set our hopes for their Banner Presentation very high, and there can be no greater praise than to say that our expectations sank into insignificance beside the actual performance. The selection of the play showed great discernment on the part of the class. That it was written by Pinero makes any praise of its stagecraft or wit superfluous. Not only was it in itself so admirably fitted for a college play, it seemed scarcely more than a freak of luck that the last act should have been laid in a gymnasium, but surely it showed the kindly interference of the gods that those ropes should have hung over the stage so conveniently for the entrance of the

heroes. Its fun was clever without being boisterous—that was left to the audience, which certainly let no chance for loud laughter slip. *The Amazons* had above all that great merit for college plays, plenty of opportunity for character work.

It happens very often that a class has always the same people for the same kind of parts, but here 1908 surprised us. Who would have thought of Titania—Julia in a comic part? The Frenchman who was so English that he said “Damn it” all in the smoking room, had only to raise her eyebrows to bring down the house. Myra Elliot’s interpretation of the part can be admired even more than her versatility. She was such a very French Frenchman in that little Derby hat with her twirling mustachios and quick movements. I hope that the pleasure of seeing M. de Grival again is before us. Another surprise was Rose Marsh as a heroine. She had been so connected with the clown in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* that only that kind of part seemed possible for her, but as the second daughter of the eccentric Lady Castlejordan she was inimitable. Theresa Helburn’s part, the very pronounced Englishman, showed touches which proved how excellently she acts. One that struck me as being particularly in keeping with her rôle, and so peculiarly ludicrous, was when she produced those unquestionably dirty white gloves and put them on before dancing with Lady Thomasine —“We never dance without white gloves.” Another rôle which was remarkably well played was that of Lady Castlejordan. Caroline McCook deserves great credit for the interest and laughter which her part caused. The play owed a great deal of its pleasure to the charm of its hero-in-chief, Emily Fox. We have seen her before, but I thought never to so great advantage. Her part was difficult because it is harder than anything else to appear perfectly natural on the stage, but I think she succeeded. Hazel Whitelaw was no less delightful. Both she and Dorothy Merle-Smith were exceedingly pretty heroines.

Nineteen-eight, then, is to be highly congratulated on its histrionic ability, but I want to add one word about the state management. One was conscious throughout of a guiding hand in its smoothness, the ease of the by-play and the position and action of the players. Miss Helburn’s careful and intelligent supervision had worthy results in the general excellence of the performance.

ELLEN THAYER, '07.

*REPORT OF THE SELF-GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE HELD
AT THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE,
NOVEMBER 16th—19th, 1906.*

This Conference was the third held by Self-Government Associations for Women in the Eastern Colleges, the first having been at Wellesley in the autumn of 1905, and the second at Bryn Mawr last year. Delegates were present from Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Brown, Cornell, Mt. Holyoke, Randolph-Macon, Simmons, Smith, Swarthmore, Vassar, Wellesley, Wells and Wilson. Miss Stone, President of the Baltimore Association, was elected Chairman of the Conference, and Miss Morison, of Bryn Mawr, Secretary. Reports were made by all the associations present showing marked advance in the power of self-government during the past year. The chief business before the meeting was the consideration and adoption of a constitution for an Intercollegiate Association of Student Organizations for Self-Government. The basis for College membership was made academic standing and strength of student government. The constitution provides that the President of the Intercollegiate Association shall be chosen by the college at which the conference is to be held the following year. As Vassar's invitation to hold the conference there next year, was accepted, the President of the Association will be from Vassar. The colleges were then chosen by which the other officers are to be elected, with the result that the Vice-Presidency was assigned to Barnard and the Secretaryship to the Woman's College of Baltimore. As these officers cannot be elected, according to the constitution, until May, the following temporary officers were elected from the delegates present: President, Miss Avery, President of Vassar Association; Vice-President, Miss Moore, President of Mt. Holyoke Association; Secretary, Miss Morison, President of Bryn Mawr Association.

Many practical questions relating to the working out of the self-government principle in the various colleges were discussed. The delegates felt very strongly that much benefit had been derived from this interchange of ideas, and the value of these conferences, not only in furthering the spirit of student government, but also in forming a bond between the colleges for women throughout the East, cannot be overestimated.

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK, '07.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION.

The spring meeting of the Association, 1906, was held at the Rivington street house, New York. The ballots for the election of officers for the Association were counted, the results being as follows :

President, Miss Coman.

Vice-President, Miss Scudder.

Secretary, Miss Tomkins.

Treasurer, Mrs. Parsons.

Fifth Member, Miss Converse.

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the discussion of the sorority question, left from that meeting, was resumed. This is a question that will not affect Bryn Mawr, however it be settled, since we have no sororities or societies; still it is generally interesting. Some western chapters of national sororities have expressed a wish to form college settlement chapters. The settlement chapters would, however, be formed, not in the separate sorority chapters, but in the sororities as wholes. This would bring into the College Settlement Association many college women whose colleges do not maintain college settlement chapters. The problem is: Would the Association be more strengthened by the support of the sororities than weakened by the loss of purely college chapters, especially of the Alumnæ chapters? There are very diverse opinions with regard to the effect that sorority settlement chapters would have on college chapter and on the Association.

The report of the Standing Committee followed, with brief notices of the work of the year at each of the colleges represented in the Association. The Treasurer's report and reports of various committees were read. That of the Fellowships Awards Committee was interesting to us particularly in that it stated that Miss Keay was urgently recommended for reappointment if the Bryn Mawr Fellowship Fund should be renewed this year. The Alumnæ chapter felt that it could not give the undergraduate any more help, but it was very much wished that the undergraduate chapter could itself offer the money to continue the fellowship. Some interesting suggestions were made for subjects of research for scholars and fellows, among them the question of the preparation of food in tenements.

Miss Van Cleek, the Smith College Settlement Fellow, read a report of her work on the violation of the sixty-hour factory law for women. She had investigated many varieties of factories and shops, and gained information from trades unions, settlements and from factories themselves which shows the inadequacy of the laws and the incompleteness of their enforcement.

Miss Keay's report on her work among the Philadelphia seamen was read by Miss Davies. As most of the Bryn Mawr chapter members are more or less acquainted with the work of their Fellow, I will omit the summary of her report.

After luncheon the delegates visited the different departments of the Rivington street settlement, and were delighted and interested by the carpenter's room, with its class of boys, and by the cooking rooms upstairs, where a class of little girls made and served tea. The Rivington house is beautifully equipped and seems always to be kept in a manner nearly approaching the ideal combination of usefulness and order. The meeting gave us no small amount of pleasure, besides much food for thought and field for action.

ANTOINETTE CANNON, '07.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The first Senior oral examination in German was held on November third with unusually good results. The Senior Class has been remarkable, this year, for the calm, sensible way in which it prepared for and went through the ordeal. And although after it was over they enjoyed playing with the fifty-seven varieties in the chapel, they none of them seemed to feel that they had been "in a pickle."

The Christian Union held its regular meetings on the eighth and twenty-first of November.

Dr. Huckle, of Baltimore, preached the College Fortnightly Sermon on November fourteenth.

Lantern Night was held on November eighth in the Library cloisters. The choosing of this place for the presentation of lanterns to the Freshmen was an innovation and proved a great success. The dark stone archways made a charming background for the twinkling blue

flames, and an excellent sounding board for the Greek hymn which was exceedingly well sung by the Class of 1909.

Truly, that week end was a busy time. On the evening of November ninth came the Sophomore play, *Masks and Faces*, by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, which is commented on elsewhere in this issue. Then Saturday afternoon *Pyramus and Thisbe* was repeated in the Dell, under the auspices of the Alumnæ Endowment Fund Committee. Before the play Miss Marion Reilly, 1901, spoke to the guests of the purpose and needs of the endowment fund. The performance went off very well, save for the fact that the sun, at a moment's notice, declined to be present, and I am afraid our half-frozen guests would have been glad to have had even "the moonshine" the time we gave our play. Later, however, they were taken up to Pembroke and we hope thoroughly thawed by hot tea and coffee and a warm welcome.

That evening the Sophomores, to keep the ball rolling, gave their dance to the Freshmen in the gaily-decorated gymnasium. The favors were quite original and the costumes pretty. To some of the older students the scene was charmingly reminiscent of Elizabethan days.

The Juniors presented the Freshmen with their banner on the evening of November sixteenth. Before the presentation A. W. Pinero's farce, *The Amazons*, was performed. For once we had no reason to regret the absence of the Students' Building and the consequent necessity to give our plays in the gymnasium.

A meeting of the Self-Government Association was held in the Chapel on the evening of November twenty-second. A reconsideration of the Executive Board's decision on indoor cheering and the wearing of athletic costumes in the dining room was voted. The discussion was constant, and the meeting lasted for an hour and a half.

The informal meeting of the Law Club that evening was in consequence somewhat late in beginning. Dean Ashley addressed the meeting on the "Value of the Study of Economics for Women." Afterwards a reception was given in his honour.

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'98. Mary Uhle Githens was married to Mr. Alan Calvert in Philadelphia on October eighteenth.

'02. Elizabeth Kellog Plunkett was married to Doctor Brace Whitman Paddock on November eighth in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

'04. Margaret Anne Reynolds was married to Mr. Shirley Clark Hulse at Bedford on November twenty-seventh.

'06. Catherine Andersen sailed for Europe on November tenth.

Adelaide Neal and Marion Houghton are in Cologne.

Helen Haughwont is in Paris.

Jesie Hewitt has gone abroad.

A large number of 1906 people have visited College this month. On November ninth they had a dinner of thirty at the White Rabbit.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The match games in hockey began November sixth; 1907 played 1908, and 1909 played 1910. The scores were as follows:

	2—1	} in favor of 1907.
1907 vs. 1908.....	5—2	
	4—3	
	6—2	} in favor of 1909.
1909 vs. 1910.....	5—1	

The finals have not yet been played.

The Athletic Association in general is pleased with the results of hockey this year. The scores have been sufficiently close, and the games fairly well played; but, better still, the interest in the sport has been greater than ever before. Miss Applebee tells us that 80 per cent of the resident students practise regularly. Last year, for the first time, the classes were able to display organized second teams from which the first teams could draw; but not even then did they imagine they would ever be able to boast anything so amazing as third teams. The glory of that innovation belongs to this year alone.

November second, Bryn Mawr played Belmont, and won with a score 1—0.

November tenth, Bryn Mawr played Merion, and was beaten by a score 2—I.

The inter-class tennis tournament has been played. In the preliminaries 1907 beat 1908, and 1909 beat 1910; 1907 then won from 1909. The four class champions are to play for the cup.

A riding club has been organized. The members have made arrangements at some stables in Devon to hire horses at special rates. The members are very enthusiastic about the merits of these animals, in the number of which, they say, absolutely *no* white ponies are included.

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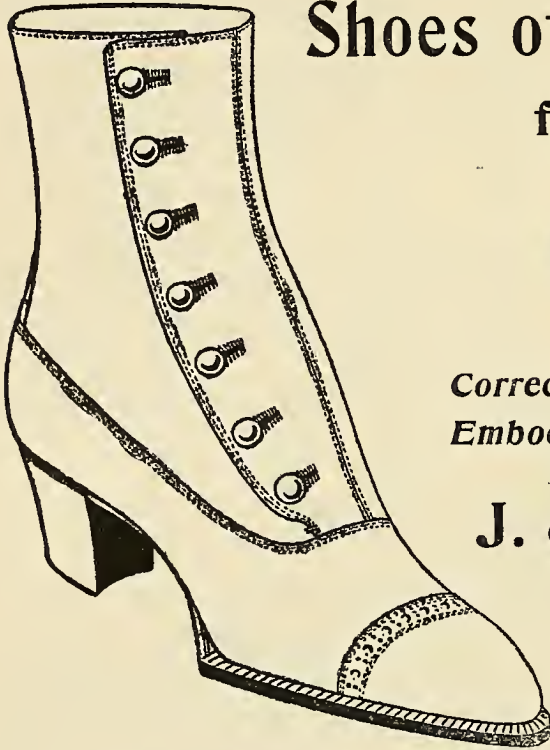
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January, 1907

Tipyn o' Bob

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YORROCKS.

LONDON, June 5, 19—.

"MY DEAR PEN,—This chap is a loan. He is a bit of my studio property, so don't knock him over if his loquacity jars on you. I propose that he look after your garden, trim your hedge and pose for you, while you feed him and see that he doesn't commit suicide. He goes by the name of Yorrocks, and I think you'll be keen about him. Yours.

THOMAS H.

Now, Pennel was an artist. But more than all he was a vagabond. A hatred of "drawing rooms," journalists and surging thoroughfares had driven him from town. He loved color, he loved weeds, he loved solitude after a London winter, he gloried in the country roads, the sunny hillsides, the warm, lifting winds of Hampstead. And they were glorious sacrifices to the idol of self-gratification, those armfuls of

scarlet-weeds and millet that he was always placing upon the hearth of his yellow-walled living room. It was living, indeed, to stand by a small-paned window in his own quiet house and gaze at sweeps of pale evening color while his straight curtains drew back and forth across the sash.

It was with reluctance that Pennel felt about his clothes for a match, one evening. He was hating to break the spell of deepening shadows and trilling toads when he saw his etching late returned. He bent over it with eagerness. He looked hard at the words, "First Prize," and smiled approvingly at his signature, "Novgorod." With a careless glance at the whole, he was thinking to himself, "That meadow is rather a jolly bit," when, clack! the brass goose fell against the oak with a short, hard knock, and there stood Yorrocks of the note. Pennel had glared at the boy with American ferocity. He had read the proffered note, read it twice and then said, "John, come in"—he refused to say Yorrocks. "We shall not work to-night. We shall have some food and then go upstairs."

* * * * * *

A week had passed. The boy now followed Pennel like a dog. The more forbidding the man, the more devoted the boy. The boy often went hatless because Pennel did so. For the same reason he often cut a switch to carry with him on a ramble. Pennel could not in self-respect object to the latter misdemeanor on the part of his devotee and curse, but he forced Yorrocks to wear a hat. "Would you hobject hif I was to wear no 'at?" the boy would ask. "Yes, it's not done," Pennel would answer. The devil of uncharitableness was strong in the man. He was cutting and restrained.

"Mr. Pen-nile," Yorrocks would say, as the man worked, "will you be in want of me this afternoon?" "No," Pennel would answer. "I work in the morning, and call me 'James' if you can't say 'Pennel.'" "Well, Mr. James, Mr. James?" "Yes." "You know Mr. Hayden's pictures. You do know Mr. Hayden's pictures, don't you? Well, when you've been looking at 'is pictures the people you see look wrong."

"Pretty neat," and Pennel smiled as he reached for a drawing-block and a heavy pencil. "How do you like that man in the corner?" he said, unbending.

"I like that, I do like hit, but I guess I'd like the man better."

"You would, John, yes you would," responded Pennel with decent pleasantry. "You may go now," he added, "but you've got to be more

quiet to-morrow and you've got to sit still. You made me spoil a draught that was pretty tolerable for a 'penny-Whistler.' " The boy slid from his chair with evident reluctance. He was not pleased to substitute the fascinations of the garden for the fascinations of the studio. "Mr. James," he said, "'ow much is that picture worth, habout?"

"This 'pencil' of yourself? It's not finished, John." "Oh, just as it is?" "Why, about three pounds," the man responded, as he fitted a fine point to a very long handle.

"May I be topped!" gasped the boy.

"Too much?" inquired the man.

"You do 'ave cheek," said the boy.

"Well, a man's done a good deal when he's caught the magic of your face," Pennel remarked dryly.

"Well, take hanything to do, han it's tough," the boy responded in all seriousness.

Pennel smiled again. "You may go," and he said it conclusively.

Against a wall of the toolhouse, peaches were ripening and the boy gazed at them, his body motionless, his head directed upward. The tan-bark of the path was soft, the sun was warm, the time was one for thought. Pennel seemed to think so. He stepped into the garden, passed through the gate and began to move slowly down the road. But Yorrock had seen him and rushed after. "O, Mr. Pen-nile, Mr. James, I'll go with you," and his voice had a delightful ring of assurance. Pennel turned about sharply.

"No," he said, "you can't. You like pictures," he added. "Go into the house, go upstairs, look at anything you see."

He tramped on past meadows, hedges and estates.

"I cannot stand that lout," he muttered. Intimated that he didn't approve my work. I like him, for that. It shows discrimination. But the fellow jars on me to a degree that's frightful. He has a well-shaped head and takes fascinating attitudes, but what's a pose? It was infernally presumptuous of Hayden. I shall tell him so."

Now Pennel possessed in high degree the "gentle art of making enemies." He should have been grateful to Hayden for his even constant friendship, but a particularly cutting smile flickered about his mouth when he thought of the man. In haste he turned, but it was late when he regained the cottage. He entered the studio with an air of determination. He looked over the sketches just made. "They are rotten!"

he exclaimed as he twisted the roll up and tossed it in the direction of a aquat jar which stood on the fireplace. He then passed to the other room, sat down and wrote:

HEATH END, HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR HAYDEN:—

At that juncture he paused. "Guess I'll tell the beggar *now*," he said, with a return of the high spirits upon which the offensive little Yorrocks had cast a gloom.

"Oh, John," he called. "John." There was no response and Pennel rose. He looked into the cool, quiet garden and made a tour of the house, delaying in the studio to enjoy the shadows which fell on the pale gray walls and the lights which gleamed on the fire-dogs. In his bedroom he found a note.

"Dear Mr. James," it ran. "I have gone. Mr. Hayden said he thought you were solitary. 'Deuced solitary' was what he said. I don't see it that you are.

"YORROCK.

"P. S.—I should find my way, so don't worry."

Pennel breathed again. He breathed as he had not done for weeks.

At tea he spoke hardly once to the woman who prepared his meals and kept house for him. The joy of uninterrupted thought was too delicious.

Toward bedtime, however, his thoughts wandered. He jerked a volume of Balzac from the shelf. Balzac was generally inspiration, entertainment, anything he wished, but to-night he slammed the book shut when half through "The Conscript." "London's a fine rat-hole for that youngster, suppose he does get there safe." And he rushed from the house. He strode along the moonlit highway as only a vagabond can. The night was soothing, but still the man suffered. "That lonely house. It's nauseous," he muttered.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

GUDRUN.

The year is young and the day is fair,
Gudrun, Gudrun, bind up your hair;
See who stand in the court below.
Brothers of mine! Can this be so?
Maids, have they not returned too soon?
But look who comes with them, Gudrun.
Open the windows wide for me,
Think you the gods are such as he?
My heart has whispered the time is nigh
When I must leave you here and go;
But shall I care,
When we are together, he and I?
Too early yet is it to know,
Only the future years can show,
Beware of asking the Fates too soon,
Alas, Gudrun! alas, Gudrun!
Why do you say alas and weep?
Weep for yourselves, I need no tears,
I have neither sorrows nor fears.
Gudrun, beware of double sleep,
Remember the cup one drinks is deep.
Deep and sweet and a drink for two.
When the year is late and the night is drear,
And you are pale as the waning moon,
And have drained the cup of sorrow and fear,
Remember your maidens wept for you,
Alas, Gudrun! alas, Gudrun!

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

A CHILD'S BOOKS.

Mr. Howard Pyle, in his prefatory remarks "from the Author to the Reader" in "Robin Hood," speaks thus: "And now I lift the curtain that hangs between here and No-man's Land. Will you come with me, sweet Reader? I thank you. Give me your hand." Very significant, it seems to me, is this attitude of Mr. Pyle's, and most so in application to the books we read, to be definite, before we are fifteen. For the books we read after fifteen are books only—ideas and ink and paper—but the books we read when we are younger are visits where we meet new friends and discover new places. Here we are introduced by our mutual acquaintance, the author, and, being at a trustful age, full of confidence toward one who plainly is on a more intimate footing than ourselves, never questioning his judgment, we accept quite blindly, but quite for good and all, his preferences and his prejudices. We fall in with a cast-iron harsh-voiced writer, who fills our minds with tales of the "Rebellion," and, unless the genial Mr. Thomas Nelson Page or some of his associates happily come our way, such heroes as Stonewall Jackson or gallant General Lee are strangers to us. We take our books most seriously; we are as sorry for Cinderella as we are for ourselves when we are sent to bed half an hour early because of formal guests. These book-people are our associates, their homes well-known to us, and, as we mingle with them, naturally enough we catch something, far more, indeed, than most of us realise, of their faith and their convictions, their personality and their ideals.

Some of these friends we keep all our lives. We have, in a way, outgrown them, to be sure, for the disappointing part of book-land, as we find out, is that it never changes. It doesn't keep up with the times, it is provincial, like a country town, and we outstrip it. A disappointment, yes, in one way, but also a delight. Here we can always return at will, and find ever exactly what we seek. Here is, for each of us, a sunny stretch of flower-grown meadow-land, and this, in short, is what I beg of you in these pages—I ask the pleasure of your company to a few places for which I myself have an affection, with which I am the most familiar.

Were you ever anything of a "Tom-boy?" Have you any sympathy with such things (still)? Because I would take you first, if you care to

come, under the guidance of Mr. Howard Pyle, to Sherwood forest. Perhaps you have been there yourself? That would be best of all. I remember perfectly the first time I went. It was one drowsy summer morning, when I was about eleven, and I had been left at home, because of misbehavior, from a fishing trip upon which all my young cousins had been taken. Half the miserable morning passed and then I wandered down the road to a neighbor's house, and there I found Mr. Howard Pyle, with a man in quaint clothes, smiling at me from a delicious forest. This made up for the fishing, and for a whole day I listened to the stories of the "Merrie Men."

In case you have not been to Sherwood before, you should see the Blue Boar and then go to Josiah Tuck's old home beside the fountain, where he and Robin had their first memorable encounter, and then, just when the spring air is making you comfortably hungry, you should wander by the secret forest paths deep into the glade with the trysting-tree, where Mr. Pyle will have Alan sing for you and tell you himself how Robin and King Richard Cœur de Lion met. As twilight gathers and you come near the end of your day's visit and have turned toward home, Mr. Pyle will point out an old low ivy-grown hall, the Priory of St. Mary's and tell you of Robin's last shot and Little John's farewell, and recite for you the free-hearted outlaw's epitaph.

A trip for pleasant weather, this, but on a stormy day I have another for you. Do you know the Robinson's? Not Robinson Crusoe, a distant relative, whom I, for my part, could never abide, but the Swiss Family Robinsons? Some rainy morning, if you do not, when the wind is blowing off great branches outside, take the deepest easy-chair you can find and draw it up before the library fire, and ask an old friend of mine—I am sorry, I never knew his name, but he wears battered green clothes with black trimmings—to tell you of their island, and rock house, and the hut in the tree, and the enchanted bag, and the animals, and the cajack, and the pirogue, and Fritz, and James, and Ernest, and Little Francis. They lead such entertaining lives and they are so delightfully lucky—if you get an invitation to the island, every minute of your visit will be a joy and a satisfaction.

There is just one other trip I would suggest—and, after all, I suppose one really enjoys one's own trips only, though, if you like my country, I should be most delighted to have you for a neighbor, and there is an unlimited amount of land to be had for the taking—there is

one other trip I would suggest, and this is harder to get at, even, than either Nottinghamshire or the South Pacific. It is, in short, to Fairy-land. I used to go quite often with the Grimms (though, unfortunately, Hans Andersen and I never could get on together, and Mr. Lang I did not know), and I have been with some less famous people, with Mrs. Burnett, for one, who is a most delightful companion, and with some others. But the most utterly bewildering, happy journey I made with a little old French gentleman, who spoke in English for my benefit. I made his acquaintance one Christmas and then, a few years later, he disappeared, and I've never seen him since. He was the most adorable person and knew the most fascinating people and places—one fairly held one's breath for the mystery of it. His name is Monsieur Labouley. I hope you may meet him some time.

Now that I must end this most enjoyable and one-sided conversation, I realize that you may have quite another circle of friends than mine. Even so, however, I am sure you are neither so snobbish nor so narrow-minded as to scorn Robin and my Swiss. As I say, they are my friends, and by that I mean they are to be counted upon, whatever happens.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The precious lamp was made too frail,
The flame too bright;
Small wonder that in stormy night
The lamp should break, the flame grow pale
And flicker out of sight.

But in the little while it burned,
So rarely flamed
The shrined light, that it reclaimed
Dim fleeting dreams, and them it burned
To loveliness unnamed.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

A SOUND-BORN GHOST.

It was at his sister's reception and Harold Winthrop stood talking to Miss Montague, his eyes sparkling, his fine teeth bared in an amused smile.

"You can't believe that music appeals to anything but the emotions?" he exclaimed. "You think it makes no impression on one pictorially at all?"

"Well, very little," she admitted. "Take that little thing the musicians are playing now, for instance," she insisted. "It is called 'Al Fresco,' but I confess that, except for a kind of joy and a sensation of out-of-door freshness, I get from it no other feelings. It doesn't bring a picture to my mind of hayricks, cornstacks, blowing clouds and singing birds, as my romantic sister always swears it does to her! Indeed, I've always thought that people drew upon their imaginations extensively for pictures, then deliberately tacked them each to a different piece of music, quite arbitrarily, except, perhaps, for their both having the same vague emotional tone. But, to tell the truth, to speak of a picture's having an 'emotional tone' seems idle to me. I prefer to attach my love for the beautiful in form to sculpture; my pictorial imaginings to painting, and my strictly emotional feelings to the realm of music."

"But how," he asked, "can you separate these feelings into distinct pigeon-holes in this way? When you look at a painting do you never have enough emotion aroused to call up, by association, through the same emotion, a piece of music, or a quality of sound, suggestive indirectly of the picture?"

She shook her head. "No, never," she replied. "Isn't it unfortunate?"

"May I experiment on you a minute? Are you willing?"

"Certainly," she answered, smiling, and followed him behind the curtain of a darkened Turkish corner.

"Excuse me for a moment while I speak to the musicians," he apologised.

She sat down on the sofa with her back to the rapidly thinning crowd of guests, and gazed at the wall opposite her.

Winthrop presently came back and, standing back of her, said

quietly, "Now listen, and tell me if this does not bring a picture to your mind."

She waited, while some musicians, called by Winthrop, seated themselves outside the dais. Then she heard a curious, low sound, prolonged upon a single note: wailing, yet husky; drawn, she recognized, from an oboe, a flute and 'cello. All at once she felt a thrill of horror and a tightening of the muscles when she saw, as if it were a picture set before her, a tall, gaunt figure, armour-clad, with burnished sword held high above his head, his pale face deathly white, with frosty beard, and helmet plumed with pearl-gray feathers, while his hollow eyes glowed out like red-hot coals beneath his lifted visor.

"The elder Hamlet's ghost!" she hardly breathed. "How very queer that is!" She turned and laughed.

GRACE S. BROWNELL, '07.

DREAM.

I had promised the captain of every kind of athletics in college to go out and practise. It was going to take me all day, so, deciding that I might as well start in with hockey, I hurried down to the field. There were about three other girls there, hitting the ball around, only the hill-side was so steep that they could not play very fast, and the trees were so thickly grown that they kept running into them. I crept into the bushes and fumbled after the ball for them a few times, but, as it was beginning to grow very dusky and the girls had gone off among the trees, I thought I might as well stop. I was just congratulating myself on my six periods of exercise, when some one who was walking behind me said: "Oh, no; don't you know that a new rule has been made, and six periods only count for one?" I tried to look around to see who it was, but, as my head refused to turn, I went home for luncheon. Several people were there, and we sat down at once to dessert. I had ordered chocolate cake and fudge, and was much worried for fear there would not be enough. But when we had finished I was relieved to find that there was even some left over—a whole cake and twenty-nine bowls of fudge,

not counting the one of roast potatoes. As I was leaving the house a huge red bull entered, dragging a man after him. My heart stopped beating. I tried to run, but every muscle had stiffened into stone. The man took off his hat, and explained that the bull was determined to look about in the house, but if I would only stand still he would not hurt me. This I did, while the bull strained out toward me and snuffed at my hands, his hot breath coming and going in great puffs. At this I fled up to the roof, with the plan of jumping down to the street and making my escape. But just as I stepped over the edge, the bull emerged from the house and stood waiting beneath me, sharpening his horns on his hoofs and smiling delightedly.

ELEANOR ECOB, '07.

THE GLASS OF AGES.

One day a Son came to his Father and said: "A marvellous Thing hath come to pass, for behold! I love and am loved by the Fairest of all Women. And She hath said to me that I am the Wisest of all Men. Indeed, she doth appear to love me Well."

"Nay, this cannot be," said the Father. "She hath deceived Thee, for thou art a Fool. Thus, too, was I deceived by a Woman in my Youth."

Then the Son waxed wrathful and exclaimed:

"I am no Fool, but it seems I am sprung of One. She is the Fairest of Women and she hath spoken the Truth. Lo! even now she passeth this Way, and Thou canst see for Thyself."

Then They gazed down from the Window and beheld a Woman passing.

"Look, and see how falsely Thou hast spoken," said the Son. And the Father looked and smiled.

"Even is She the One who deceived me in my youth."

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A road wound through a valley between towering mountains, sometimes running through pleasant places where a brook tinkled or trees rustled, and sometimes toiling upward over jagged rocks or dusty steeps. Down this for many nights and days two figures advanced, helping each other where the road was difficult or rejoicing in the beauties of the way. Only, regardless of the alluring paths that led off now and then through the dim green forests or flowering fields, they seemed always swept by some invisible force onward down the valley.

One day, when the road had been unusually wearisome and the sun unusually burning, when the two had struggled onward, too exhausted to speak, they arrived, near sunset, at a summit of the road. There they halted for a few moments' rest, and gazed behind them, where the road they had travelled stretched back yellow in its dust, and ahead, where it wound unendingly on. Suddenly, with no look or word of farewell, one of them turned and began to ascend a foot-path that led up the mountainside, soon disappearing among the trees. The crackle of his footsteps in the underbrush had died away; his comrade, with a slight, inarticulate sound, dropped to a stone by the roadside, where he sat for scarce half a second before resuming his journey. As he walked downward the sun sank low and disappeared, and by and by he stopped and gazed aloft. The silent mountains were massed dark against the crimson of the sunset sky, while here and there a single tree stood out in black distinctness above the sharp outline of the ridge. Suddenly the silhouetted figure of the other man appearing, moved along the crest for a little way, then poised for an instant with arms uplifted and disappeared beyond the mountain. As the deep June roses in the fields give place to paler summer blossoms, and they in turn to autumn-tinted asters, so the crimson clouds paled through multitudinous shades to smoky lavender, merging the mountain tops in their mysterious depths. Then his tired eyes turned past the dim purples of the hills to the valley below him as it lay in shadow, with only the light streak of road still visible, winding interminably on into gloom. Slowly he bowed his head, and, turning, plodded on alone.

GLADYS STOUT, '09. .

MY VERSATILE COUSIN.

I gave a start of pleasure when I saw Louise Donald's fair head rising out of the throng which crowded the "Honolulu's" deck. Louise Donald was a cousin of mine, whom I had met only once or twice during the last summer holiday, but who had interested me in an unusual way. Hence my pleasure at seeing her.

I shouldered my way over to where she stood against the railing and shook hands.

"How do you do, Louise? Are you coming up with us?"

She smiled at me in the frank, friendly way that I liked, her eyes meeting mine.

"Of course," she nodded. "And oh, Cousin Jean, I want to tell you at once how much I liked your picture at the exhibition. I—I loved it." She let her eyes look gravely into mine for a fraction of a second. "Mother sent a hundred complimentary messages. She went over to see the picture yesterday afternoon, when Judge and Mrs. Babcock were there with that wonderful Italian painter—you know whom I mean—and he said—"

Several people jostled me relentlessly aside just then to surround Miss Donald, overwhelming her with flowers and rather too fervent embraces. I walked on, repeating the words to myself. It meant a great deal to the humble painter that I was to have so great an artist as the Italian give me a word of approbation, but somehow, when I had walked the length of the deck and turned back again, this pleasure had become confounded with a thrill of satisfaction in the fact that Louise Donald had seemed to have discovered in the picture just what I had worked my hardest to represent most beautifully. This, I argued, was what that timely sobering of the eyes and that tiny pause had meant. It was good that she had understood and had appreciated.

The steamer was just pushing slowly from the wharf, and the music of the Hawaiian band and the calling of voices—back and forth began to grow fainter and finally to pass away entirely.

I did not go back to find my cousin, lest it should seem that I was anxious for a conclusion of the pretty speech begun, so did not see her again until late that afternoon. Then, turning sharply round a corner of the upper deck, now rather cold and wind-swept and almost totally

deserted, I came upon a game of shuffleboard. Louise was playing against a tall, sunburnt youth whom I knew to be the younger son of an English nobleman travelling about the world in a mad search for athletic spoils. In Honolulu he had easily wrenched the tennis and golf championships from the local player, and was now on his way to enter a California contest.

I had not believed Louise to be of a particularly athletic type, but now, as she aimed and struck her blocks with splendid precision, calling out shrewd bits of advice to her partner in language strictly colloquial to the game, I began to waver in my mind. This is not the Louise that I had known—or, perhaps, wanted to know—and I passed on puzzled.

I saw little of my cousin during the next few days, for Louise was very busy with the rest of the passengers. She seemed to be interested in what were to me the most obviously disagreeable types of humanity. She spent a whole morning once in rapt conversation with a small, dark-eyed woman, who possessed a few very dirty books and also a remarkably shrill and unpleasant voice. Louise, however, appeared to devour the books with delight and totally ignored the discordant voice. Once, when the two had wandered down the deck, I took up one of the books and looked into it. It was written in Spanish—did Louise, who, to my knowledge, had spent all her life in Honolulu and later in a select California school—could she know anything of Spanish? Again I was puzzled.

That evening, as we were at dinner, Louise sat just opposite me between two elderly women whom she had chosen as her table comrades—with a care that I, conventional Bostonian that I was, strongly approved of—I suddenly asked her if she knew Spanish. She looked surprised, then laughed understandingly, with color in her face.

"Yes, a little," she said. "Father took me to Manila once—don't you remember the story he often tells of the typhoon in the China Sea? I was with him on that voyage."

After a moment she added, thoughtfully: "I loved the little brown children there—they overran everything. They reminded me of the Hawaiians a little, too, and one likes to be reminded of the Hawaiians when away from home. I wonder if there are any on board, Cousin Jean?"

Now, if there was anything that caught my artistic eye, it was exactly these little dirty brown Filipinos that had seemed to appeal to

her in some way, too. I volunteered at once to investigate the ship's steerage the very next day. Her face lighted up with genuine pleasure.

"Will you, Cousin Jean? How exceedingly nice of you! And if there are any on board, I want you to take me down there to-morrow afternoon."

As it happened, there really was a Filipino family on board—quite an extensive one, in fact—so I discovered next day.

I bounded upstairs to Louise, who was writing letters in the salon, and volunteered this information. She quickly threw away her pen and sprang up.

"Let us go down now, Jean! It isn't quite lunch time, and I can hardly wait to see them."

So I led the way to where, on the broad lower deck in the stern, several small dark children played about with potatoes and other toys, and a thin, patient-looking woman sat near by and watched them.

Louise instantly made friends with the woman through the use of a few Spanish words—possibly the only ones she knew—then bent her attention on the children. These crowded fearlessly round her, some stepping on her skirts when she knelt to build potato-houses for them, and others, the very smallest, clutching at her hair bright with the sun upon it. She played ball with the boys and gave the baby doll her shoe-rosette for a hat. Then, when the second baby roared aloud at the partiality thus shown, she tore off the other rosette and pinned it to the front of the child's frock. In fact, it seemed to me, standing awkwardly to one side, that she spent a hilariously happy half hour. When I finally suggested a return, she left with reluctance.

"Let's come down later, Jean," she said. "And bring them something to eat. Could you contrive to slip apples into your pockets at the lunch table? All Filipinos love apples."

Of course I might contrive to do so and promised. But after lunch, as I wandered over the deck, my coat bulging uncomfortably over the hips on account of the stuffed pockets, Louise was not to be found. She was not in the salon, nor in the reading room, nor anywhere on deck. I finally gave her up in despair and went forward to the smoking room, where there was generally a gathering of the clans directly after lunch. I spent part of the afternoon playing cards and the remainder in an interesting discussion of an artist's chances in Hawaii with an elderly gentleman who had lived in Honolulu almost all his life.

Just before dinner I stepped out upon the deck in the face of the sunset, and at once met Louise. She stood as if blown against the railing, her arm slipped through some ropes and the wind sweeping out the folds of her white dress. With the red of the sunset on her hair and face, she was a wonderful thing to look at, and I saw that the gentleman to whom she was talking had the same thought in mind. He was a pompous old man—sent out from Washington to investigate certain questions in Hawaii—and there was something peculiarly congruous in his stiff shirt front and Louise's white gown that together did not accord with the little brown children downstairs.

My sister always said that I could never bridge an unexpected situation with tact, and now I stood holding the apples in my hands awkwardly without a word.

Louise whirled quickly round on me and clapped her hands.

"Apples, Cousin Jean!" she said. "How very nice! Apples are a great weakness of mine!" she turned gaily to her companion, "and yet I never really ate a good one till I was at school in California. You say your wife is an Oakland woman? Then she has doubtless told you of the apple orchards on the way to Mills' College. Jean, you have heard me speak of them—"

She rambled easily on.

After dinner, as I was again tramping down the deck, Louise joined me, slipping her hand within my arm with charming friendliness and glancing up at my face.

I had intended to ask explanations rather rudely, but instead found myself talking easily about my painting—and particularly about the picture she had liked in Honolulu—to a sincerely interested listener. I had run up against too many kinds of people in my travels not to be able to distinguish between the true and the artificial listener, and knew now that Louise was really absorbed in my recital. I told her how, as a boy, I had loved to look at pictures by the hours, and how this boyish interest had grown into a passion so that now everything seemed in some way to be involved in the development of this one interest of mine. Louise listened to all with satisfying gravity, put in a sympathetic word now and then, and left me at the end of the evening with the pleasing sensation of a new understanding having been established between us.

I saw nothing of her during the next few days, though she made no apparent effort to avoid me, and was heartily disappointed. However, on the last day, I had a final word with her.

I left the passengers all gathered in an excited group in the bow, watching for land to be sighted ahead, and took my way down the forsaken deck. At the farther end, behind a lowered lifeboat, I came suddenly upon Louise.

She beckoned me emphatically to her.

"Jean," said she. "I have just come to a very important conclusion. I am sure that you will be interested and—too good to laugh at me. I have decided," she turned her eyes seriously upon me, "that I have no individual personality—that such a person as Louise Donald simply does not exist."

I stared blankly at her and she rushed on.

"There is that Englishman, the athlete, you know, he believes me an athletic marvel because I beat him one day in shuffleboard. I told him that I loved shuffleboard—so would any one, Jean, standing there in the wind and the sun. I did love it at the time. But then next day, when it was rainy and cold, I curled up on the plush cushion in the salon, and nothing could have induced me to stir hand or foot. That little Frenchman, Count Somebody, came in and together we ran down every sport in existence—shuffleboard in especial. And I meant it, indeed that day. Now, just see what a different person those two—the Englishman and the Frenchman—believe me to be! One thinks me the very American athletic girl, the other a true example of European femininity. And so it is with all the others and the gentleman from Washington—you remember the little Filipinos? I loved them while I was down there—their little brown faces and clinging hands—but the gentleman from Washington could not understand, so why shock his delicate appreciation of what he believed me to represent? And then you, Jean! I loved to listen to you the other night—I drank in every word—but even you can't know more of me than what adapts itself to you particularly. Yet I don't mean to be deceptive. I am perfectly sincere each separate time."

She laid her hands, palm upward, on the railing and leaned her cheek despondently upon them.

"Louise," I ventured after some minutes. "If then you were to meet all these people together, what would happen—"

"Oh, that is clear," she started up with a short laugh. "Don't you see? I should be a vast disappointment to each of them in turn. But I shall never see them together! They are all too hopelessly uncongenial and so avoid one another."

ETHELINDA SHAEFFER, '08.

THE PATRIOTISM OF DEMETRIUS.

As the florid sweatshop overseer put a week's wages into Demetrius' muscular hand, he probably had no idea that by his action the door of the rat-trap snapped open after five years. But Demetrius walked home with the tread of a god, the sense of fulfilment beating in his brain. The money was the final amount needed for a steerage-ticket back to Russia; Demetrius stopped at an agent's, and came out with the ticket fast in his hand.

Russia! He had left her to learn the lesson of freedom in America, thinking that a winter's work and study would send him back fitted to lead his people to liberty. But the rat-trap of a New York slum had closed upon him with jaws of steel, and Russia had drawn back into the land of dreams.

For five years he worked and starved and suffered for the dream of her; he emerged from the experience strong, calm, sure of himself. Every scrap of news of her he read, learned, classified, studied with fellow-Socialists; he knew the temper of the people from day to day as a musician—his comrade Feodor, for instance—might know his instrument. He knew now that he could organize the people, lead them, make them patriots, as he was a patriot. And to-day the long apprenticeship was done; Russia was again drawing out of the land of dreams.

He burst into the close tenement room with a shout of "Good news" for Feodor; then his heart stopped, for Feodor raised his weak-chinned face, white and damp, from his hands, and took up a revolver from the bed beside him.

"I meant to do it before you came," he said, wearily, "but I haven't the courage." Demetrius was upon him in an instant, snatched the pistol and slid it into his pocket. "You young fool!" he cried, his voice anxious in spite of its forced jovialness, "what sort of joke is this?" and his strong hand came down on the other's shoulder.

"Oh, it means I've come to the end," said Feodor, clasping and unclasping his shaky hands; "I'm sick of playing for drunken brutes to dance; I'm sick of the dirt and the ugliness and the cruelty of it all! You don't know what it means, man, but I'm sick for Russia (the hand on his shoulder tightened for an instant), for the air of her and the speech of her and the music of her. And then (his voice was that of a man in

a dream) there's Anna—oh, Demetrius, her voice! It sings through the violin-strings when I play, and send me mad—and her eyes burn like hot stars—and—and I'm going mad, I tell you, for want of her!" His voice rose to a scream. For an instant Demetrius gripped the boy's shoulders to steady him, then he laughed. "Stop your nonsense and look at your good luck," he said, gaily. "A Russian who heard your music in the café gave me this for you," and he thrust the steerage-ticket into Feodor's nerveless hand.

"I'll be back soon to help you get off," he added, turning to the door. "Tell Russia I think of her sometimes." And like a blind man he groped his way downstairs by the filthy wall.

DOROTHY MORT, '08.

AD ASTRA.

Out of the sorrowing hearts of men,
Hearts with rapture and anguish wrung,
Out of the shade that sin had made,
A crimson flower sprung.

The flower grew from the hearts of men,
In the darkness and the clay,
But its blossoms turned where God's sun burned
In the white space far away.

Because the flower grew in the clay,
Men said it was defiled,
But the Spirit above, who ruled in love,
Beheld the flower and smiled.

HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, '06.

FROM THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Of all the words in the Bryn Mawr vocabulary, "pose" is the one that seems to be most violently overworked. Every day, and many times a day, we hear the phrase, invariably accompanied by the smile that lifts but one corner of the lips, "Ah, that is her latest pose!"

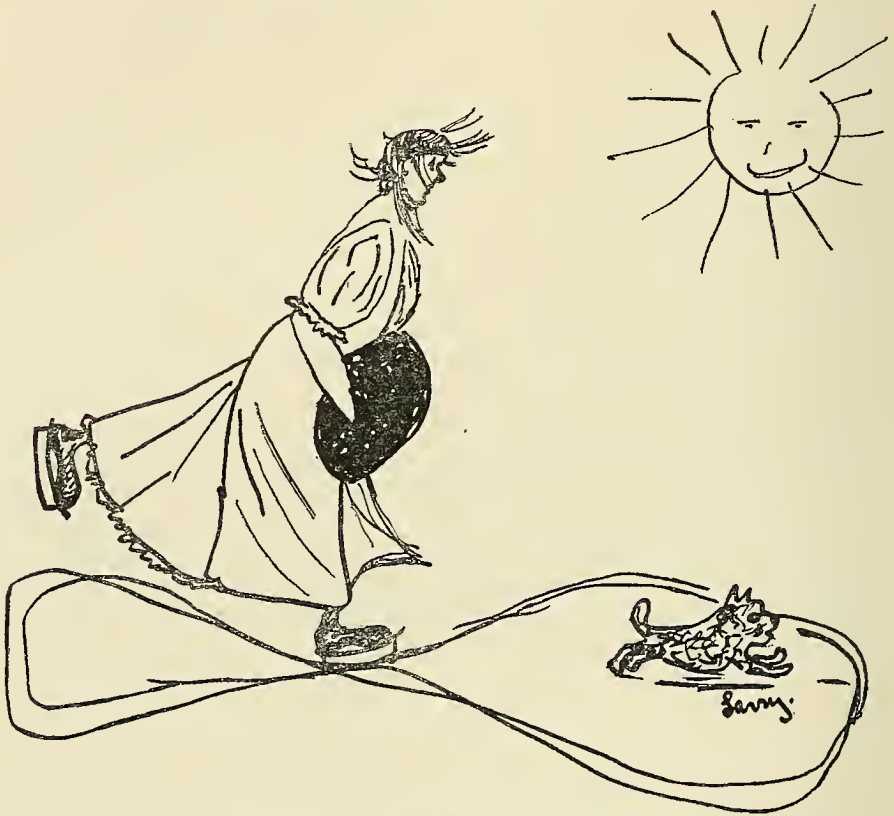
There is the cynical pose, the ingenious pose, the reserved pose, the gushing pose, and that most hackneyed of all things, "the English pose." And what does all this mean? Have we lost all semblance of the quality of sincerity, that everything we do must be interpreted by those about us as an action meant to deceive them and to make them believe us something we are not? More often than not the cause of the "pose" may be traced to some trifling accident in which the "poser" herself has no conscious part. For instance, a high credit in English—I do not mean to say that this is a trifling accident, but certainly the person who receives this mark does not consciously extract it from the fates in order to dazzle her less fortunate companions. To begin with, she probably deserved the grade, and this fact acquits her immediately of the charge of posing, because the intelligence that won her the high credit could hardly be a pretense. She is immediately given the objectionable title "English shark," and as an "English shark" she is known until she leaves college. She is accused of choosing for her friends only those who have been similarly honored. The method by which she chooses these friends is commonly believed to be a sort of ceremony. She is said to prepare a set of questions such as, "What are your views about matrimony? Do you believe in the devil? Have you read any Henry James? What marks have you received in your English examinations?" and if the candidate replies satisfactorily to these inquiries she is received into the circle of the "English sharks." In conversing with these interesting people one must never by any chance mention anything that cannot be classed under the heads "philosophy," or "literature," or perhaps, on a stretch, "sociology," and, since the correct attitude toward the "English sharks" implies a knowledge of one's personal inability to cope with their superior intellects, one hesitates to enter into an argument or even a discussion with them; hence one rarely speaks to them.

We have taken the English pose merely as an example. It is the same with all other poses. Any marked tendency a person shows, or

any particular course she pursues with special eagerness, is immediately considered by this busy college world a striving for some effect. What the aim is which the poser hopes to gain by this striving, or often what the effect itself is, they do not attempt to explain. It is enough for them that they have pronounced her insincere.

And yet, if they really do consider her insincere in this one thing to which she seems to devote her active attention, what do they consider her real interests in life? Usually at the end of Freshman year every person has a special epithet by which she is known—she is “athletic,” she is “collegiate,” she is “blasé,” she is “an English shark,” and the heavens may move, earth turn to dust and mountains fade away, but, in the minds of the Bryn Mawr students, the athlete can do nothing but leap through her four years at college, the collegiate girl must cheer and wave her cap eternally, the blasé person must forever be regarded as joking if she evinced anything like interest in her class or pleasure in basketball, and the “English shark” must spout Wordsworth until the trumpet sounds.

If, then, we are forbidden the possibility of stepping out of certain well-defined paths, if we are denied all interests except that one great interest which we call our “pose,” and, finally, if we are charged with being insincere in this one interest, what, we can only ask, is there left to us?

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This winter sun is keen and cold,
 And keen and cold this winter air;
 It blows askew my neat-combed hair,
 But I glide on with motion bold.

Some think I am not warm enough,
 As filmy-clad I flutter past,
 My white skirts flaring in the blast;
 But, gracious! have I not my muff?

M. P., '08.

TAMBURLAINE'S DARLINGS.

Little Celebinus said:

"Just to be a king
I would sail through seas of blood"
(Cunning little thing!)

"Pooh, that's nothing, I would swim
In a pool of gore,"
Cried Amyras,—(and him
Only four!)

Then lisped Calyphas, "If Pa
Would hold the tyrant, maybe
I could strike and kill him dead"
(This from the baby!)

It isn't often that one sees
Such *lovely* little boys as these. D. CHILD, '09.

A CLASS SONG.

I.

Bryn Mawr, we raise our song to thee,
Eternally, infernally.
And though we may sing off the key,
What's that to thee, what's that to me?
I've done it many a time before
Till they were sore who lived next door.
In fact it might be said they swore
It was a bore, an awful bore.

II.

Bryn Mawr, we raise our song to thee.
To thee we sing, to thee we bring
A song just written casually.
It ought to be a prodigy.
And if the muse refuse to 'muse,
I will abuse it like the dooze.
Oh, think of all the time I loose!
I am a gooze, I am a gooze.

A. E., '08.



My dolly hasn't any nose
 And also hardly any toes.
 But tell me, now, do you suppose
 When she is grown and has on bows
 That folks will mind?
If she is kind!

G. S. B., '07.

As I sought my first admission
To this place of erudition,
Coming blindly up the path,
Crammed with languages and wrath,
A strange woman near capsised me
With a confidential grip,
And with this demand surprised me—
“Give me something for the Tip.”

Soon I found their name was legion,
And they lurked all through this region.
Just before a “crit” was due,
Sure to meet with one or two.
Now and then, in folly blind, you
Think you’ve given them the slip,
But you hear a voice behind you :—
“Give me something for the Tip.”

M. N., '09.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

- '02. Elizabeth Congdon has announced her engagement to Mr. Alexander J. Barron, of Pittsburg.
- '05. Helen Hale Jackson was married to Mr. Frederic Logan Paxson in Philadelphia on the twenty-sixth of December.
Madge McEwen was married to Mr. Walter L. Schmitz, of St. Louis, on September fifteenth.
Carla Denison was married in Denver to Mr. Henry Swan on the first of January.
Eleanor Mason was married in Chicago to Mr. Arthur Mannierre on December twenty-first.
- '06. Esther White visited College this month.
- '08. Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mary Stevens to Mr. Ogden Hammond, of Superior, Minnesota.
Frances Crane was married in Chicago on January fourth to Mr. Robert Leatherbee, of Boston.
- '09. Margaret Latta has announced her engagement to Mr. Griffin Gribbel.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on November twenty-sixth. Mr. S. Harrington Littell, of the Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, spoke on missions in China.

Thanksgiving vacation began on November twenty-eighth and ended (alas!) on December third.

The Philosophical Club held a formal meeting on December fourth. Dr. Norman Smith, of Princeton, spoke on A. J. Balfour's "Defense of Philosophic Doubt."

Christian Union held a regular meeting on December fifth.

The Oriental Club held a formal meeting in the Chapel at 4.30 p. m. on December seventh. Dr. A. V. Williams Jackson, Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages at Columbia University, spoke on "Early Drama in India, with Parallels from Shakespeare." The lecture was illustrated with very interesting lantern slides.

Rev. J. P. Peters, Rector of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, New York City, delivered the College fortnightly sermon on December twelfth. He spoke very interestingly on the Higher Criticism.

The English Club held a formal meeting on December thirteenth. Mr. Hammond Lamont addressed the meeting on "The Daily in a Democracy."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Since hockey practise has ceased, the gymnasium classes have been running with great smoothness and regularity. The dancing and fencing classes of 1907 and 1908 are very large, and seem to be quite promising; 1909 is required to take one period of gymnasium, but may elect the other period, either dancing or fencing; 1910 must still do the regular class work twice a week.

So much enthusiasm has been shown about the fencing in particular that a fencing club has been organized, consisting of those who have had some previous training in the sport and are now more or less skilled in it. The officers have not yet been elected.

Owing to the industry and assiduity of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, lacrosse has been established this winter as a regular college sport. They have practised systematically during the late fall, and now are playing a really good game, to the admiration and shame of 1907 and 1908, who are not able even to get up a team between them. The lacrosse captains are: Cannon, 1907; Sachs, 1908; Spofford, 1909; and J. Thompson, 1910.

The annual track meet will be held this year in the gymnasium on February twenty-seventh and March seventh. The track captains are: Woerishoffer, 1907; J. Griffith, 1908; K. Ecob, 1909; and Rotan, 1910.

The swimming contest was held January tenth. The water polo captains, Woerishoffer, 1907; M. Young, 1908, Goodale, 1909, and Deming, 1910, are managing the contest, and a cup is offered to the successful class.

During the present season of inactivity the hockey and basketball stars are amusing themselves and incidentally preserving their muscles by indoor baseball. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that they take the sport seriously.

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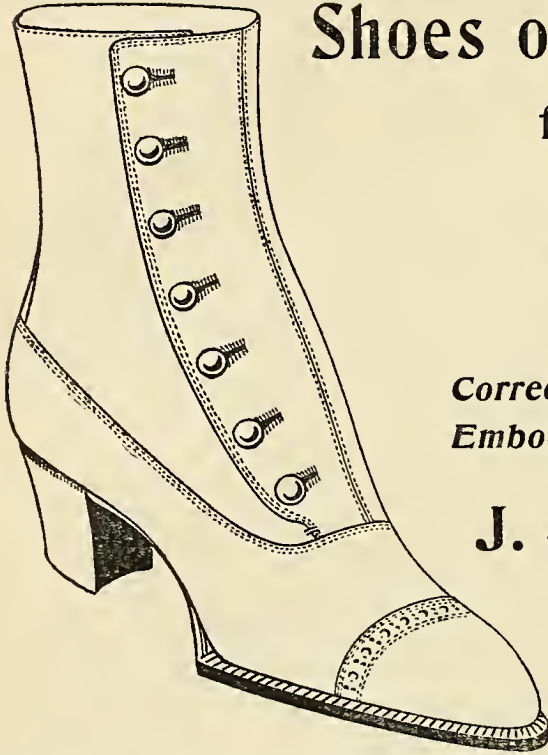
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THE LETTERS OF JAMES HOWELL.

The familiar letters of James Howell cover a large part of the first period of the House of Stuart and touch on many of the thrilling events of the early seventeenth century. Howell was a man of ability and education, who was sent on many private missions to Holland, Spain, France, Germany, and Italy, and who came in contact with many of the distinguished men of the day. He lived through the times of the Spanish Match, the Thirty Years' War, the Revolution, and the Commonwealth, and these stirring events echo through his letters. As news was sent by private messengers, the contributions of a lively correspondent like Howell, who possessed the news instinct in a high degree, must have been eagerly read. In the dedication of his first volume of letters to Charles the First Howell says:

"Letters can treasure up and transmit matters of state to posterity with as much faith, and be as authentic registers and safe repositories of truth, as any story whatsoever."

His interest, however, was not so much in affairs of state as in individuals, and here lies the interest of his historical letters for modern readers. Howell is a shrewd, kindly observer of men and manners, with a pretty wit and a keen interest in the small doings of great men. He was in Madrid, in the interests of some English ship-owners, when the young English prince, afterward Charles the First, appeared there in disguise in his attempt to hasten agreement on the question of his marriage with the Infanta, and he records, and thereby earns our gratitude, how the Infanta, when she went out to drive with the rest of the royal family, wore a blue riband about her arm so that the prince might recognize his future bride. He tells us further that when the Infanta was gathering May dew in an orchard across the river, the prince followed, and, when denied entrance, leaped upon the orchard walls and down at the princess' feet, and only retired when the aged marquis, who was serving as the Infanta's guardian, and whose head would fall if the prince remained, urged him with frantic prayers to be off.

The most delightful of the letters are the purely personal ones in which he celebrates his intimate friends. Howell had a talent for friendship, if we judge by the extent of this familiar correspondence. He was one of the "Tribe of Ben," addressing Ben Jonson as "Father Ben" and signing himself "Your son."

"You were mad," he wrote to Jonson, "when you wrote your 'Fox' and madder when you wrote your 'Alchemist;' you were mad when you wrote 'Catalin,' and stark mad when you wrote 'Sejanus.' . . . The madness that I mean is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of."

To his cousin, Mr. J. Price, at the Middle Temple, he writes :

"In the large register, an almanac of my friends in England, you are one of the chiefest red letters, you are one of my festival rubrics, for whensoever you fall upon my mind, or my mind falls upon you, I keep holy-day all the while."

To Thomas Ham, Esquire, he wrote from the Fleet Prison :

"There is no such treasure as a true friend; it is a treasure far above that of St. Mark's in Venice. . . . Like a glow-worm (the old emblem of true friendship) you have shined unto me in the dark."

He writes to Richard Altham in the most affectionate terms, and adorns these letters with a hundred figures of admiration and endearment.

"Your most ingenious letters to me from time to time, do far more lively represent you than either echo or crystal can do. I mean they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward man."

In the midst of the upheavals in church and state which were taking place around him, Howell was an upholder of the old order. He loves conformity, has more toleration for a Turk or a Hindoo than for an English schismatic, and laments the passing of decent ceremony and reverence in the churches, at a time when shops were kept open and churches closed on Christmas Day under the Puritan control.

From his foreign letters we get glimpses and vivid bits of description of Amsterdam, with its neat and prosperous streets and free synagogues; of Paris, with the Louvre and Bastille, its filthy streets and night attack of rogues upon the passer-by; its crowded confusion and stoppages of vehicles, which had lately given an opportunity to the Jesuit Ravillac to approach King Henry the Fourth and stab him in his carriage; of Valencia, where are "the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain," and where "The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary and other fragrant flowers." At Alicanter he buys for the London glass house of Sir Robert Mansell a commodity called barillia, made from the blue berries of a shrub, and grows fat upon bread and Sanguin Alicante grapes. On the way to Venice he passes through "Scilly and Charydis, about which the ancient poets keep such a coil." "The admired maiden city" Venice especially calls forth his praises, with its arsenal, the glass works at Murano, magnificent buildings and "dainty, smooth, neat streets"—"the admirdst city in the world." Here Sir Henry Wotten, the English Ambassador, received him kindly, and Randal Symms accorded him hospitality. At Naples he sees the English factors living in more splendour than their masters in London. Wherever he is, Howell picks up stories of the great folk and of the common people, pithy sayings, country-side superstitions and bits of folk-lore with which to enliven his letters. In Spain, he observes, it is not the custom "to claw and compliment," but simply to address a man as "Sir." The Spanish nobles and princes have often retired from the world to a cloister to meditate during the last years of their lives, he notes, but "an Englishman loves not to pull off his clothes until he goes to bed." He is interested especially in the scientific and philosophical ideas of the time, and with his ingenious fancy constructs many elaborate similes based on those ideas. The

Ptolomaic system of astronomy still has his allegiance, though a voyage across the channel makes him lean slightly to the new theory of Copernicus, that the earth is in constant motion. During his travels his linguistic attainments increased so that he could say his prayers in a different language on each day of the week, and on the Sabbath in seven. His store of wit and wisdom was always at the service of his friends, whether they desired of him a short history of language, a theory of the position of women in the commonwealth, or merely a recommendation of a servant. Here is the delightful nonsense which he mingles with the recommendation of a cook to Lady Cor :

"He will tell your ladyship that the reverend matron the ollapodrida hath intellectuals and senses; mutton, beef and bacon are to her as the will, understanding and memory are to the soul. Cabbage, turnips, artichokes, potatoes and dates are her five senses, and pepper the common sense. She must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light. By all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages."

Howell's style is clear and vivacious, full of wit and clever play upon words. He is fond of elaborate similes, but works them out with such concreteness and vividness of detail, and shapes them with so lovely a fancy, that his style remains easy and eminently suited to the writing of familiar letters.

WINIFRED MATHESON, '07.

TO THE SUN.

They say, oh sun, that lands across the sea,
 Are touched by thee with light more delicate,
 They say that here thou dost illuminate
 The earth too crudely, too abundantly.
 They shun thy noonday splendour; but to me
 Thy gayety is not intemperate,
 Thy full glad light is dearer than the state
 With which in other lands thou curb'st thy glee.
 Shine then, oh sun, till we forget the night,
 And let not winter's frost make pale your beams,
 Gild the green grass of spring with yellow light
 And paint the dazzling snow with rosy gleams:
 For thou a radiance o'er the earth dost fling
 That makes a miracle of everything.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

CATERINA.

Although the Bardini palace had left its days of glory far behind, the old-time charm and dignity still lingered in the terrace garden. A smooth green lawn sloped gently from the palace walk, banked with an ilex hedge, to a heavy stone rampart. In front extended miles of olive orchards, broken by occasional cypress-covered knolls and glimpses of little stucco villas. A well-trimmed border of yew defined the neat little path which led to the terrace steps, and two stately yew trees flanked the break in the rampart where the steps met the path.

Below the terrace stood the American artist who lived on the top floor of the palace, and above him on top of the steps sat a little dark-haired child. The man spoke:

"Yes, I will come up and hold thy hand to help thee walk along the railing, but if I do so thou must tell me thy name, Signorina." The child laughed and shook her curls. "No, no, not to-day. I told you last time," she said. She spoke in the shrill Tuscan voice with the Sienese roughness of accent. The "*Lingua Toscana*" strongly contrasted with the man's low, clear tone and liquid utterance.

"Oh, yes, to-day thou wilt tell me. I did not ask thee yesterday—not since last week have I learned. I have forgotten." He spoke half playfully, half teasingly.

The child smiled seriously, and her voice, when she answered, had a note of determination in it. "I always tell. You always make me tell. To-day I will be called Signorina."

The man smiled, too. "It is Lucia? No? Then it is Giulia; perhaps it is Margherita. Thou art a naughty Signorina," he continued in the same low tone. "Dost know the punishment for naughty little girls. They slip and fall from the railing—fall way down here, Signorina. And there will be a sad day in Siena: All the people will say, 'A little child has fallen down into the garden and has died—a little child, so sad, so sad.'"

The child looked at him with wide open eyes, and leaned far over to listen. The man drew nearer and put up his hands as if afraid she might really fall, but she did not notice the movement, and his eyes twinkled as he saw how absorbed she was in his story.

"And the brothers of the *Misericordia* will come and take her away

—the great tall men with the black over their faces. And everyone will say, 'She has gone with the brothers of the Misericordia. Poor little girl, poor little—' ”

The child was tense with excitement. “They will all mourn and they will say ‘Poor Caterina.’ ” she breathed.

The man smiled again, but his tone did not change. “Caterina, Caterina: She has told me her name again, so this time she will not have to go with the brother of the Misericordia. Come, let us see if we can walk along the railing, Caterina.”

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS, '08.

BY FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I.

Mrs. Bramhall looked musingly around her sister's tiny study, taking in every detail of its narrowness, its shabbiness, its atoning simplicity.

“There's one comfort about these little diggings of yours,” she said, at last, stirring her tea slowly with a much jewelled hand. “You can shut them up and leave them with so little anxiety.”

“That may be true,” Joyce Murray replied, with a quiet smile, “but, oddly enough, I find ever greater comforts about them than that.”

Mrs. Bramhall took no notice of her sister's remark.

“The responsibility of a place like Bramleigh is really dreadful,” she continued. “It has struck me more forcibly than ever since we moved out last week. I really need some one to help me, for Duncan is quite useless in practical ways, you know.”

“You have plenty of servants.”

“The more servants the more trouble, as you will learn to your cost when you get married.”

“It will probably be acquired, then, by acquaintance with one maid-of-all-work at the cost of four dollars a week,” remarked Joyce gaily.

Mrs. Bramhall made a little disgusted grimace. “Really, Joyce, you provoke me. You are the most stick-in-the-mud sort of person, with no desire to better your position. You see, I am being perfectly frank with you.”

Joyce smiled, for her sister always concluded her admonitions in this way.

"Thank you," she said, "but, indeed, you wrong me. I have every desire to 'better my position,' as you put it, only, unfortunately, I have never yet seen a position which I considered more comfortable than mine."

"Then all I can say is that I think you very conceited," and Mrs. Bramhall pushed her chair back jerkily from the table.

"Really, you are unfair, you know. Tell me what more could I want than delightful friends, absolute liberty, and a sister in the higher social circles? May I give you some tea?"

"Yes, if you will not mix it with any more of your ridiculous nonsense."

"Forgive me," said Joyce. "How is Aileen?"

"Well, she sent you her thanks for the doll's dress, and said she wanted you to come and see her. And, as a matter of fact, Joyce, I came to-day to get you to come down and stay at Bramleigh—"

Joyce, who had been filling her sister's cup, stopped suddenly, the kettle dangling in her lifted hand. "Thank you," she said. "I do not care to marry Sidney."

"Well, I don't see," began Mrs. Bramhall, querulously.

"That the two are connected? Oh, yes, you do see. They are not only connected, they're inextricably bound up together. The whole atmosphere of Bramleigh when I am there implies that I am going to marry Sidney. Duncan says it in the paternal way he treats me, the servants say it in the way they look at me, the very walls re-echo it, not to mention the fact that Sidney himself says it at least once a week."

"I think you are very hard on Sidney," Mrs. Bramhall complained in feeble defence of her step-son.

"That is impossible, you know, for there is nothing in Sidney to be hard on. He is a very good and pretty boy and I quite like his saying it to me, for it is the only positive thing I can ever remember his saying, except the night he rushed up to tell us the barn was on fire. And even then, I believe, he spoiled it all by adding that he wasn't sure whether it was the barn or just the hay inside."

"My dear Joyce, you are very clever, I know, but some day you will become bitter, and a bitter old maid, probably, at that. I can't imagine anything worse."

"Pray don't try to," begged Joyce. "After all," she added, mis-

chievously, "I may have something definite against Sidney. If you can be so cruel in your present relationship, what a proverbial mother-in-law you would make."

The breathy shriek of an apartment house tube interrupted them.

"Perhaps that's Sidney himself," exclaimed Mrs. Bramhall. "I told him to meet me at the station, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if he called for me here."

Joyce came back from answering the summons, leaving the door open behind her. "It's not Sidney. It's Rosman Crane. He is coming up to have a cup of tea," she said, moving a tiny, hanging cupboard filled with tea cups, from which, after some hesitation, she chose one.

"Who is Rosman Crane?" demanded Mrs. Bramhall, involuntarily raising her hands to her hair.

"An art student and a portrait painter—so far of professional models—but hopeful," replied Joyce, and rose to greet a thin, sallow man with great, dark, brilliant eyes that seemed to have sucked the vitality out of the rest of his colorless face. He bowed gravely on being introduced to Mrs. Bramhall, and rather seriously exchanged formalities with her, while Joyce brewed and prepared his tea. Mrs. Bramhall noticed that there was no question as to how he took it. She noticed, too, that he had long, wiry, ever-moving fingers, which, though they annoyed her, held her gaze fascinated. But after a few minutes of desultory conversation, a glance at the clock reminded her of her engagement at the station, and she rose to say good-bye, warning her sister that she had not yet concluded their discussion.

Joyce escorted her to the outer door and, returning, found Rosman Crane risen and leaning on the back of his chair.

"I have come to tell you that I am going to Paris," he said. "Hartman has given me the scholarship."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "When did you hear?"

"This afternoon. Hartman himself told me."

"It was good of you to come. I am so glad—and yet so sorry."

"Why sorry?"

"Because it will mean your being away so long, and I shall miss you very much."

"Prove it," he said, and there was something so ominous in his tone that she could only look her question at him, half fearfully.

He walked swiftly to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Come with me to Paris," he said, "I can't go without you."

She trembled a little under the power of his gaze. Then she lifted her hands to his and gently moved them from her shoulders.

"You ask what is impossible," she said.

"Why?"

"For the most prosaic of all reasons. We are too poor." She moved slowly to a chair and sat down.

"Oh, no! we will not be! I shall be earnings all the time, and it is easier to live over there."

"You are building castles in the air. You will be studying a great deal and earning very little. If I married you, you would only study less."

He burst into eager denial of her words and explanation of his plans, but when he had finished she showed him, very gently, their impracticability.

"Will you wait for me, then?" he demanded at last.

"No, we must not make each other promises. You may be gone a great while. Besides you must not be hampered in any way."

"Hampered! You are my inspiration."

"I am glad. I hope I may always be. But that makes no difference now."

"Ah, but it does!"

"No, the only thing that matters now is that you are free to achieve what you know you can achieve. And that is a great deal, is it not?"

He looked at her with his burning eyes in silence for a moment. "God knows," he said, but there was a note of certainty in his voice, which gave her a curious feeling of mingled insignificance and exaltation.

II.

Ten months later Joyce stood alone in the wind-swept garden of Bramleigh and tried to collect her thoughts. The crisis, which ever since her sister's death, she had known must occur, had come at last. She closed her eyes and pressed her cold hands against their lids. Instead of the dreary March landscape, the scene she had just left rose before her—the big, shadowy room, Aileen crooning her doll to sleep in the corner, and Sidney standing by the chimney-piece, his pale, boyish face momentarily aged by its pleading pain. "Can't you see your way to stay," he

had said to her in a low voice. "Father needs you, now that Millicent is gone, Aileen needs you to mother her, and God knows I need you, Joyce." In the past weeks she had been acutely realising the truth of what he had just said, and it seemed to her that she ought to have been glad of the triple opportunity offered her. But instead, she had fled miserably to the garden, trying to gain a few more ineffectual minutes before the necessity of answering. She turned swiftly, as if trying to escape the crucial questioning of her mind, and fastened her gaze on a motor car, slowly winding its way up the hill, watching its progress with the unnatural attention one bestows on an external object in a moment of nervous strain. She saw it drive up to the house and stop long enough to permit her brother-in-law to get out. Then, in quick decision, she ran toward the driveway and cut off its retreat.

"Can you take me into town, Morris, at once," she asked, and, as the answer was in the affirmative, she climbed in and drew a fur rug around her shoulders. "I want to go to the Art School," she said and gave the address.

In less than an hour she was sitting in the small, bare reception room, waiting for Mr. Hartman, to whom she had sent a card; and in a very short time the great artist made his appearance, a big, loose-jointed, red-haired man, with a mobile mouth and keen eyes.

"I know my coming is very unexpected," Joyce apologised as she greeted him, "but it just occurred to me that you must have returned."

"Only yesterday. I am fortunate," he replied, bowing.

"I am fortunate in having found you. I have come to ask news of some one—Rosman Crane. You have seen him?"

"Of course. That, in a way, was one of the reasons of my trip."

"And he is doing—?"

"Excellently," replied the artist, "better even than we expected, and you know we expected a great deal."

"I know," she replied.

"He has broadened immensely, gained power and daring," and Hartman let himself go for a moment into a technical appreciation. "But you hear from him yourself," he ended suddenly.

"Sometimes, but not what I want. Then he has been a success?" she threw off as a suggestion to further information.

He looked at her a moment through half-shut lids, as an artist gets his perspective, then, straightening in his chair, he continued deliberately:

"He has been a success from one point of view certainly, but he has not made a success in the ordinary sense of the word. Ah! and that's the danger—that he will—for he can, you know, with his talent, do anything; and in his line there are such temptations.

"To his ideals, you mean?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," he went on slowly, "exactly. So far he has resisted, but the danger is there just the same—especially if there is any pressure." He stopped for a moment of intense silence. Then he went on more casually. "Oh! he can be effectively superficial! With his technique he can be amazingly effective, and that's what they want, the people who pay, effect. But, God willing, Rosman Crane is not going to waste—"

"Oh! no," said Joyce, divining his thought.

"He has the truth," Hartman continued earnestly. "He can find it and he can produce it, and what's more, he knows he can. And, after all, that's the great thing."

"Yes, that's the great thing," Joyce repeated, rising. "But you have done a great deal to help him."

"Small credit to me. In the face of his genius one has—"

"To do all one can? Of course. Thank you for sparing me so much time." She stopped at the door. "May I write him some of the things you've said?"

He looked at her puzzled. "What you will," he said, and she went out.

Thence she went straight to her old rooms. They were dark and close, with the added dismalness that comes of long desertion. She opened a window, and, seating herself at the bare desk, managed to find ink and pen with which to write a letter. This she sealed and addressed to Rosman Crane in Paris. Then, with a swift, reminiscent glance around the dismantled room, she closed the window and went out, locking the door behind her with an air of finality.

ThERESA HELBURN, '08.

LETTER-MAGIC.

You tell me that the skies were gray?
I thought I saw a purple light,
That dyed the hilltops warmly bright,
And vanished far away.

You saw from streams the cold mist rise;
But at my foot the grass was green,
And from beneath the hedge's screen
Peeped May, and violet's eyes.

What though to you the trees were bare?
I only saw the beeches old
Weighted down with rustling freight of gold,
Like lovely Enid's hair.

For in my hand—you did not know—
A talisman would paint the world
With moonbeams, and from buds upcurled,
Make fairy gardens grow.

MARY F. NEARING, '09.

UNDER A PATCHED SAIL.

"Oh, we'll drink once more
When the wind's off shore,"
We'll drink from the good old jar,
And then to port,
For the time grows short.
Come lad—to the days that are!

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

A BIT OF TAPESTRY.

"If it is true that you must renounce this divine land, for one more rugged, then, smooth roads and a blue sky, Bertram—Eleanor D., of Volquesse. But stop—a single leaf must not be at the same time good-morrow, good-night and farewell. Come to that smallest hall which opens from Count Athol's if you would see me, and by twelve I shall appear. The place is Paradise, with dogs and men all gone."

Bertram cut a pen and wrote. A very gash of a frown disfigured his face; the toes of his pointed shoes drooped submissively over the edge of the foot-stool, the quill shook blots on the page and again scratched merrily.

"At last," he growled. "Here, boy, to the Duchess." A little green-clad sprout received the roll, eyed its red silk tying with an awestruck, falling glance and departed.

Bertram made a start as if to recall the boy, then turned back with resignation, dropped the quill and said quietly, "It's unforgivable that one so powerful should be so proud, and gracious and yet so unapproachable. As for me, I do not believe I can stand it. I will not go to-night, and yet Heaven knows I—will."

With an effort to forget justifiable resentment, he left the manor and followed his legs till they brought him to a copse, upon the hazy tufts of which his eye had often rested.

Beneath a sapling he lay down and closed his eyes. It was not long, however, till the beat of hoofs smote upon his ears, and he turned upon one elbow. "Do monks, lords or damozels pass by?" he said. Leaves obstructed his view. He descried the heads of the mounts, however, and dismissed his curiosity with a shrug. Then, glancing up, "Pray do not cease your twittering, birds," he said. "You funny little speckled Puck-chasers, I like it vastly." And he sighed. He watched the birds a long time, he trod upon the twisting tunnels of the mole, and dabbled his hands in the brook, in the kind of water that makes one's hands feel clean and cold. In short, he moved now here, now there, and the afternoon was gone.

At twelve he found himself in the great manor. He paced the floor and a rose drooped from his clenched teeth. His arms were folded. Now and again he glanced toward one of the several doors about him. The

Duchess of Volquesse did not appear, however. She was in the hall of state.

"Heigh-ho," cried the restive Prince, "where can she be? and why this infidel delay when she cares not a jack about me."

"I'll go." He caught up his great cloak and was gone without half a glance back.

A taper had been marking the hours. The wick of it curled over, and, falling in a pool of its own making, marked the hour of twelve and a half.

"Well, I must go," said the Duchess of Volquesse to Harry the seneschal.

"Well, as to the young Prince; from your vehement defense of the knave, you might easily be in love with him."

"I am—I'm very much in love with him," said Eleanor, returning. "I now must tell him so."

Harry gazed upon her with intense admiration.

"I gave him to know in writing that I prized his companionship, but I'll have to interpret my words, no doubt. You won't forget about the bridge, nor yet about the weather-vane."

Thrusting head and shoulders into the artium, she paused, then walked to the great door which stood open. How strangely discolored the sky, she thought. How very restless the dogs, as she caught the fading wail of a hound.

She turned about and moved now here, now there. She picked up a rose and, having stripped some skin from the stem, threw it down, for it was wilting. She pressed her hands to her eyes.

"Oh, my! why doesn't he come?" she yawned.

Reflecting on his Duchess' words, the seneschal stepped out that night with a mind to arrive at the Jolly Brown Frog in the course of his wanderings.

"A dainty pair," he mused, wiping a stray smile from his lips, when,—"Ho, what haste, sweet boy?" he called as he spied a figure moving steadily before him. And then, "By the breath of my body, it's Bertram," he said in a wondering voice. "And who may you be?" said Bertram. "Who am I?" said the man with an air of abstraction. "Why, Harry, the seneschal, handsome Harry." Then quickly, "Whence coming and whither going, my dainty-throated starling?"

"From your castle, bold friend, to the farthest place ten demons can take me," said the youth.

"I saved you from drowning and I'll save your life presently with a bottle of sack, but you mustn't rush off with despair, my lad."

"And is it *you?*?" said Bertram. "The ten devils are laughing ones. I'll not bear you a grudge, though, and if my throat can swallow, why not die drinking," he blurted out with a jerk of the shoulder. "If I stay two hours at a tavern, though, I might have waited there all night."

"By holy John, my charter-book," gasped the seneschal, stopping short. "Friend, as you love me, fetch it," he said with appealing eyes. And then, becoming unmistakably serious, "Go back, I'll wait for you. Look in the first small room on your right as you enter the great door." Bertram glanced at the man half indignant. He gazed with abstraction ahead, and then, with a resigned heave of the chest, turned about.

"I'll rest me here till you're back," called Harry, with artistic disregard for the truth.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

YOUTH.

She sits upon a verdant hill
Where fruit trees shed their ripened bloom,
A slim young goddess, fair and still,
Who, dreaming in the purple gloom
Of twilight time, beholds far more
Than gods or men have ever known;
And finding what she may adore,
She makes those dreamland worlds her own.

O perfect place of solitude,
Built up with walls of misted cloud!
No alien foot may dare intrude
Where such rare barriers enshroud.
Dream on! and pity those outside—
Who once inhabited that place.
Alas! that dreams cannot abide,
That winds the brightest clouds efface.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

THE YELLOW GARDEN.

It was very still in the garden of the general's palace. The wind had died away at sunset, the noises of the city and the desert were hushed, and the great trading caravans outside the gates had finally ceased their bartering. The garden was deserted save for a boy who sat motionless upon the yellow marble wall, his arms listlessly hung between his knees, his head drooped upon his chest. His young, thin, muscular body was the colour of light bronze like an Arab's, and naked but for a yellow cotton loin-cloth. His green silk robes and embroidered sash had been taken from him when he had been left in the blazing garden three days before. That was the day he had been brought to Carthage, after he had been taken, because of his beauty, as a part of the spoils in the war with Ethiopia. He had been walking outside the wall with the guard, but the baked sands blistered his feet, and, sighing for the damp, chill soil of his own country, he had gone back to his place on the wall.

He closed his eyes, for he could not bear the sight of the yellow world about him.

"Manghesta Itiopia," he murmured to himself, and tried to visualise his own country. But his lids burned his eyes and he opened them again. Above him, beneath the black concave of the sky, hung the moon, a glowing, golden crescent, the rest of its globe a transparent film. In its light, things were as clearly seen as by day. The tawny desert sands stretched away to meet the black sky, the yellow marble of the palace gleamed where the moonbeams fell upon a bit of carving, the limp banners were yellow splotches against the sky.

"Manghesta Itiopia," murmured the boy again, conjuring up to his mind his own green country in the cool silver moonlight. There the huge mountains wore fantastic shapes in the uncertain light, their cliffs of coarse, crystalline granite and slate glinted here and there; the hundred tributaries to the Nile barred the earth with shimmering bands; in the wooded ravines, each glancing spring held a moon of its own. And lastly, he thought of the silent sacred lake lying far inland among its mighty trees and jungle growth. He had never seen the lake, but the young nobles who went to hunt leopards near it had told him of it, of the curious plants, of the radiant birds that streaked the green with

flights of vivid colour, and of the wild magic of the place by moonlight. Ah! for the fresh greenness of it all!

There were no trees in the garden. Sand-paths made a symmetrical network among the marble basins. Upon the black surface of the water floated yellow lilies, their petals tipped with orange. The boy shuddered at the stiff, brilliant blossoms, remembering the delicate rose and blue flowers that enamelled the great Ethiopian tablelands and valleys. He knew that the little golden lizards slept in the shadow of the basin-rims, and that the filmy-winged, orange-bodied dragon-flies were hidden in the lilies.

He closed his eyes again, and the lids seemed to scorch them, but he would not open them upon the lovely, strange garden. As he sat there, he remembered that he had always liked yellow. He thought of his father's caravan, the richest one of the country, and of the old merchant himself, swathed in yellow silk and white linen, with chains of beaten gold upon his breast. He could see the bales of cotton in their rough yellow covers, the baskets of ripe grain, the stone jars of butter marked with tiny beads of dew, and the bunches of lemon-colored paradise feathers. It had been his delight to open, with his companions, the young nobles, who dared not despise the son of so rich a merchant, the big wooden chests, and then the small ivory caskets that were packed within and filled with gold-dust or honey or wax. Now the mere thought of the yellow sickened him, and his eyes ached for the smooth, creamy surface of the ivory and the weathered hardwood of the chests.

In the midst of his dreamy, half unreal reflections, he heard a soft shuffling of sandals, the swish of fringe upon marble, and a thin, pretty, clinking sound.

"Ah!" he breathed. "She is coming."

The guard had told him that the general's daughter would walk in the garden that night. He had heard the trailing of her white robes—or, perhaps, they would be rose-coloured—and the tinkle of the green jade bracelets on her white wrists. He could make out the sound of her foot upon the stairs and then she appeared before him in the moonlight. Her tall form was clothed from head to foot in yellow silk draperies; pendent topazes caught the light at her throat and ears, gold-stone bracelets clasped her wrists. Her skin was a pale gold colour and lustreless yellow hair fell about her face and shoulders. She came toward him with her eyes bent upon the ground. For a moment he was possessed

of a fear that when he saw them they would be the colour of her jewels. When she stood before him she raised them. His hot, wearied eyes rested upon the translucent green depths of hers.

"Ah, Tana!" she laughed, "my father has given you to me," and her voice was like the murmur of placid waters between green, flowery banks.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

UNDERGRADUATE ORATORY.

The public speaking at Bryn Mawr is not to our credit; it is, in general, unpolished and unconvincing to the last degree. The attitude taken is: that if I am so wonderful a person as to stand up in an assembly and talk without collapsing, that fact alone obviates the necessity of my talking sense. In remembering where I am, I forget what I want to say.

It is apparently autocratic to begin without, "it seems to me," although people become incoherent in the effort to stress their own humbleness. There is, I mean, too much consideration of other people's point of view. What you have apparently got up for is to give your own personal point of view, which will gain in brevity and clearness if you do not spend so much time in refuting possible arguments, and in assuring your audience that it may not be so, only it seems to you.

An irritating mannerism is the habit of some speakers to use a charitable "we," when mentioning faults from which they are obviously exempt. The goats are not nearly so keen to be associated with the sheep as the sheep seem to think.

Our public utterance seems divided into impromptu chaff, with a mythical kernel, or prepared papers, read with the point and expression of a ticking clock. Anybody could speak in public, as far as that goes. It is not, therefore, you, or the unique fact of your getting up, that lends distinction to the occasion; but it is the force and clearness with which you drive home your single, individual point that makes your public speaking notable to others and satisfactory to yourself.

BARBARA SPOFFORD, '09.

THE DANGER OF INTROSPECTION.

*"A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd."*—POPE.

It was the night of the unveiling of the great Manfield bust, and Dr. Selville, the new President of Manfield University, was standing alone after the ceremony in the brightly lighted reception-room of the auditorium, watching the scene before him.

It was but six months ago that he had made his opening address before these very people here assembled, and he had had no reason to be dissatisfied with the welcome he received. He felt a slight stir of pleasure even now as he thought of that speech; for it was good. He knew its merits better than the loudest applauders, since he had prepared it. He had worked out the logic with such faultless precision that scientists and mathematicians could have no cause for offense; and yet there was the rare spontaneity, the light play of humour, the ready flow of words that charms and concentrates even the most desultory minds. And he had spoken as he always did when there was opposition to overcome. By his easy dignity, by his bearing, unobtrusively self-confident, and above all, by the music of his low, modulated voice, he had completely won over his audience; he played upon them as upon some great instrument, and he knew his power; for he could see the intent faces before him change at his every variation of tone.

The storm of applause that followed this first address had shaken the very rafters of the silent old hall, and the listeners, leaving their seats, thronged up to grasp the President's hand and to welcome him to his new work and his home. Gratefully and simply he had thanked them for their praise, and he felt with joy that already he had taken his place in the hearts of the people he was to guide.

After this there had been many social occasions at the homes of the professors and of the people who constituted the society of the town, and often, too, he had been called upon to make addresses, which he did with never-failing success. To-night had been no exception; he had spoken in wonderfully sympathetic, well-chosen words of that great dogmatic, intelligent thinker, who, in the shadowy past, had been bold enough to find means, in the face of almost unsurmountable opposition, of establishing this university according to his own idea of education; faulty, it is true, and bigoted, but containing the kernel of all

our modern, vigorous system of culture and learning. The people had been deeply moved as he could see by their tense, thoughtful faces, and the sudden catching of breath at the moment when he drew aside the curtain from before the face of the re-created Manfield.

But in spite of all this there was a feeling something like bitterness in the President's heart as he stood in the reception on this particular night—a feeling of bitterness mixed with a half-angry surprise. He wondered dimly how it was that he was standing alone here, when every one else seemed so gay and animated—he, the president of the college, who had made the evening a success. It was with a surprise amounting almost to scorn that he analysed his feeling. Never before in his whole life had he felt lonely. People always liked him; it was a matter of course. He knew the students and the professors of Manfield University, and the families who lived there, were devoted to him; they had told him so soon after his arrival, and the newspapers of all the great towns had flamed the fact in glowing headlines. Nevertheless, he could not help remembering that after those first few months the social events had become fewer. Men spoke to him pleasantly enough when they passed him on the street, but they rarely came now to consult his opinion. He had noticed these things casually when they occurred, but he attributed them to the fact that men were growing more familiar with him and his customs, and he was pleased to think they were ceasing to go out of their way to make him feel at home among them. Now, however, that he had started his memory on a mischievous train of retrospection, all the things he recalled tended to show something wrong in his present relations with the people. He wondered vaguely if his wife shared his unpopularity, and lifting his eyes to search for her, he saw her at some distance away, in the midst of an animated group. Apparently the shadow rested on him alone.

"Strange," he thought, still looking at his wife. "She is a plain little thing. She caught his eye and smiled, but he thought he detected a shade of anxiety and an added tenderness in her manner.

This brief reminder of his wife's devotion roused the President from the fit of introspection into which he had fallen. He mentally shrugged his shoulders. "Nonsense," he said to himself. "I am absurd," and to prove to himself that his suspicions were groundless, he approached the nearest group of people.

"Ah, Mrs. Higgins," he exclaimed heartily, bowing over the hand of the wife of the Mathematics Professor. "It is nice to see you again."

Mrs. Higgins smiled cordially. "How do you like these nice spring rains?" she asked by way of conversation.

The President's brows contracted. "If you knew how miserable my life is made for me by those sidewalks in front of my house!" he exclaimed. "These rains and the mild weather plunge me every day deeper into the mire. I find it impossible to keep my boots black, to say nothing of the danger to all of us from colds. I have spoken many times to the Board of Commissioners, but—"

Suddenly Dr. Selville saw that Mrs. Higgins, although still smiling placidly at him, was listening to a game of repartee between two young people who stood nearby; and he turned away, his face red with anger.

He drifted on aimlessly through the room. Many people spoke to him, some smiled easily, others made vaguely appreciative remarks about his address; but all this seemed to Dr. Selville, in his present unaccustomed mood of bitterness, hopelessly perfunctory. He kept telling himself some evil genius had seized upon his spirit to-night, and was playing with his senses; so that all he heard rang false. If people really were holding aloof from him, it was because of his own unwonted attitude on this particular occasion,—the gloom of his countenance, the hauteur of his bearing. He made many futile attempts to recover his habitual state of mind. Once he thought he had succeeded, when Dr. Halstead, the old Physics Professor, who had long since retired from active work, laid his hand on the President's arm.

"That was a fine speech you gave us to-night, Doctor," he quavered.

"It seems I am appreciated by the aged and infirm at all events," Selville thought cynically, but his heart warmed nevertheless, and he smiled at the old man, who continued: "I always said Manfield was a fool when he made Physics a general required course. Why, man, it takes genius to do Physics. The trouble was, he thought he was misunderstood, the first sign of a fool."

"I fear you mistake my point entirely," the president explained, trying hard to conceal his impatience. "I did not say Mr. Manfield was a fool; I only said he was dogmatic."

"Dogmatic! yes, that's the word; you're right there, he was dogmatic. He was—"

The old man was mumbling unintelligibly, and Selville was glad to shake himself free,—but that odd feeling of loneliness settled more deeply than ever on his heart. He wandered toward the group in which his wife was standing. Suddenly, however, he became conscious that

some one was gazing intently at him. Involuntarily he turned his head, and gave a start of surprise to find himself looking directly into the dear, blue eyes of a young girl. She was about eighteen and very pretty; he remembered dimly having seen her before, and as was his habit toward women, he made a deep bow, and smiled with an air of half-amused, half-tender benevolence.

"Oh, Dr. Selville," she gasped in her pleasure, "The address was so wonderful!"

The president's lip curled a little as he said inwardly, "appreciation of me is not confined to dotards, it extends to babes;" nevertheless he thought he had never seen anything lovelier than her cheeks pink with confusion and her eyes starlike in their wonder and admiration. He felt a desire to be kind to her.

"Come, tell me why you think so!" he exclaimed encouragingly.

"Oh," she replied, her color deepening in her excitement. "It made me feel the bigness of everything. You have showed me how something good and beautiful like this university can come from what is defective; and how a man can be great and wonderful, and yet hated and misunderstood. Men used to hate Manfield because he was bigoted and narrow—my grandfather told me."

"And who is your grandfather?"

"Dr. Halstead. I always hated Manfield, too, until to-night, but I don't any more, and," she added, shyly, "I—I should like to thank you for making me see things right."

The President was touched at her confusion; her simplicity was charming. A great wave of tenderness spread over him—he felt a desire to reassure her. She did not require much encouragement, and at a word from him continued excitedly. It was always of that shadowy Manfield, of the university, and of himself that she talked—and her voice was pretty. Selville did not try to analyse his thoughts; he was only conscious of a great relief, a sudden feeling of good-will to all the people in the room. Once for all he was convinced that the bitterness he had experienced during the evening was the result of his own attitude. He smiled self-complacently to think of his folly, and the joy that came with the knowledge of his security was almost too great to be concealed. His face was radiant, but he sighed.

"I, too, like that Manfield, whom you learned to-night to love, have fancied myself misunderstood. But if he had realised the danger of

introspection, he would not have been unhappy. It is the mission of the great to help the weak; he did so, but he did it against their will. He should have learned to get their sympathy, instead of setting himself up against them. He could then have accomplished everything with no difficulty. It is my desire," the President's voice rang out nobly clear, as he swept the room with a gesture, "that all these people here should feel that *I* am a sort of elder brother. If I have been able to help any one a little, I have but done my duty," and he bowed his head in his earnestness.

The girl gasped and looked at him with amazement. Could it be that she was overcome by his humility? He had spoken in that way especially that she might have no feeling of regret at her own boldness when she should come to think it over. He raised his eyes to look at her. Her cheeks no longer flamed and her eyes had lost their lustre. "Good-night," she said, and went away.

For the first time he realised he was standing very near his wife's group, and the impression was suddenly borne in upon his consciousness that for a long time they had been listening to his conversation; he became pale with anger. It did not occur to him that the bright beauty of the young girl, and the excited thrill of her voice, had naturally and unavoidably fastened the attention of the group upon them. He glanced at his wife; her face was vivid with color, and her eyes looked frightened. "Rufus is so fond of children, you know," she was explaining.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

BED-TIME.

Hush, my little downy-pate,
For the day is growing late.
High time babes were all a-bed,
Faces washed, and prayers said.
You were very rough to-day,
Tore your frock and socks at play.
(Got a bump upon your brow?
Shall I kiss it? Better now?)
Cuddle down, my little faun,
While I sew the buttons on.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

EDITORIAL.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that gray, gloomy skies prevail at this season of the year, and that we are not too much tempted from our book-piled desks by soft breezes and sunny fields. When we must have recreation, it assumes the more artificial form of going to the play. After the mid-year period especially, when we have duly sacrificed ourselves on the altar of Pallas, we take what is left of our shattered nervous systems to be reanimated by the excitement of the stage. But do we, one wonders, realise the analogy between the present entertainment and the ordeal we have just been through. For an examination is, in itself, a drama, with five well-defined acts, a proper climax, and a pretty balance of structure. Act I is, as it should be, of an introductory character, in which we make the acquaintance of the chief figures and get a cursory glimpse of the situation. This is the first review of our notes. In Act II, the action is well under way, and narrowed down to certain, concrete channels. This is the period of tabs. Act III is, of course, one of tremendous suspense, and ends in the inevitable catastrophe. It extends from the cessation of studying up to the first glance at the dreaded paper. Act IV, the solution of the catastrophe, consists in answering, or attempting to answer, the questions, and Act V concludes the piece, comically or tragically as the case may be, with the arrival of one's mark.

Such is the general idea of each of the innumerable dramas of this kind that we see acted before us at college every year, though their individual atmosphere and results may vary widely, according to the varied dispositions of their protagonists. And yet, there are also certain peculiar rules of conduct which every hero, it seems, must obey. He must, in the first place, display a modesty so great that it comes perilously near hypocrisy. Whether or not he feels capable, or even sure of overcoming the obstacles that inevitably lie in his path, he must boast, not of this, but of his entire inadequacy to the task. He must wander with the foreboding of failure forever on his lips, if not in his heart. The dramatic value of this regulation lies, we suppose, in the brighter contrast which is effected when he does achieve victory in the end. But even after the catastrophe, his lips are not unsealed. Let us say, for instance, that the third act ends in a duel, in which the hero mortally wounds his man. This, of course, from the nature of the circumstance, is a desired and glorious

achievement, and one to be approved by all. Yet, in the last act, we find him, not from fear, but from this traditionally enforced modesty, absolutely denying the act, intimating that he has not slain, merely touched his antagonist, a tiny flesh wound at the most, and perhaps he even hints at hurts received. When the news of the victory is, at last, spread abroad, he is apparently as surprised as any one, and expresses his amazement to his admiring friends. Now, of course, no one really credits the hero's modesty, for they know him to be an excellent swordsman and far superior to his antagonist. Still, no one would dream of calling him a hypocrite and a liar to his face, but merely an extremely modest young man.

All these feignings and dodgings are, presumably, meant to complicate the plot, and render more subtle the relation of the characters to each other. And yet, since they impose on no one, do they not quite fail of their effect? Were it perhaps the first such drama we had witnessed, we might be deceived, but, as it is, long experience has sophisticated us. We are so familiar with the ending that the wiles of the beginning have become stale and obvious. Imagine an "Epicoene," whose only virtue lay in its plot, and where would be your pleasure in it, if you already knew the secret of the *Silent Woman*. No, the time of our old dramatic methods is over. They have become useless from old age and overwork. It is time we made a change, time we followed our Ibsen and gave up our Jonson, time we made reality and candid sincerity the motive of our little plays, and gave up our thin pretenses at deception, which have long since failed to deceive.

TO COME AFTER A SONNET.

A very awkward sketch, 'tis true;
But since it is a sketch of you,
And then because I made it, too,
I like it here and there;—do you?

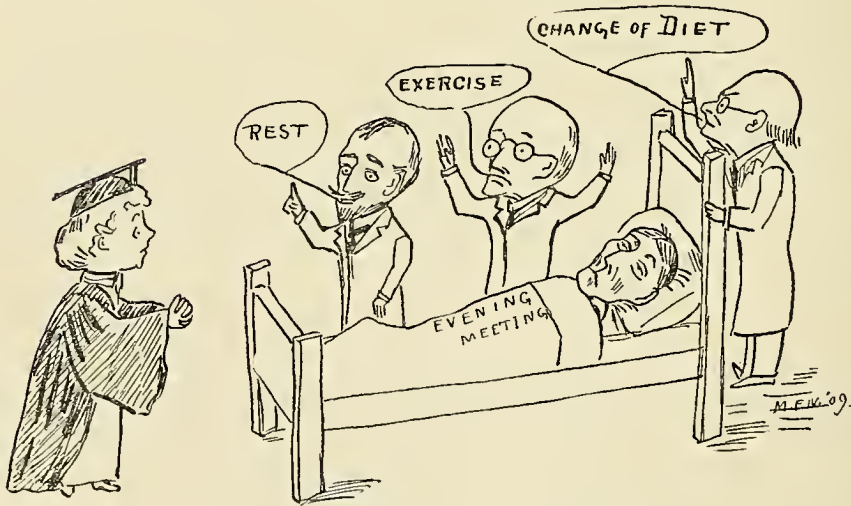
MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

DULCI FISTULA.

"You are old, Aunt Eliza," a little girl said,
 "To you we should all be polite.
 And yet you persistently open the doors—
 Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth, my dear child, I went to Bryn Mawr,
 Where respectful attentions are rife,
 And the training, received in my Freshman Year,
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

JANET T. HOWELL, '10.



"IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS."

*A DOMESTIC ADJUSTMENT IN THE SHAW TRADITION.**I.*

With the air of a man who had passed an illuminating as well as amusing evening, Truesdale slowly made his way through the stream of people toward the doors of the theatre. But, unlike the usual play-goer, he seemed in no hurry to leave the building, for his present situation afforded him a perfect opportunity of observing the typical reaction of the typical audience. On arriving at his house, a few minutes later, Truesdale immediately repaired to the library, and drew up his favourite chair before the fire. "Arabella must have gone to bed," he murmured. "How delightful! Once in a while she manages to do the charming thing."

Turning to get his cigarette case from a table near by, he was confronted by a large photograph of his wife, one that he had never seen before. He picked it up, deciding as he did so that it flattered Arabella to an extraordinary and absurd degree. "I wish I could remember," he said aloud, "why I married her;" and he made an effort to concentrate his mind on the events leading up to their marriage. "I don't understand," he went on, "how my intelligence could have been so much at fault." Involuntarily, his mind turned again to the play he had seen that evening, and suddenly a look of comprehension dawned in his face. "I see it all," he breathed. "I had nothing to do with it. Arabella married me." He sprang from his chair and began excitedly to pace the room. "There's now no earthly reason why I should continue to live with her, though it's taken me ten years to discover this fact." Then, with characteristic energy, he unlocked several compartments in his desk, went through various documents and at last began a letter to his wife.

"Dear Arabella," it ran. "The play I saw this evening convinced me that I have a perfect right to leave you whenever I choose. I may seem to be taking a rather hurried and drastic measure in going to-night. But, nevertheless, it is better so. There is nothing so unpleasant as an argument. I shall not even tell you my reason. That would be a decidedly inartistic thing to do. Go to see 'Man and Superman' and make it out for yourself. You could hardly fail to miss the point. I regret deeply that, just at present, we are financially in a bad way. But

you must remember that it is partly your fault. You insisted on buying the most expensive kind of an automobile, and I therefore had to mortgage our house. I am, of course, leaving the machine to you, and trust you will find consolation in it. When you have got your divorce, you might marry the chauffeur, although this is only a suggestion. At any rate, I shall not worry about you, and I entreat you to relinquish any hope of seeing me again. For the present I am going on a walking tour, something I have always wanted to do, for the road is full of possibilities. The sun is rising now, and I must bring this letter, as well as our married life, to a close.

“Your affectionate husband,

“MICHAEL TRUESDALE.”

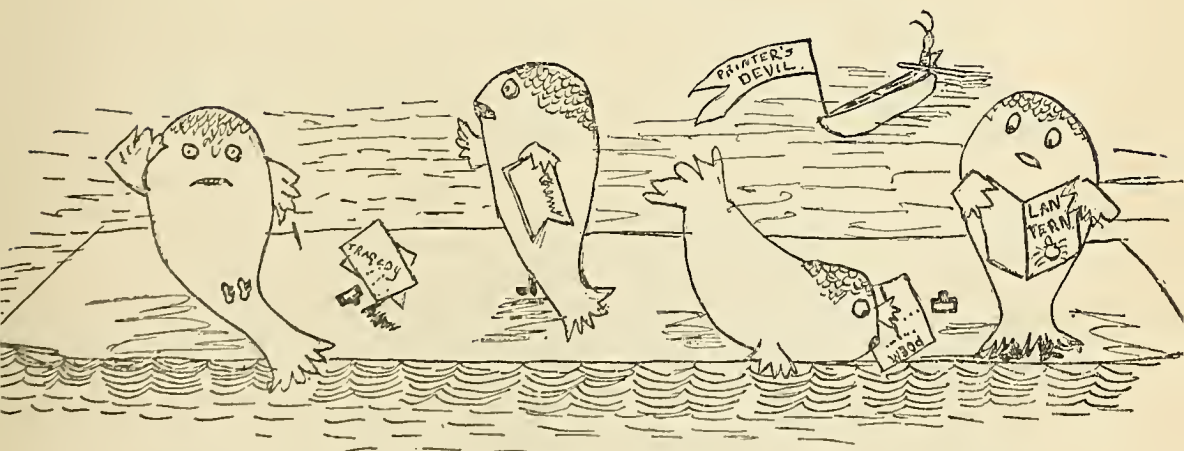
II.

For nearly three days Truesdale made his way, as rapidly as possible, across the country. The hours had passed, so it seemed to him, very quickly, indeed, most delightfully. For the first time since his marriage he was experiencing the charm of the open road, the healthy fascination of a life in the open air. About twilight of the third day he reached, in the course of his journey, a wide, swiftly flowing river, and, with a keen sense of pleasure, Truesdale set foot on the bridge. Now and again he would drop his travelling-bag and lean over the railing to admire the swirling blue water far below. “It is the hour of feeling,” he murmured. He was, in fact, so absorbed in the beauty of the twilight that for several minutes he did not notice a danger sign. Then, shuddering slightly, he saw that the planks ahead of him were loose, and probably would not have borne his weight. He had turned to retrace his steps, when an automobile appeared on the bank of the river and began to cross the bridge. Truesdale hastened toward it, calling to the two occupants that the bridge was unsafe. But, as they came nearer, he recognized, to his amazement and horror, the machine, the chauffeur and Arabella. Without a moment’s hesitation, disregarding the vehement gestures, the urgent cries of his wife, he turned again and ran swiftly toward the danger sign, with the prayer in his heart that he might get safely across. On he fled, in terror of the approaching machine, but the loosened planks gave way, and Truesdale, together with his travelling-bag, was precipitated into the river far below.

"Michael can't swim, he will drown!" shrieked Arabella, just as the chauffeur stopped the machine, in time to save them from the like fate. Simultaneously they jumped from the car and rushed to the railing. But the waters had closed completely over Truesdale, although some distance down the river a small bag still bobbed on top of the current. For half an hour perhaps the chauffeur allowed the widow to mingle her tears with Truesdale's watery grave, then, in the most considerate manner, he suggested that it grew late, and that, although he would be willing to stay with her all night on the bridge, the ordinary conventions must be respected. Still sobbing, Arabella tore herself from the railing and allowed him to help her into the machine. When the two had fairly started on their homeward ride, her tears little by little abated, and finally ceased altogether. As she hung her handkerchief to dry over the back of the seat, she smiled at the chauffeur. It was a pathetic, yet irresistible little smile.

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.

COLLEGE SLANG ILLUSTRATED.



SOME SHARKS ON A BOARD

*THE SAD TALE OF SHY MR. RABBIT.**I.*

When B'rer Rabbit, he co'ted Miss Meadows,
He dressed hisself up in his bes'.
He wo' brown pants when he went ter de dance
She guv, an' a snow-white ves'.

II.

But, Lor' bress yo' soul, my Honey! He wuz
Sech a shy, absen'-minded man,
Dat he set down—swish! in the ice-cream dish
When he tried ter pick up her fan.

III.

De ice-cream wuz white vanilly, an'
Hit stuck ter dat creeter like glue.
He quitted dat dance in dem white-seated pants
An' since, all his chil'uns war'm too.

CAROLINE MINOR, '09.

To the library let us on,
Reserves are few and will soon be gone.
There go lasses with a learned air,
Skipping up the teakwood stair.
One and all, in teakwood stall,
Sit and gaze at a teakwood wall.
Haste you, for at stroke of ten
We must trip it home again.

DOROTHY M. CHILD, '09.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

- '89. At the December tea of the Bryn Mawr Club of Boston, on December eleventh, Miss Emily Greene Balch, '89, who was the guest of the Club, gave an interesting account of her experiences in Bohemia.
- '97. M. Gertrude Trost Packer has a son, William S. Packer, Junior.
- '98. Mabel S. Haynes was married to Captain Konrad Hessig, of the Austro-Hungarian Army, on January fifth, in Vienna.
- '02. The engagement of Mary Vauclain to Mr. Franklin Abbot, of Pittsburgh, is announced.
- '03. Anne Kidder Wilson has a daughter.
- '04. Louise Peck White has a daughter, Caroline Lyman.
- '05. The engagement of Adeline Havemeyer to Mr. Reteo Frelinghuysen is announced. The marriage will take place in St. Thomas's Church, in New York on February seventh.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Law Club debate was held in the chapel on the evening of December fourteenth. The question under discussion was as follows: *Resolved*, That co-education is desirable in colleges. The affirmative was supported by Louise Hyman, 1908, leader, Rose Marsh, 1908, and Marjorie Young, 1908; the negative by Esther Williams, 1907, leader, Elizabeth Pope, 1907, and Emma Sweet, 1907. The judges, Dr. Hatcher, Dr. Huff and Dr. Wheeler, decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Christmas vacation began on December nineteenth and ended on January third.

The Right Reverend William Neilson McVickar, S.T.B., Bishop of Rhode Island, preached the College fortnightly sermon on Wednesday, January ninth.

At a business meeting of the Philosophical Club, held on January tenth, Cynthia Wessen, 1900, was elected Vice-President, in place of Louise Milligan, 1908, who has resigned.

The preliminary and final swimming contests were held on January tenth and seventeenth.

Dr. Albert T. Clay, of the University of Pennsylvania, addressed the Oriental Club on January eleventh on the subject of "Recent Excavations in Babylonia." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides.

Jacqueline Morris, 1908, led the regular Christian Union meeting on January fourteenth.

A meeting of the Law Club was held in the chapel on January eighth. Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, Easton Professor of Administrative Law and Municipal Science at Columbia University, spoke on "The Place of Political Parties in the American System of Government."

On Saturday afternoon, January nineteenth, Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan addressed a meeting of the Science Club in Dalton Hall.

Elsie Wallace, 1907, has announced her engagement to Annan Moore.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The cup offered by the Athletic Association to the class winning the championship in the swimming contests was won by 1907, at 25 points; 1909 and 1910 tied for second place, at 17 points; 1908 made 14.

Three records were broken. Ethelinda Schaefer broke her own record of 140 feet (front) in 21 seconds by covering the distance in 20 seconds.

Woerishoffer and Baker both broke the underwater swim record, which was held by Baker at 43 feet. Woerishoffer swam 70.8 feet and Baker 61.10.

The 20 feet swim (back) record was broken by Woerishoffer at 23.2 and Ashton at 23.6.

The individual points were as follows:

Woerishoffer	24
Schaefer	14
Ashton	6

List of Events.

140 feet swim (front)	Won by Schaefer, 1908.
140 feet swim (back)	Won by Woerishoffer, 1907.
Dive	Won by Platt, 1909
Plunge for distance	Won by Goodale, 1909.
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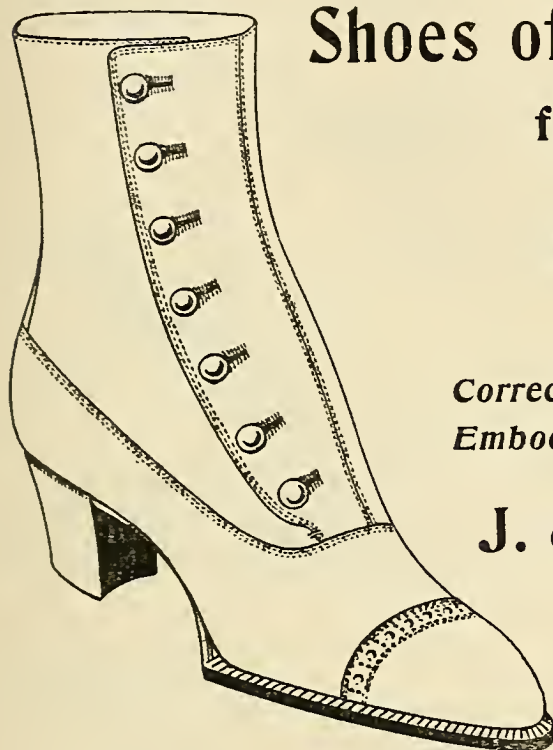
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Tipyn o' Bob

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IN THE CELLAR.

Sussanah crouched behind a big cask in the cellar, trembling from the tips of the stiffly-wrapped bunches of wool on her head to the ends of her little brown toes. The cellar was a favorite stronghold of hers. Hid in its hospitable gloom, she had escaped many well-deserved spankings from her mammy. Here now she was seeking refuge while the yard above resounded to the awful cry, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!" But, though safe darkness enfolded her, though her toes sank deliciously in the soft, damp, earth floor, though that delectable odor of bread and butter peculiar to some cellars hung in the air, and even though a fluffy, warm kitten—the eldest of the litter which inhabited the opposite corner—crawled into her lap and settled down, purring, she was not happy. Presently she began to pray softly:

"O Lord, I didn't mean ter be so mighty bad ter-day. Dat wuz a powerf'ul li'le piece er cake I tuk off'n de stor-room she'f. I wuz so hon-

gry I wuz almos' dade, an' I ain' never gwine do so no mo'. An' when I slapped Maria Anna I didn't mean ter hu't her. She's jes' a natchul-born cry-baby. I 'clar, I'm a-gwine ter do better. Don' let de Yankees ketch me, O Lord. I'm so skeered, I dunno what ter do. Don' let 'em smell me out wid dey long noses. Don' let um stick me wid dey horns lak mammy say dey gwine do. Don' let um see me in de dark wid dey gret big yaller eyes. Oh! Don' let um git me, an' I 'clar ter goodness I won' nuver, nuver take nuthin', nor hu't nobody again so long es I live. Amen."

As she finished trampling hoofs and loud, rough voices sounded over head. Her heart gave a great leap and continued pounding so fiercely that after ten minutes she went to sleep from pure exhaustion.

She was roused by the voice of her mistress engaged in conversation with some men resplendent in blue suits with gold buttons. The strangers, the little darkey decided, were very grand-looking, but she wondered what was the matter with them that they should roll their speech around in their mouths as they did.

"The naygurs do be tellin' me, mam'me," said one with a red head, "that y've a fine colleckshun uv woine in yer cellar, an', if ye please, I'll throuble ye to give us some."

The mistress's creamy cheeks flushed slightly, but she was not guilty of such ill-breeding as to let her eyes flash or her lips tighten.

"You may search, my good man," said she. "I really have no more time to waste with you." And, raising her skirts a little, she picked her way daintily across the floor, up the narrow brick steps, and into the yard. Most of the men gave a glance around the bare place and followed her.

But the red-headed man sat down on a box and swore. He was one of a hired Irish regiment in the Northern army, and he had at his tongue's end the oaths of two countries. Sussanah sat still in her corner, round-eyed, wondering at the sounds that came out of his mouth. She saw his fellows pile up the steps, she saw him finally rise, stretch himself and prepare to follow, and she saw cock-eyed Jim, the butler's pantry-boy, come down the stairs.

"You down dar, suh?" he asked, peering with unaccustomed eyes into the gloom of the cellar.

"Yes," came the sullen answer.

"Well, de gen'lemen tole me ter tell yer dey wuz 'bout ready ter start on agin, an' you better come along. Dey say dey wuz gwine ride on sorter slow like."

"All right, me son. Come here. Oi'd like ter shpake wid ye a minute." The Irishman slipped his hand into his pocket and jingled some money. "If ye'd jist show me where that woine might be layin', I'd give ye a dollar."

"Fo' Gawd! A dollar d'yer say? A real sho'-nuff silver dollar? Not a greenback? Gwuffum here. Yer folin' me."

The Irishman pulled out the coin and the darkey eyed it as it lay shining on his palm.

"An' I jes got ter tell yer whar yer kin git dat wine, an' I'll git all dat money fur myse'f?"

The soldier nodded.

"Well, yer see dat big press yonder 'ginst de wall? Jes' you push dat aside an' you'll see somp'n." Then snatching the money he fled.

With an oath of delight the soldier hurled himself at the big, old press, slowly and with great effort he pushed it from its place, and swearing with joy pulled open a door which had been hidden behind it and disappeared within. The clinking of a tin cup, the gurgle of some liquid, and the sigh of a man who drinks deep followed. Then he stood on the threshold again.

"Oi must catch the bhoys an' bring em back," he muttered. "Sure an' we'd make a night uv it."

The warm kitten fresh from its nap tumbled out of Sussanah's lap and scampered across the floor to examine his boots. Putting out one paw it patted his toes reflectively.

"O, git, git out er the way. Oi'm in a hurry," he said, and kicked it fiercely. It hurled through the air with a squall, fell to the ground with a thick thud, and lay still. The man sprang up the steps. Sussanah crawled from behind the cask and shook her little brown fist after him.

"Yer ain' no gran' sojer at all. You'se a Yankee dressed up dat way in blue an' gold buttons jes' ter fool folks. You'se a wicked varmint uv a Yankee, an' you've killed my kitten, an' I jes' hate yer. An' I ain' afraid uv yer, nuther"—this in a weaker tone. "Yer cyarn' see in de dark, an' I don' believe youse got no horns. Yer think yer gwine come back here en git dat wine, but yer ain'. Dar, now!"

Clutching the dead kitten to her bosom, she forced herself to enter the dark inner cellar. Thence she emerged in a few seconds trembling at her own daring. She listened with deep satisfaction for one instant to the gurgle of a flowing liquid in the room behind her, gave a terrified look about her, and bounded up the steps. Then the cellar was quite still again, except for the splashing of some fluid wasting itself on the floor of the inner room.

C. MINOR, '09.

ANDRÉ OF THE SILVER LETTERS.

As the lamps of Essex gleamed fainter and fainter on the river astern, before us the blackness of water and sky met in an impenetrable wall. My horse stamped uneasily with the heaving of the crazy scow that served for ferry, as the current bore us sidewise from the point whither we were evidently headed. Soon the jop-jop of the waves grew intolerably irritating; we seemed penetrating farther and farther into an emptiness which closed more irrevocably behind us with every splash. I was beginning to think of it all—my long ride, supper in the quaint river town, the putting off from the broken wharf—as a fearsome nightmare, when, like a blow on my face, a bright light burst out almost a stone's throw ahead.

"Ahoy," I shouted, jumping back to stand at Princess' bridle, as the boatman dashed by me. Some twisting of the channel swerved us to the right, and with a swish against the shallow bottom, we had run our nose up along the sand, so suddenly that my poor animal was brought to her knees. Thinking only of quieting her, I tugged hard at the bit, but another lurch as we ran higher aground threw her on her side, I underneath. A crushing weight struck against my chest and consciousness left me.

The first sensations which came to me after an uncertain lapse of time were the warmth of sunshine on my listless hands and the call of a quail from some far-away meadow. Gradually I gained knowledge of a low square room and open French windows with trees and the river beyond. Beside the wide, billowy old bedstead on which I lay someone was standing; and I looked up into André's face.

"That's better," was what he said, and the ring in his clear tone, that first time, was a tonic. I looked up into his face, and, even in my weakness, a thrill of wonder crossed me at the buoyancy of his voice and the stern worn gauntness about his lined mouth. "No, no," he continued, as I was about to speak, "wait a while, man; the first time you can come down to the garden you'll learn everything."

The promise, however, was fulfilled neither that evening nor the next. A fortnight later, one late afternoon, André picked me up in his arms and carried me down the long hallway, across the honeysuckle-shaded terrace, and through the creaking turnstile to the garden. There, among the yellow roses, was Mary. She set her basket down as André approached and piled some grass cushions against the wooden bench for me. "We are glad to see you down, sir," she said as if we had known each other all our lives.

"Thank you," I replied, for I was utterly bewildered.

"Look," said André, beside me, "get your bearings, Rip Van Winkle-Robinson Crusoe. See, there is Essex, 'way to your right—the white streak against the green is the church spire. And opposite Essex—you can't see it—is the landing you were trying to make that night. The current bore you down in the darkness, and you ran ashore on Calf's Island—the light was our light."

"Ah," I interrupted, "I remember. And Princess—?"

"The horse?" asked André "that was a pity; we couldn't save her. She kicked you on the head, and then we forgot her in our efforts to save you, and she rolled off somehow into the darkness and must have been swept away by the current."

"The boatman?"

"Sterling?" asked my host, "Sterling was on duty with his ferry by six the next morning."

"You have put me under a lasting obligation. I have no words—," I began; but he put aside my acknowledgments.

"Please do not," he begged simply, "my wife and I were happy to do what we could for you." They rose and stood before me, her hand on his arm. She was a tall woman, yet her forehead was level with his eyes. The softened angles of her features impressed upon me a sense of absolute trust, and the frank confidence in her quiet eyes seemed to me in a remarkable degree to complement the quite piteous courage in the face of the

man. As she spoke, confirming her husband's hospitality, I felt remotely that I was groping for some explanation which I was conscious these two required.

"Indeed, yes," she said in her cool, low voice, "and you must not talk of obligation; you must make up your mind to be content with our solitude until you are able to travel again—we live alone on Calf's Island. And now you know how and where it is you have been shipwrecked."

With difficulty I pulled myself to my feet before they could stop me. "As for me," I said, "I am Peter Lawrence, a Canadian, out for a week on horseback along the banks of your delightful river." We all laughed at that, and soon, formalities—what formalities such a situation would allow—over, I felt as if we had been friends for years.

That evening was but one of many. My convalescence protracted itself into a visit, and in company with André, I visited every corner of their island. A little wooded bit, it was, of a mile's length, with a sunny rising lawn where the quaint red house commanded the river, up and down. The only settlement within two day's journey was Essex: André and his wife were quite cut off from the world. Here they had lived, summer and winter, for five years, André said. No, he told me, they never wearied of the country, never wished other companionship. More I refrained to ask.

Summer was wearing away, and the September evenings grew too cold to spend out in the garden. We sat after supper now before the blaze of the driftwood fire in André's book-piled study. The harvest-moon hung like a lighted lantern just outside the uncurtained diamond-paned window. By its light Mary often read aloud to us, while André and I pulled at our pipes. One night, I remember, it was "Tristan." We had reached the end of Bédier's charming version, and Mary's voice came musically to us: "*Seigneurs, les bons trouvères d'antan . . . ont conté ce conte pour tous ceux qui aiment. . . . Puissent ils trouvèrent ici consolation contre l'inconstance, contre l'injustice, contre le dépit, contre tous les maux d'amour!*"

We all sat silent for a while, and then Mary, closing the book, drew her chair nearer her husband's.

"Peter," said André suddenly, "you have never asked how we came here,—Mary and I."

"No," I answered, "it didn't matter. I knew you'd tell me some day."

"May I," he asked gently, and Mary smiled assent, though she had, I know, forgotten me.

"Think of a man, Peter," he began, "over his book, looking for blue and scarlet illuminated chapter-headings and the inspiration of his tale winding like a golden thread from sentence to sentence, suddenly, in the turning of a page, finding all the words blotted out and nothing but blank paper where the ending should have been. Think, Peter, if the never-to-be-finished story were a man's life. Then think of some one willing to teach the man to write a new tale in fainter silver letters. I am such a man, and for six years we have been writing silver letters, Mary and I, here on our island. Ah, Peter, the silver letters were the best."

A few days later I left them. André rowed me up a mile along the Essex bank, and there faded from me in the autumn haze. A yellow rose from Mary's garden marks the last passage of my Bédier's "Tristan," and that is all that has ever come again to me of André of the Silver Letters.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

PHILIP IN THE GARDEN.

Philip of the azure eyes
And honey-coloured hair,
Flitting like a little moth
Through the garden, here and there,
Tell me how the bleeding-hearts
Got their mournful name.

They were gentle lady hearts,
And when poor Sebastian died,
Pierced with all the cruel darts,
They were very sad and cried.
And the crimson tear-drops came.
Often when I'm sitting here,
And those bleeding-hearts are near
(Each one with a red drop hung)
I must weep a little tear:
Poor Sebastian died so young!

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

THE HUMPREY MORTGAGE.

Mrs. Caleb was a notable housewife, and no one knew better than herself that her butter and cheese were the best made in all the country around. Although she was a large, heavy woman, she moved spryly, making every motion count. She was wearing a gray mother-hubbard, belted in at the waist by the strings of her brown-checked apron. Her hair, evidently once a jet black and now only partially gray, was parted in the middle, plastered down on the sides and twisted into a large knot at the back of her head. As she stood in her well-ordered kitchen, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows and showing the free play of the muscles in her arms as she kneaded, tossed, and patted the bread she was making, she fairly seemed to breathe strength and capability. Moreover her face was a kindly one, and now and then she gave a low chuckle. She was an optimist in spite of twenty odd years of hard, grinding work. To-day especially she was in her happiest humor, for to-morrow was "the Sunday school picnic, and pa had promised to take her in the bran' new buggy if it was a pretty day."

As she glanced now and then at the big man, smoking his corn-cob pipe and reading his paper as he lounged in the arm chair near the stove, her mind unconsciously ran back over the years of their married life. She had soon realized that his ways were not her ways, so she had taken refuge in the homely maxim, "Every man should mind his own business." Dan might make his money as he liked, and she would make her butter as she pleased, as long as each did work for the common good of both. Moreover, the necessity of having some one to whom she might give her love became so great that, what had been at first a conscious effort not only to ignore in her husband all of which she could not approve, but also to seize eagerly upon all of which she could be proud, had become habit, and finally instinct. And Dan had been good to her. "There warn't many husbands as generous!" She realized it with a thrill as she looked out upon the vast, rolling acres, the big barns, the thick orchard, trim chicken houses, and thought of her comfortable home, with its organ, pictures and many little conveniences. They had done what they set out to do—had she and Dan. They had made money—were wealthy in a

small way, and they were happy together. No wonder she gave a low chuckle!

"Ma," said Mr. Caleb, suddenly.

"Yes."

The newspaper rattled, some matches were struck and went out, while Mrs. Caleb, after a quick glance at her husband, kept her eyes on her work.

"Well!" she prompted at last.

"Oh, nothin', 'ceptin' that the Humprey mortgage 'I come due day after to-morrow.

"Well! what about it?"

"I reckon I'm goin' to have to foreclose."

There was a silence while Mrs. Caleb buttered her pans and filled them with the dough she had been kneading, then, wiping her hands on her apron, she faced her husband.

"Ain't there goin' to be no other way?" she half pleaded.

"Can't see none. She says herself she ain't goin' to be able to raise the money."

"Can't ye give her more time—extend it? Don't ye think."

"She never will be able to pay, and she knows it. Miss Mary tole me it might as well be now as later. They staked the money they borrowed on some fool chicken venture what failed—I doan know the particulars."

"I know 'em, and I know Mary Humpreys and her mother are two mighty different people. Dan, it ain't my way to interfere, and ye know it, but somehow I feel like it 'ud jest use me up to see Miss Humpreys turned off'n her farm. I ain't lived neighbor to her ever since we was married fur nothin', and thar's some things she's done fur me, things that no one else could do fur all their tryin', that I can't forget, nor want to neither. It jest comes nachural for you an' me ter work, and it's nachural for her to hev dreamins an' imaginins an' theories, an' know how to be gentle and comfortin. But for all her not knowin' how ter work, she *has* worked—lots harder 'n I hev. Why, pa, I don't believe there's a woman in Bourbon County works as hard as she does. But she's allers had hard luck. The cyclones just missin' our place and carryin' away the Humprey's barn and stock, and then the grasshopper lightin' on their corn-field and eatin' the only decent crop they'd ever had clean to the ground. It's queer, but work ain't everything. Providence an'

luck has a lot to do with gettin' on. Here we are, better off every day, and the Humpreys poorer—haven't nothin' practically, and now you'd be willin' to have us take that little away. Father, it ain't right, it ain't honest. There, I've hed my say."

"I should think ye had! Right! Who says it ain't honest to foreclose on a mortgage when it's due and ken't be paid? I tell ye, I'd give her more time if there was the least chance o' her payin' it, but there ain't. She'll hev to move sometime. It 'ud jest be givin' her the money right out—to *no purpose*. I'm sorry, ma," he added as he saw a dull red spreading over his wife's face and noticed that she kept her head turned away. "I'm real sorry. I hadn't ought to have loaned the money to her in the first place, but—well, the fact is, there's oil under that land, thousands of dollars of it. I'm the only one that knows about it, an' we might as well make a fortune outn't it as others. I've allers tried to do the best I could for you, ma."

"I know ye hev, Dan!" answered Mrs. Caleb, and, after a moment, "How do ye know there's oil?"

"Helpt Humpreys blast a well nigh onto ten year ago, an' I promised him to say nothin' about it. I've kep' my word, but he's dead now, Miss Humpreys loves the place too much to sell or get off till she *has* to. I seen that, an' if I hadn't loaned her the money some one else would have, jest for the timber, not knowin' of the oil, and foreclosed jest the same. This way she's no wus off, and we'll be rich. Don't ye see, mother, it's the only thing I could ha' done?"

"I know ye allers do what ye think right, Dan," she said, gently. "I reckon I'll go feed the chickens now." And mechanically catching her sunbonnet from the wall she went out.

"Lord, Lord, make Dan see the right different," she whispered under her breath. "He'll do what he thinks right—he allers does. Make him see it different. He allers does what he thinks right," she kept repeating over and over to herself, as if she must keep hold of the idea. "I won't let this come between us. Ellen Caleb, if you do, it will sarve you right for tryin' to meddle in what don't consarn you. Come, chickie, come, chickie!"

"Ellen," called her husband from the door. "Here comes Alec Mc-Henry down the road. He promised to give me a lift into town."

"All right; don't forget the list I made out, nor the new whip ye said ye'd get for to-morrow," she called in her usual, cheery voice.

"I guess my business is to make folks happy. How do I know what's right better than Dan anyway. Oh Lord, make him do what *is* right."

"Why, Mary Humprey! Whatever is the matter?" she called as the young woman came up to her from behind, panting.

"Mother is ill, Mrs. Caleb, and will not let me do anything for her. I seem to make her nervous. If you *could* come over for a little while, I will go for a physician if you think best when you see her."

"Come! Indeed I'll come right off. Jest let me put the rest of this yere chicken feed away, put on a clean apron, lock the house, an' I'll be ready. It won't take me mor'n a minute."

"There," she said, as she emerged from the house in a surprisingly short time. She carried a small wicker basket on her arm. "My medicine case," she explained laughingly.

Neither of the women spoke as they hurried across the Caleb pasture, over the little home-made bridge and through the woods, up to the Humprey house.

"Land, Mary! if you haven't let your fire go clean out! You shouldn't ever do that when sick folks is round. Now you jest get it to goin', and heat up the beef tea ye'll find in a jar in the basket, while I go in and see your mother. Ye needn't to come with me," she finished, and, smiling reassuringly at the young woman, she opened the door gently, and closed it quietly behind her as she stepped into the next room.

"Is it you, Mrs. Caleb?" called the low, sweet voice of Mrs. Humprey, who was lying on the cot, the collie on the floor keeping watch over her.

"Now, how did ye guess!" cried Mrs. Caleb cheerily, as she came up to her, and taking one of her small hands in both her plump ones, let her fingers rest lightly on the pulse, while she glanced searchingly at her patient. "I was jest wonderin' whatever I was goin' to do with my day, all alone, no dinner to get and my baking all done for to-morrow, when up came Mary. Seems as if I can't hardly wait for that picnic. It's such fun to see everybody and hear the speakin' and singin'. Makes me think o' the 'last day' at school. Perhaps ye can go to it if ye rest real well to-day and let me take care of ye. Ye haven't any fever, I'm thankful to say."

"I am not sick, Mrs. Caleb, only all tired out—and—discouraged. I so seldom give up that Mary was frightened and made me nervous, and

I sent for you. I only want to be quiet and let alone. I know you will understand."

"There, there! Of course I do," assented Mrs. Caleb, as she seated herself in a chair and, drawing a big fan out of a deep pocket, opened it and began to wave it gently too and fro over Mrs. Humprey. "I won't say a word unless ye want to, an' ye can keep still, or if there's anything troublin' ye that it would make ye feel better to talk about ye can trust me."

The face of the homely country woman was beautiful for the moment in its utter self-forgetfulness. Her heart was aching for Mrs. Humprey in a way not so different from that of the collie who kept his anxious eyes upon her, and her close presence and gentle voice gave her patient the relief of words.

"You are good, Mrs. Caleb, but you cannot understand how it feels to be 'a failure'—to succeed in nothing—except, until a few months ago, in being happy. But I was wrong to be happy, and these last past months and these months that are to come are a just punishment for my selfishness."

"Selfishness! Who ever heard tell o' your bein' selfish. Don't ye believe it!" interrupted Mrs. Caleb, emphatically.

"Ah, but I have been. I have been so happy in these woods, my woods, in the birds that knew me, in the squirrels, the chipmonks, in the beautiful days, that I haven't minded, nor realized how unhappy Mary has been. These last months, these last weeks have taught me this. She wants to leave this farm, and before the long evenings and dark days of winter. I have been trying to make myself see it as she does, but I cannot. The winter is beautiful to me. I love it the best of all the seasons. I have been happy, but I have been cruel. I have kept her in a place she does not love, and now I shall spend the rest of my days in a place that I shall not love."

"Nonsense! If the girl is so wild to go way, why don't ye let her go for a while?"

"We will go to town soon enough, but don't think of us. I deserve it—but 'a failure' does not find new lessons easy. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, you know," she ended, forcing a smile.

"It's a pity ye won't sell the part of the land that's got oil under it; then ye could still live here and Mary could go. Ye could pay to hev a girl stay with ye while she was away, and I'd come over real often—

oftener even 'an I do now. Ye'd all be so happy. But there! If here ain't Mary with yere beef tea what I brought for ye. Let me fix ye so ye can sit up and drink it. It'll do ye a sight o' good, I'll be bound."

Mrs. Caleb, arranging the pillows behind Mrs. Humpreys' back, did not see the face of the young woman, nor know that her hands were shaking with excitement as she set the tray before her mother, but as she turned around she did notice the flushed cheeks and glowing eyes.

"Mary certainly is gettin' to be a hansome critter," she declared, when the girl in question had left the room. "She's a daughter to be proud on. Mark my words, Mrs. Humprey, you'll be proud on her yit."

* * * * *

Dan Caleb and his wife sat on their vine-covered porch, drinking in the soft evening air. His mind was on the mortgage. It meant a fortune—getting that land—and his heart sung. Mrs. Caleb's mind was on it too, but she was oppressed by a vague uneasiness, which had almost spoiled the picnic for her. "Did Dan tell me not to say nothin' about the oil? Did I say anything? If I did, did I do right or wrong?" In the midst of the silence she heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and glad to be distracted from her own thoughts, she listened eagerly.

"Who do ye reckon it is, Pa?"

"I doan know, Ellen. We can soon see."

And, truly enough, in a moment Mary Humprey came into sight. Bare headed, sitting her horse straight as an arrow, she galloped toward them, and reaching the porch, swung lightly from her horse and, dropping the bridle over his head so that he might graze, came up the steps.

"Good evening! Mr. Caleb, the mortgage is due to-day, isn't it? I came over this afternoon, but you were both out, so I came this evening again. I have brought the money—all of it—in gold, Mr. Caleb. Mother laughed at me, because I was so particular, but I thought you might like it better so. I know *I* should. Will you count it and see that it is right? And, oh, Mrs. Caleb, you can't guess—mother is going to make all my dreams come true, and she is so happy. You must come and see her often while I am away, won't you? Is it right, Mr. Caleb?"

"It is. If your mother is goin' into town to-morrow an' will meet me at the court house, we can finish fixin' it up. We are square. I congratulate ye."

"Better congratulate our land, Mr. Caleb," answered Mary, who was looking at Mrs. Caleb and was struck by the agonized expression on the

usually serene face. "You wonder how I knew about it? Do you remember how I used to play around when you and father dug that well more than ten years ago?"

An angry glint had come into Mrs. Caleb's face. Was the girl mad! "Ellen Caleb, it serves you right for tryin' to meddle in what don't consarn ye. Oh Lord, don't let Dan know what I done. I've been dishonest! Dan allers does what he believes to be right, even if it ain't, but I hev done what I know to be wrong. I betrayed his confidence."

There was silence for a moment after Mary Humpreys finished speaking, while Mrs. Caleb was busy with her own thoughts, and Dan, too surprised to answer; then the girl drew herself up to her full height, threw back her head, and looking her foe fair in the face, said slowly and quietly:

"Mr. Caleb, I will not lie to you. I heard you tell Mrs. Caleb all about the oil the day I came to get her to sit with mother. I was passing by the window, and I stopped to listen. Good evening."

"She's too damned clever, Ellen, do ye know it? I don't jest see how she put the thing through, even if she did know!"

"She'll make some one to be proud on later if she's handled right. She's got the spirit of a race-horse. But I wouldn't hev wanted our Lily to be like her. She'd have been gentler and kinder, and *sweeter*."

"She'd have been good-hearted, like ye, I hope. I'm sorry, Mother; I was goin' to do things with that money."

"I'm content, Dan. We hev plenty and to spare, and we've got each other."

MARCET HALDEMAN, '09.

LULLABY.

Sail, sail, o'er the cradling billows,
Off to the far-away flower-bright land.
Fair, fair, are the moonbeams that kiss thee,
Lighting the way to the silvery strand.

Hush, dear,
Mother is near.

Play, play, in that mystical dreamland;
Fairies will whisper their secrets all night.
Soon, soon, come the rays of the sunshine,
Lighting the way from that shore of delight.

Sleep, dear,
Mother is here.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

*"'TIS A WISE MAN WHO KNOWETH HIS OWN
COUNTRYMAN."*

We took refuge from the heat of a Florentine July in one of the tiny hill-towns of Tuscany. Our little Inn faced the solid, white façade of the simple Cathedral; near us on the right was a strong, square tower half in ruins; and the rest of the Piazza was filled in with stucco and stone houses, leaning up against each other at various angles. These, however, did not look unsteady, but seemed rather to have defied Time in their present, easy attitudes, and to be as ready to defy him for centuries more as they were in the days when the stern-faced Florentine, Dante Alighieri, found a shelter with the bold Ghibelline Paolo dei Salvucci, in that strong, square tower.

We found more traditions than inhabitants in that ancient town, and the few stolid peasants who returned from their vineyards through the narrow streets at evening seemed jealous of our trespass on their domain. We met with scowls, or rarely a surly "Buona Sera" as our greeting, and everywhere the whispered word "Inglese" passed from door to door behind our backs. For all foreigners were English to those Tuscan peasants.

One day, however, other strangers who could not be classed with us arrived to task their imaginations. A clamour of boys' voices, mingled with the shouts of men and with women's shrill laughter drew us into the Piazza in the heat of noon. A small donkey was toiling up the steep, cobbled street towards us, carrying a woman dressed in the Dalmatian peasant's holiday costume. Her full blue trousers were gathered around her ankles, her short jacket was heavily embroidered with gold, and her white veil was fastened with many gleaming ornaments. Walking beside her, and leading the donkey, was a man dressed in shorter, fuller trousers and wearing a small, round cap with a gay feather in it. The couple was followed by an excited crowd, which was increased at every corner by a fresh group of spectators. But they went slowly on, heedless of astonished stares and ruthless comments, and apparently untroubled by the jostling of the crowd around them. When they reached the Piazza the man stopped the donkey, and helped his companion, who dis-

mounted with graceful dignity. Together they made their way into the cathedral, and many of the curious throng followed even there.

"Whence came these strange foreigners?" I asked a dull-faced boy. For once hostility to "Inglesi" was forgotten, and he looked up at me with a flash of interest in his eyes.

"It was a riddle," he said, "for we have seen none like them, ever in our lives. But the answer has been found."

"Well?" I urged.

He lowered his voice to make the announcement more impressive.

"They are Americans," he said.

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS, '08.

A MODERN FEUD.

A pretty little town that loved nothing better than the contemplation of its best view, its best meeting house and its best families; a town that boasted the best station on the line, but unfortunately, at a little distance, dumped its ashes on the railroad track; a town where Paris fashions drifted in at a good old age through the milliner, who handled them carefully, as befitted her motto, "As ye sew, ye shall rip." Such was Greenfield, Connecticut.

The life of the town centered, if one may say so, about the main street, from its plebeian beginning to its aristocratic end. It began at the bottom of a steep hill, where Clarke's grocery and notion store displayed fly paper and woolen comforters in season. A little farther up, where the hill took a rest before resuming its ascent, stood O'Brien's livery stables, adjoining his house, where the inmates and odors of each seemed to live indifferently in the other. Nearby, opposite, was the Greenfield Inn, large and yellow, affording every facility for playing croquet. A particularly steep part of the hill just here prevented any further habitations until another magnified "thank-you-ma'am," if I may call it so, permitted the establishment of the commercial center of the town. Here things were brisk and prosperous. The butcher shop, the general store, and the post office stood side by side, and, above all three, the Village Hall. The general store, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Pine and Mr. O'Daniels, was worth a visit. Mrs. Pine had her half of the store for the ladies;

but it proved very attractive for the gentlemen, or perhaps buxom Mrs. Pine did, for I have a distinct recollection of Mr. O'Daniels, round and red and quite at his ease, handing out ribbon for tape, and quite oblivious of the difference between Filo Floss Silk and Heminway's Fast Dye. Farther up, on the side hill, stood, or rather sat, a huddled-up little cottage whence issued Fashion's decrees. It was the milliner's, and she kept cats.

The hill climbed again, making quite a gap between the utility and gentility of the town. Near its crest stood the Ormont house, large, white and colonial; the kind that thrusts forward its front door, and retiring hospitably spreads out on either side. Next door was the Congregational Meeting House, tall and white, and in front of it the tall whispering trees, the soft, thick grass of the village green. Such a spot, with the church clock chiming out a German melody, seemed strangely out of place in the bustling little town which was always losing its breath in the attempt to catch up with the times. On the other side of the church was the Stanway residence, spacious and inviting, like its neighbor, indeed so similar were the two houses in architecture and surroundings that you would never have guessed how much their inmates stood in need of a peacemaker.

Every breach of peace has causes more fundamental than the immediate ones; we forgive initial injuries, but not sustained ones, those that we can talk about pardoning, but not those that must be pardoned in silence. So that, although people say it was Joe Stanway's share in the bank failure that brought on the famous feud between the Stanways and the Ormonts, I have always maintained that if Miss Ormont had been plain like the Stanways, instead of pretty like herself, and restricted instead of indulged, the difficulty might have been settled long ago.

Others, again, say that the relationship between the families accounted for the Stanways' anger at proceedings they would have overlooked in a stranger; but the reader can determine for himself the causes by a short perusal of the facts in a quarrel which has given Greenfield questionable notoriety.

Mr. Ormont and Mrs. Stanway were brother and sister, he the widowed father of an only daughter, she the mother of four daughters and a son. Both families were wealthy, but Mr. Ormont in especial was a man of large schemes and large means, a man who had a hand in

everything, from the very amplitude of his character and personality. He might well be called the "Father of his town," as much from the geniality of his presence as from the beneficence of his deeds. He planned for the town at large and for the individual in particular. He invited over from Germany a musician, called Scheffel, and his family, and established them at Greenfield. Scheffel and his wife had two sons and a daughter, whose ages came in somewhere between those of the Stanway and Ormont children. Playmates they all became, though it never was forgotten that the little Scheffels were in a sense beneficiaries of Mr. Ormont. Ellen Ormont did not play very much with the others—she joined them usually on state occasions, like church or parties, so that cake and sermons and best clothes and Ellen were indiscriminately jumbled up in their minds. There was a theory among the Stanway children that Cousin Ellen had nothing but best clothes, and from the height of their envy they despised her. Accordingly, the childish feeling crystallized into a half jealousy of, half pride in Ellen Ormont, and a kind of intimate tolerance toward the Scheffels.

About the time when children begin to leave home a bank was started in Greenfield by the two families, and the management of it given to Joe Stanway.

The bank failed, and the Stanways and Ormonts put their hands in their pockets to make good the loss. But when it appeared that Joe Stanway had more to do with the failure than talking about it, and when it developed that he took a sudden interest in the West, even to the extent of departing thither, the Ormonts felt that the Stanways should bear the whole brunt of the loss. This resentment might have disappeared in time had not Mr. Ormont, in his haste to reach Greenfield from New York, caught a heavy cold which resulted in his death. The purely mercenary irritation of his daughter Ellen against the Stanways grew in unaccountable feminine fashion to a sense of personal injury; an idea that the Ormonts were directly responsible for her father's death, and her bitterness of spirit was proportionate to the love she bore her father. Her wounded feelings and filial affection were not lessened by the fact that shortly before his death she had married in express opposition to her father's wishes; in some subtle way she attributed her transgression to the Stanways, and heaped still higher her sorrowful indignation. The Stanways, on their side, felt that Ellen, now Mrs. Barry, showed great lack of sympathy for their common family misfortune, and that her sudden

anger on her father's account was hard to reconcile with her marriage against that father's wishes.

When each side feels itself the injured party the situation tends to be prolonged; and such was the case in these strained relations. Mrs. Barry moved her seat in church from the neighborhood of the Stanways, and the Stanways changed the hour of their usual drive to avoid meeting Mrs. Barry. Nor did the sudden death of Mr. Barry effect a peace through the conventional tenders of sympathy. The situation was further complicated by the announcement of Mrs. Barry's engagement to Karl Scheffel. At this point the Stanways spoke their mind. If it was not indecent enough to marry a man who only spoke English through her father's charity, but to marry him before that father had been dead two months! The Stanways remonstrated with Mrs. Barry singly and in unison. She met all with suave non-communicativeness, giving each the impression that she had at length seen reason. But her reason was not their reason. She went abroad, sent for Karl Scheffel and married him. From that time to this the Stanways and Mrs. Scheffel have neither spoken nor bowed.

These people are now well past middle age; but with a consistency remarkable in so small a community, they have steadily maintained their strained relations. The effect on the town has been disastrous; the Stanways, both from native benevolence and the instinct of rivalry, have come to the front whenever the town felt any need, whether for a library, a gymnasium or a golf links. They have given largely and freely, with the result that the town is pauperized, as it were, and in any crisis the villagers stand back and say, "Let the Stanways do it." Mrs. Scheffel's benevolence has been of a more personal nature, and her lovely face and sympathetic manners have won for her a love and confidence that have been missed in the Stanways' munificence. The visitor to Greenfield finds himself compelled to take sides, and as his sports in the place come to him through the Stanways, he is more than likely to see the matter through their eyes. Frequently there are rumors of reconciliation; the cry goes forth, "The feud will be healed," but a knowledge of the facts leads one to doubt this. When, added to ancient causes for anger you have the never-dying strife between personality and plutocracy, a fire is engendered whose flames cannot but mount higher and higher till, by the death of one of the feeders, the fuel supply is stopped.

BARBARA SPOFFORD, '09.

UNDER THE SNOW.

It was the fourth of April, although the snow still lay deep between the forest trees, when out of the hollow in a giant oak an elf leaped down to the ground. The snow-crust was so frail that it broke through at the fall of every acorn, but so lightly did he drop and speed away that he seemed barely to touch the earth at all. He was dressed in a coat of puffy, white thistledown, and moccasins made of a silk cocoon, but for all that he shivered with the cold, for he was an elf of the South. Transplanted thence in his own palm tree, he had escaped from the lonely greenhouse, and had made his home with some forest elves in the lowest hollow of the big oak. This, his first northern winter, was the coldest of his life, and he shuddered again as he ran. Darting between the tree trunks and down to the frozen brook, he followed its deep-cut bed until he came to the cave of the weather-witch, who was as old as the forest and wiser in the lore of the seasons than all the prophets consulted of men. At the mouth of her cave with its curtain of icicles, the elf stood and pouted and shivered, waiting for her to call him in. Presently she stopped the song she was chanting to herself and looked up. "Well, Elfie," she said, "how is it with you?"

"It is just cold," he answered. "It is winter, winter, winter forever! Is this the way the seasons change up here? Is this a spring day? The north wind sweeps the warm sunbeams from off the face of the earth; the stiff ice chokes the laughing brook into silence; we look for the soft rains of April and we feel the stinging sleet of January; we long for the tender green leaf tips that uncurl under kind blue skies, and we see only the pinched brown buds of winter, shrinking tighter under every blast. You, who are wise in the lore of the seasons, tell us, how long must this keep on? We are weary of it—even the North elves are weary. They were content enough for a long time, but the last three days have worn out even their patience. We have waited and waited and waited—"

The weather-witch only smiled faintly. She was used to complaints. "Come with me," she said, and Elfie followed her out of the cave. In almost no time she had led him back by a short cut to his own oak tree. From the next hollow above his, the squirrel family peeped out with

dancing eyes, playfully threw a few acorns down and then went back to their romping game of tag. "See there," said the weather-witch, "they have not been 'waiting and waiting.'" She stooped down and drew a circle in the snow just at the foot of the tree. "Dig there," she said, and stood aside to watch him. Elfie did as he was told. While the hole was growing deeper and deeper, and the snow-pile higher and higher, and he was more and more sheltered from the cold wind, he gradually became aware of a faint, sweet fragrance which seemed to float up from below. It almost made him dizzy, it was so like a breath from his native South, and yet it was sweeter and more delicate than the odor of any of the flowers he had known there. He brushed away the last film of snow, and there was a bed of the loveliest trailing arbutus! The weather-witch smiled at his rapture. "It was there three days ago," she said as she turned and left him. A few snowballs deftly aimed into the hollow brought the other elves and fairies quickly to his side. "It is spring!" they shouted as they reveled among the blossoms. "It was spring three days ago," said Elfie—"even under the snow." And a far-away sound from the cave of the weather-witch seemed to echo "under the snow!"

PLEASANCE BAKER, '09.

AFTER RAIN.

The air is faint
With perfume of thick, heavy-bending flowers;
While in sweet unconstraint
Soft-throated warblers trill in dripping bowers.
And from the odorous earth steams up the breath of showers.

The waters soft,
In rippling fulness swell, and overrun
Their soggy banks; while oft
Bright minnows stem the current one by one
Like gleams of sudden light from the warm, misty sun.

MARY F. NEARING, '09.



In Memoriam.

David Irons.

On Saturday, January 26th, a memorial service was held for Professor Irons, whose death occurred January 23d. The order of the service was as follows:

Professor Tilroy, of Cornell University, spoke of his personal reminiscences of Professor Irons.

Professor Hibben, of Princeton, then spoke of his work, *The Psychology of Ethics*, and two other books on ethics which he had not yet finished.

Dr. Barton then said a few words about Professor Irons' life at Bryn Mawr, and read the resolutions of the Faculty and of the Undergraduate Association passed concerning his death.

Resolutions of the Undergraduate Association of Bryn Mawr College concerning the death of Professor David Irons:

"WHEREAS, Professor David Irons, whose death has come upon us suddenly and has filled us all with a sense of great loss, has held through the years that he has been here our highest regard and affection as an inspiring teacher and a just and fearless man;

"*Resolved*, That we, the Undergraduate Association, do hereby express to the Faculty and to the relatives of Professor Irons our sympathy, and our appreciation of the value of the untiring devotion with which he gave his time and his interest to the service of Bryn Mawr College, and our realization of our great privilege in having had the inspiration and influence of his character among us; and be it further

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Faculty and to the relatives of Professor Irons and be inserted in the records of the association."

MARTHA PLAISTED,
Secretary for the Undergraduate Association.


Resolutions of the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College, passed February 1, 1907:

"WHEREAS, In the death of Professor David Irons, who since 1900 has been connected with the Department of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr, the College has suffered a manifold loss; be it

"Resolved, That we, the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College, hereby offer to the Faculty and to the family of Dr. Irons our deep sympathy, and express our realization of his high and noble qualities as a scholar and as a man, and, in consideration of his helpful influence upon the College community, our sincere grief at his death; and be it

"Resolved, That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the Faculty and to the family of Dr. Irons, and be inserted in the records of the Graduate Club."

HELEN PADDOCK,
Secretary for the Club.



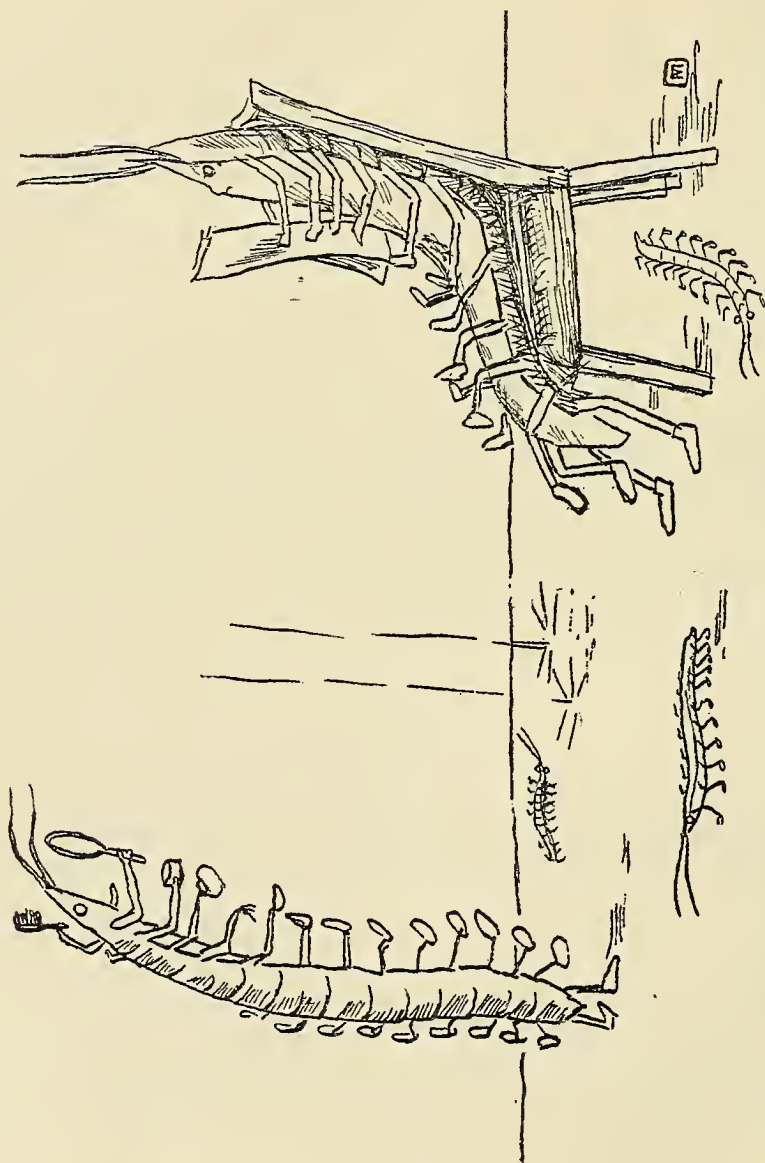
EDITORIAL.

The recent agitation about "provincialism" in college has prompted many people to include among their interests, nominally at least, various factors of college life, heretofore neglected by them. For we are all more or less in the position of Isabel Archer, when "her chief dread in life was that she should appear narrow-minded," and "what she feared next afterwards was that she should be so." Though this superficial concern over many matters may, temporarily at least, cast a glamour of broad-mindedness about one, and though, as far as it goes, it may be perfectly sincere, it is, we believe, too shallow to have any value in itself. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the present attitude towards the college magazines. So strongly do we feel this that we do not even offer an apology for bringing up a subject generally considered to have been already worn to shreds. Every one confesses to being interested in the TIPYN O' BOB, but this interest jealously confines itself to the perusal of the paper, with an occasional commendation, or, far more frequent, criticism of its contents. There seems, as far as we can discover, to be two traditional beliefs in the college concerning the TIPYN O' BOB. The first is, that the editorial board holds mystic meetings once a month, goes through some delightfully agreeable rites, waves a wand over a mass of papers and lo, without the least effort or difficulty, a number is made. The second is, that the editors have been appointed to their positions for the express purpose of creating among themselves a magazine, and that they guard this privilege so zealously, that only now and again, after bitter struggle, another name manages to pierce through their close-serried ranks and appear on the title page. Both these theories are erroneous. That the producing of TIPYN O' BOB must be a matter of considerable labor is obvious to any one who has the inclination to really think for a moment of the subject. Less apparent is the fact that it has become a matter of far greater labor than it should be, and this is due to the lack of sufficient co-operation on the part of the college. It is very easy to say in an idle moment, "This is rather a poor story, how could the editors have had the bad taste to print it?" But if you stopped to reflect, you might realize that the editors were probably as keenly

alive as you to the defects of the composition in question, and that they printed it simply in default of anything better. And this is not their fault, but yours. For, as the case stands, there is not sufficient material handed in to permit the editors to pick and choose as the standard of the magazine really requires. It is, of course, the duty of the editors to contribute, but it is not their duty to contribute everything. *TIPYN O' BOB* is the organ of the undergraduates, and any criticism of it must ultimately resolve itself into a criticism, not of the editorial board, but of the whole student body. It would be absurd to claim that more people cannot write than do. When there is an obligation laid upon them, they fulfill it well, as much of the academic English work shows. But the tacit obligation that the very existence of the *TIPYN O' BOB* lays upon them they do not seem to realize. Sometimes, it is true, becoming vaguely conscious, they try to combine the two. The demands of *TIPYN O' BOB*, however, do not always correspond with those of the English department, though the character of many of the contributions received shows a failure to realize this. We are not posing as rivals of the English Faculty, nor do we wish to be always gleaners in their fields. When the two fields coincide, well and good, but when they do not, is not the *TIPYN O' BOB* of sufficient importance to warrant a separate exertion in another direction for a different end? If it is not, perhaps the magazine had better cease to exist.

NOTICE.

All unpublished manuscripts submitted to *TIPYN O' BOB* are obtainable by application to the Editor-in-Chief.

DULCI FISTULA.

MRS. CENTIPEDE: "If this college doesn't get its roofs mended we shall have to buy rubbers for the whole family."'

BERNARD SHAW.

One man there is who captures for his plays
The harshest censure and the highest praise;
With new opinions each new book he crams,
And every page is thick with epigrams.
No subject is there that we hear discussed,
But Bernard Shaw must have at it his thrust;
Morality and Ibsen, shams and shows,
The oldest critic and the latest pose,
New social laws, the spirit of the age,
Salvation Armies and the modern stage.
On all these themes he speaks the final word,
And nothing's settled until he's concurred.
But should you wish to know before you've read
The sum of all that Bernard Shaw has said,
This precious truth to all things he applies—
The good are stupid and the bad are wise.
Just turn the world about from earth to sky,
And you will view it with our playwright's eye;
Take care whate'er you think, you think not long,
Of this be sure—whatever is, is wrong.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

ON ENTERING A LATIN PRIVATE READING EXAM.

Moritura te saluto,
Cum dolore iam acuto.
Mox exhibo desperata,
Maesta, demens, et flunkata.

Lacrimate, O amici,
Veni, vidi, sed non vici,
Attigi communem sortem
Malam et crudelem mortem.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

SNEEZING IN THE LIBRARY.

It is a studious morning, hot and close,
The mid-year time holds all within its clutch,
Speechless with concentration. Ah, how such
Energy doth purge our nonsense gross
And keep our intellects from thoughts jocose!
But hark! What is it now that jars so much,
And doth with an eternal echo touch
Like thunder all those maids with mien morose?
Dear friend, dear girl, who worketh with me here,
If thou appear bowed down with grief and shame,
Thy reputation has not vanished quite;
This thing has happened often in the year,
And doubtless will again before to-night—
They, too, have sneezed who bear an honoured name.

ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS, '07.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The mid-year examinations began on January twenty-third and ended on February second.

A meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held on February second.

February fourth and fifth were given as vacation according to the new college schedule.

The work of the second semester began on Wednesday, January sixth. No new students were entered in the undergraduate courses.

The Rev. Robert Elliott Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, preached at the College fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, January sixth.

On Friday, February eighth, Dr. George Malcolm Stratton, Professor of Experimental Psychology at Johns Hopkins University, addressed the Philosophical Club on the subject of "Optimism and the Scientific Method."

A formal meeting of the English Club was held on Saturday, February ninth. Dr. Fuller, of Harvard University, spoke on "Shakespeare's

Inheritance." It appears that in the course of Dr. Fuller's research work in Flemish and Dutch literature, he has discovered a number of plays very much more like Shakespeare's than the English sources from which these were formerly supposed to be derived. In the course of his talk Dr. Fuller read a great many parallel passages to show that the greatness of Shakespeare's genius lay in his imaginative power rather than in originality of idea.

On February fifteenth a meeting of the Oriental Club was held in the Chapel at eight o'clock. The address was made by Dr. E. Grant, of Boston, Missionary from Palestine, on the interesting subject of "Village Life in Palestine."

Dr. Jeremiah Jenks, of Cornell University, addressed the Graduate Club on February fifteenth on the "Amassing and Spending of Large Fortunes."

Nearly all of the College and a number of visitors were present in Chapel on Wednesday evening, February twentieth, when the College fortnightly meeting was conducted by the Rev. Dr. John Watson, best known under his pen name of Ian Maclaren. Dr. Watson's address, "The Scholar's Tribute to Christ," was a splendid defence of Nicodemus and a tribute to the kind of loyalty that acts without words.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Since the first date for the record marking is March 27, the gymnasium presents, every evening between the hours of 8.30 and 10, a very busy appearance. Those who are practising for the various events seem to be in a very satisfactory condition this year, and it is hoped that none of the records reached last March will be lowered this year.

Basket-ball practise is going on in the gymnasium every Tuesday night from 9.30 to 10.

On March 25th there is to be a contest between the gymnasium classes of 1909 and 1910. The committee that is arranging the list of events, under the direction of Miss Applebee, consists of Miss Williams, Miss Proudfit, Miss Frances Brown and Miss Jackson. They have drawn up the following program: Bar-bell drill, marching tactics, club swinging, apparatus work (horse, parallel bars, and ropes), and wand drills.

The two upper classes will give an exhibition of the fencing and æsthetic dancing which they have been faithfully practising all winter.

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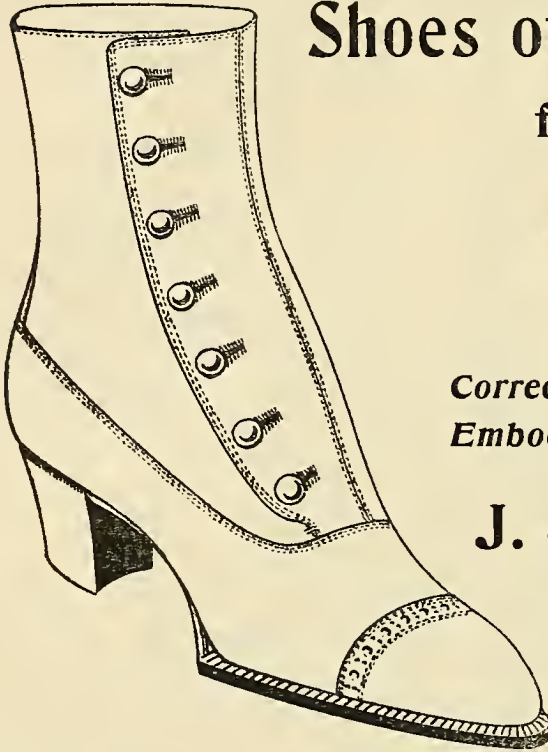
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o' Bob

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APRIL, 1907

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## *ISAAC HOGAN'S LEGACY.*

### *I.*

The three Hogans ate in comparative silence of their scanty morning meal. "Pretty slim grub, ma," Jake finally remarked as he devoured the last bit of salt pork, "give us some more." For a few seconds Mrs Hogan made no reply, but merely gazed at her eldest son with dull and tired eyes.

"There ain't any more," she muttered at last, "an' I'm glad of it. They were throwing it out at the lumber camp up yonder, but your Pa got hold of it."

"Oh, he's a nice one, he is," sneered Jake, half to himself, "so he feeds us scraps, does he; why don't he do a little hustling? What d'you say then," and Jake turned suddenly on his younger brother.

"I was just thinkin'," the boy answered, "that you ain't much on work, either. You ain't good for much 'xcept hittin' the bed."

"You'd better hush up," Jake retorted, "you'll wake Pa." And then, pleased with his attempt at irony, he made for a door at the back of the room. "But I guess I'll wake him anyhow. He sleeps too much."

"He ain't there," Liz called after him, "he's quit us for good and all."

"You're mighty calm about it," said Jake, "but we don't get rid of him that easy."

Hardly heeding the interruption, she continued in her jaded voice, "he must have bin awful quiet, else I'd have waked up, but he's gone."

"Oh, I guess Pa's somewhere's round," Ed suggested, and, pushing back his chair, the boy went over to the small crooked window pane, where he stuffed in some rags more securely to keep out the chill autumn wind. Meanwhile Jake's patience gave way, as he looked at his mother's almost vacant face, and he seized her rather roughly by the shoulder. "What makes you so sure the ol' man's gone for good? Not that I care," he added defiantly.

"Well, you will care. He's taken every cent of the money," and Liz looked up to watch his face. But Jake stepped back utterly bewildered, his hand dropped from her shoulder as he gasped, "What money?"

"I clean forgot," she protestingly faltered, "you ain't had time to get on to this. Well, your Pa's had some money left him. An uncle of his just died of a fever, off in Denver, leastwise the letter said so. Isaac was telling me they'd sent him three hundred dollars, but I'm thinkin'," here she looked covertly at Jake, "it may be nearer four."

"I can't make out how he came to tell you," Jake protested.

"He didn't mean to, but I was too sharp for him. I caught him hidin' the money in there," and she jerked her thumb in the direction of the other room.

"So that's his game, is it." Jake gave a short laugh. "The ol' man's a good deal of a fool, but you're all off, if you think he's quit for good this time of the year. We're liable to get snow any day now, and as for footin' it to the railroad, for thirty miles, with his game leg—" Jake shrugged his shoulders.

The woman shook her head stolidly. "Well, I can't make what he's up to then."

"It's plain as day. You must have scared him pretty much, an' he's off hidin' it somewhere's."

"May be you're right, Jake," Liz muttered at last, "an' he's fooled us all. He'll wait for a chance to light out when a wagon goes down."

"Now you listen to me, Ma, when he comes back, don't you let on you've blabbed about the money, an' it won't take me long to find his little pile." Then, with an air of finality, Jake lighted his pipe and sauntered from the cabin, after bidding his younger brother to tend to the chores.

Though it was her usual habit in the mornings to make a slight and ineffectual raid against the slovenly conditions of the place, on this particular day Liz sat huddled near the window, sometimes muttering to herself, but more often silent. The surprise of the morning, and the subsequent conversation it called forth, seemed to have robbed her of what scant vitality and energy she possessed. Ed, in the meantime, watched the fire, now and then running out doors in fruitless attempts to find their dog. "He must have gone with Pa," he finally mused aloud, and the words seemed to rouse the passive figure at the window.

"Who?" she demanded.

"I was only saying," he repeated, "that Pa must have took Ratty along. I can't find him anywhere's. Jake thinks so, too."

"Where's Jake," she again demanded. The boy nodded toward the next room. "In there sleepin'," and then in a high shrill voice he called to his brother. In a few minutes Jake slouched into the room and stretched himself out on a bench near the fire. "Pa home yet?" he inquired at last.

"No, he ain't," the younger boy retorted, while the woman stared at her eldest son through half-closed eyes and then at the sprawling misshapen shadow he cast on the opposite wall.

"Well," Jake yawned as he spoke, but sat up to emphasize his remark, "I guess Pa's goin' to spend the night at the camp. Them lumberjacks don't mind him, somehow. I'll have to get over there tomorrow." He got up to fling open the door, but quickly closed it again as he felt the icy air and frozen wind. "It's stopped snowing," he announced, "an' there's a full moon. It's the coldest night yet, I guess."

The next morning Jake was as good as his word, and set out fairly early for the lumber camp.

Again, as on the day before, Liz remained near the window, staring fixedly out through the pines, and several times she told Ed to go outside and see if they were not coming, vehemently declaring, however,

that he wasn't to think she cared. Late in the afternoon, as Jake approached the cabin through the tall, straight Norways, he made out her face still pressed close to the window. Hurrying outside, Liz met him in front of the door and seized him by the wrists.

"I'm 'fraid you're right, Ma," Jake spoke seriously and yet excitedly. "Pa had breakfast yesterday at the camp. He went off about eleven, they said it was, an' none of them have laid eyes on him since." A few minutes later, as the two brothers bent over the fire, Jake heard the younger boy murmuring, "I don't believe Pa's run off, I'm 'fraid he froze last night an' died."

"You hush up," Jake whispered, with sudden anger, and he glanced furtively around, sighing with relief to find that his mother had left the room. "She feels bad enough now," he added, attempting to account for his annoyance. "Anyhow, Pa ain't dead, he's lit out, an' I was all wrong." But the boy only shook his head, as he warmed himself by the fire, dimly wondering what had been the cause of Jake's sudden vehemence.

## II.

Two months had passed of the long cold winter of Northern Michigan, and now the snow lay deep on the ground. From time to time the wind piled up huge drifts around the little Hogan cabin, continually forcing Ed to shovel new paths from the door. One evening the sound of approaching snowshoes startled them, and soon after, the trapper Tournier stood on the threshold. As he sat down near the hearth the old man gave a quick glance about the room. "Where's Jake?" he demanded.

Liz hesitated a second before answering. "Why, Jake's bin gone a long time, most of two months. He went to Centreville with the last camp wagon, an' was goin' on the train to the city."

"You see," Ed began, "Jake never was much good here, an' he made out he could get a job in the city. He was goin' to send us bits of his pay, but we ain't heard from him yet. I s'pose you've heard about Pa's goin' off?"

"I expect you can't recollect the day your father left."

"It was the day we had the first snow," the boy promptly answered,

moving to the window as he spoke. "It was icy outside that night, I guess he pretty near froze." Then, as he saw the moon rising behind the pines, he added, "There was a full moon that night, too, like there is now."

Tournier looked helplessly first at the woman and then at Ed. "I don't know how to break it to yez," he stammered at last, "but your Ma's a widow. I set a trap the day before that snowfall a good bit off from my place. Haven't bin nigh it till to-day." Here he faltered a little. "I expect that snow covered the spring. Anyhow, Hogan got caught in it. I found him there froze to death." The others did not speak, so that the trapper, after a pause, continued, "I expect he didn't hold out long, he must have froze in a few hours. He had his dog along, but some on'd shot the dog. I thought first maybe Hogan did it, but there wasn't a sign of a gun on him," and Tournier shook his head in a puzzled manner.

"Was Ratty—" Ed began excitedly, but at this point Liz for the first time addressed the trapper.

"Did you go through Hogan's pockets?" she spoke guardedly.

"Yes, I thought there might be something you'd want. But there wasn't a thing. He must have bin comin' straight home. I picked up this, nigh him, on the ground," and he handed her a small nickel match-box. The woman took it listlessly.

"Wasn't there anything else?" she said again, "did you go through all his pockets?"

The old man nodded. "There wasn't a thing." He looked at her curiously, somewhat angrily. "I can't make out what you're up to. There was a little tin box near him, with a bit of paper in it."

"Paper," Lix muttered, and then she laughed. "I guess there was more than paper." The match-box fell from her hands, and Ed quickly seized it.

"Why, it's mine," he cried. "I lent it to Jake a long time ago, the day he went to look for Pa at the camp."

The old trapper hurriedly rose and strode to the door, but before going out he turned, facing the two at the hearth. "Perhaps Jake knows," he quietly said, "if there was anything else in the box."

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.



*THE PACIFICATION OF SUZETTE.*

My whole acquaintance with Suzette was of a surprisingly feline character. The first glimpse I had of her was sufficiently alluring to make me long for terms of intimacy, but this I knew could never be. Her mother and her spinster aunt Rhoda had a prejudice against us, in the first place, because we were strangers, and still more so because we had moved into a glaring yellow house that had just been erected opposite their obviously time-honoured dwelling, and cut off their view of the mountains.

Of course we could not help acknowledging the justice of their dislike; but it is not of the Hillgate family that I meant to speak. It is of Suzette.

My mother and I were sitting on the piazza at the rear of the house. It was in the cool of the evening, and we were very glad to escape from the varnished interior of the yellow house, and, as we had not yet grown accustomed to the marvel of the sunsets in this new southern country, we had gazed in awe-struck wonder as the red-gold ball sank below the hills, leaving the sky a chaotic profusion of colour. We watched the mountains change from blue to purple and then merge vaguely into the darkness. The fire-flies came out, spangling the grass and the dimly-looming trees with their flashes.

We sat cool, and happy, and silent, until I heard the sound of voices in the vacant field next our house. They were faint at first; but as they approached, I realized they were children's voices. Slightly curious, I gazed in the direction whence the sound came, and made out dimly two little white figures approaching cautiously. When they were opposite our piazza they stopped.

"I think I'll light a match now," a peremptory little voice exclaimed.

"Ain' you feared it'll skeer 'er away?" in rich, young Ethiopian tones.

"Nope, an' s'pose she's here an' *ain't* skared! How d'ye reckon I'm goin' to see 'er without a light?"

At that, I heard the sound of several unsuccessful scratches, evidently on the sole of an unaccustomed foot. Then there was a flare of

light, and I started forward with a little cry of surprise at the elfin beauty of the sharp, illumined little face thus suddenly revealed to me out of the blackness of the night. When I had recovered my composure, the match had gone out.

"What are you looking for?" I called out.

"I'm lookin' for my cat," came back the answer in somewhat austere tone; and I saw that the child shared in the prejudice. I was sorry, however, for her evident distress.

"Why do you look for her? Cats always come back, you know," I consoled.

"Yes, of course," the voice was more conciliatory. "But I want Corkscrew now. The kittens are cryin' an' Aunt Rhoda says it makes her nervous."

I understood; for the bitter contest that is always going on between children and elders on the subject of kittens was still fresh in my mind.

"What makes you think Corkscrew is here?" I asked.

"Oh, she's taken to comin' lately. She likes to eat the scraps you throw out to the chickens."

Although I felt no hostility at this evidence of raids detrimental to our barnyard comfort, there seemed nothing to be done. I heard Suzette say to her follower.

"I guess here ain't any use lookin' any more," and I watched them plod dejectedly away.

I was frankly and irresistibly charmed by this little incident, and more than ever I regretted the injustice to our neighbors, which had made all friendly communications between us impossible. For this reason, I was not prepared for so quick a sequel to the occurrence.

It was the next day and my mother and I were sitting at luncheon when the door-bell rang. Mary-Liza, the black maid, summoned me mysteriously aside, her white teeth flashing in a smile.

"Hit's Miss Susie," she giggled, "an' she wants t' see yuh."

"Why do you laugh, Mary-Liza?" I asked, reprovingly.

"Lor' Miss, yuh orter seen Miss Susie skin inside when I opened th' do' just a crack. I reckon she think Miss Rhoda was a peekin' thro' the winduh—an' I reckon she war, to." And Mary-Liza retired in noisy mirth. She knew the secret, too; and she felt a certain amount of liberty with us, since she staked her reputation among the elite colored circles to serve us.

I hastened to my visitor, for I was curious to see if the charm of last night's apparition would remain. She was delightfully clad in a pink gingham frock, the waist-line of which encircled her chest just below the arm-pits, and was abbreviated in similar proportion above her bare knees. Her face, in the shadow of a large pink sun-bonnet, impressed me as being as delicately fantastic as before, but the eyes were melancholy and underlined by misty shadows. My sympathy suddenly crowded out my curiosity, particularly as I saw that she clutched in her hands a large bottle, neatly wrapped, on which I detected the red druggist's sign of skull and cross-bones. My intuition was admirable.

"It's the kittens!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she admitted dejectedly. "Aunt Roda says that unelse I get rid of 'em some way, between now an' this evenin,' Jinks has got to kill 'em." She could not help seeing my ready sympathy, and she continued more hopefully, "I gave one to the grocery-man, an' one to the butcher's boy, but there's one left, an' I thought mebbe you'd take that." If Suzette had been a little less tactful, or, perhaps, if she had been less emotionally stirred up, she might have refrained from showing me so openly in what class she considered the hopeful possibilities of foster-parents to exist. However, I bore her no malice, and she, quick to perceive her advantage, followed it up by naively reclothing the subject for me in utilitarian terms. "Do you all have rats? 'cause, if you don't, you most likely will when your house gets a little older" (another slur on our detestible spick-and-spanness, which I let pass.) "And Corkscrew is an awf'ly good mouser. I 'spose her children'll be like her."

She paused in expectation that was almost triumphant. I was torn. If I could but have yielded to the impulse to throw myself into the breach! But the knowledge of my mother's inexorable hatred, her physical terror of all that pertained to cats, made me hesitate. Suzette's face clouded as I prolonged the delay. "I guess you don't want him, do you?" she pleaded. There was nothing to do but confide in her how things were in the family, but I also expressed to her my own and my mother's detestation of rats—and promised I would do the best I could. I told her that if I succeeded, I would send Mary-Liza for the kitten in an hour. Suzette seem to feel that this was highly satisfactory. "His name's James," she remarked, and departed, beaming her confidence in me.

In view of what happened afterward, I cannot even now think with calmness of the effort I made in planning the campaign against my mother. It was subtle, ingenious, and it involved a careful working out of the whole scheme of her psychology and mine. Suffice it to say that I fell back on Suzette's resourceful suggestion of the rats. A cat grown, however, I said, would not remain with us, and I urged the surprisingly short time a kitten required to reach the belligerent age, and staked my soul that it should not be allowed in the front part of the house. In short, I succeeded in winning my mother's consent, and it was with very pleasurable and triumphant feelings that I despatched Mary-Liza for the kitten. She returned with it in her hand—an infinitesimal, damp-looking, wailing ball of fur. It had sore eyes, too, and I confess that for his own sake I did not love James. However, a glimpse of his benefactress' happy face at the window was reward enough. I set about the care of my charge with a will, and Heaven knows he proved to be care enough. I made him a bed under the stove, upon which, I believe, he was never of his own free will known to recline. I combed out his fur, in a vain attempt to make it appear less matted and damp. I spent many hours trying to teach him to drink milk, an attempt in which, after an expenditure of much patience, I was successful. But he was not a happy animal. He put his confidence in no one, seeming to rely exclusively on his own resources, which were pitifully frail. He was always just escaping with a yell of pain from beneath the iceman's feet, or wailingly fleeing before the cook's broom, or leaping into the cupboard with a dolorous howl in sheer terror of my gentle collie Bysshe. So the days went by until at last the end came. The cook caught him in a swinging door and strangled his poor, miserable little life out. Terrified, she called me, and I, with my first real throb of affection, laid him in the little bed he had never learned to use, and buried him under our one small, newly-planted poplar tree.

Then a great terror rose up in my heart. It would be necessary to tell Suzette. I had spoken to her but once since my adoption of James. That was the day following the event, and she had brought me a bunch of dewy nasturtiums from her mother's garden. I remember having my suspicions about them. "Did your mother send them?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, evasively, "I was just out in the garden picking them, and you don't seem to have many flowers over here." She looked



about a little disdainfully, and I could not help replying, "Ah, but we have the mountains." She had looked at me rather suspiciously and then we had both laughed. Some way, I had a delicious sense that, whatever our family relations might be, the friendship between Suzette and me was sealed by that laugh. "How is James?" she inquired, and when I reassured her, she departed flashing me a smile, and leaving me warm in the glow of her favour. Of course I thought she would come again. Who could help being taken in by her wonderful little manner? I even went so far as to plan out a course of reading in *Alice-in-Wonderland* and the *Water-babies*, and I fancied she would care, as I had done, most of all for the *Arabian Nights*. This feeling was still in my mind at the time of Jame's death. I believe he was with us only a week, and I dreaded unspeakably the moment when she should call me to account. Whenever the door-bell rang I held my breath in terror lest it should be she; and, if it was necessary for me to leave the house, I went out by the back way, so that I might not see her playing in the garden. Days passed, and I did not see Suzette. I wondered, but the relief of postponement was for a while greater than my surprise. Then I felt I could bear it no longer. It was not fair to the child to keep her in ignorance, and the weight on my conscience became unendurable. I must confess to her that I was not worthy of her confidence. It was in this state of mind that I met her on the street. It was evidently a holiday occasion, for she wore a finely-embroidered white muslin frock and shiny, patent-leather slippers with straps. Her hair was braided and bound about her head in two soft little coils, and her whole manner bespoke some unusual degree of social dignity. She would have bowed to me in passing, but I felt that the moment had come.

"Suzette," I said.

She stopped a little impatiently.

"I—I have something very sad to tell you," I said, stumbling and groping for my words. She looked at me with wonder and, I thought, some misapprehension.

"I—the door—James," I faltered desperately.

She came to my rescue unexpectedly. "Oh, yes, James is dead. Mary-Liza told Jinks, ain't it too bad?" she said. "You felt aw'fly, but it don't make so much difference, after all," she went on in a tone that was half philosophical, half consolatory. "James would always 'a



been queer anyhow. You see, I didn't tell you, but he went out in the grass and got his feet wet before he was too weeks old. Jinks says there ain't any hope after that happens. And don't you mind," with a sudden instinct of compassion, "I'll send you another kitten some time, an' perhaps you'll have better luck."

By a superhuman effort, I controlled my rage. Indeed, I was just about to make some inquiry about the health of the charges of my colleagues, the grocery-man and the butcher's boy. But Suzette had flitted off. The little vampire! She carried with her all my cherished illusions.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

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*THE DECISION.*

The End to the Beginning said :  
"Of all glad men I choose the dead,—  
The tongue is still the slave of sin,  
Good is the bandage round the chin,  
For one alone the victor's place,  
For all, cool earth on feet and face."

Said the Beginning to the End—  
"To live is still to hope to mend,  
They that have run must want to rest—  
And yet the running is the best.  
All men are born to lose at last,  
The fun comes in the running fast."

Here the Beginning and the End,  
Shook hands and called each other friend.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

*A STUDY IN THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES.*

"Tommy," said Anne, as they rested on a gray boulder under a wide, cool beech-tree after climbing a particularly strenuous part of the woody little mountain path, "I feel as if the time had come for me to make my mark upon the heart of mankind. I am eighteen and I have the usual amount of good looks, but I have never perceived that any man I ever met displayed a particularly romantic attachment for me. Though I have quite a passion for the romantic, I've never had a chance to satisfy it because my proud family heralds me everywhere I go as the *intellectual college girl*. To you I turn now, as my only friend. Do you think, Tommy, that you could manage a romantic adventure for me? Let me tell you how to do it according to the infallible magazine receipt. Take a decrepit, weather-washed hotel situated in the mountains and filled with fat old ladies. Place in it a *dear young thing*. Take a small boy who answers to the name of *Buster* or *Cherub* or anything. Tie him to the *dear young thing* by a long, flimsy string of sentiment. Mix the small boy up in a bowl of innocent talk with a delightful young man. Meanwhile sprain the *dear young thing's* ankle or break her arm or set her on fire—some recommend the more complicated methods of tossing her off a horse or throwing her in the river or dropping her down a precipice—but to return. After preparing the *dear young thing* in some such manner add the mixture of delightful young man and small boy hastily and you have a dainty little adventure. Do you think you could manage such a one for me, Tommy, without hurting me seriously?"

There was no answer. Tommy Baine was a sensible small boy of six who followed Anne for the romps and stories he could get out of her. Therefore, when she deluged him with stupid grown-up talk, which he could not understand, he never bothered himself to listen. At present he was digging for *blood-root* a few yards away.

"Well! Well! Such is the fickleness of human friendship!" she sighed to herself. Then taking out *Watchers of the Trail* which she had brought along she plunged into it, and did not emerge again until a shot a little way down the mountain-side broke into her consciousness.

"Hunters after partridges, I suppose! I hope they won't get any. Tommy!" she called.

"Alright," came the faint reply from the woods behind her.

"Don't go too far. We'll have to be moving in about half an hour."

"Alright," the shrill little voice responded.

Again she sank into her book. For a long while she sat there in the golden, dancing shadows of the green, dancing leaves. A little bronze beetle dropped down upon her bronze hair, and flew away again without rousing her. A tiny breeze crept between the tree-trunks, touched the curls at the nape of her neck shyly and slipped on up the mountain-side. Still she read, breathing deeply. After a while a red ant began an inspection of her masculine little boots. Fifteen minutes passed. Then a rifle shot crashing on the silence followed by a shriek of pain from Tommy brought her to her feet. Dropping her book, she dashed through the underbrush. In two breaths she came upon a little open glade where the child stood, speechless with sobs leaning against a tree. His head was bent and on the shoulder of his little blouse lay an ominous red strain. Her face went white. With a spring she reached him and gathered him into her arms. The bushes in front of her crashed. She looked up to see a tall young fellow with a smoking rifle in his hand coming towards her.

"You beast," she cried. "You've shot this baby."

At this his lips turned pale. Groping after his handkerchief, he dropped on his knees and finally producing one brown from much dusting of boots he clapped it to the sinister red blot on the little shoulder.

"No," said Tommy between his sobs, "that is not where the bee stung me. That's where I rubbed the *blood-root* to see if its juice really did look like blood. It was this finger that he stung," and he held up a fat stub grimy with grubbing. . . .

As Tommy and Anne sat on the verandah in the twilight that evening watching the stars come out and counting them solemnly as they appeared she spoke to him sternly:

"Tommy, you did your best for me. Yes, you even picked out an old, childhood friend, and he has asked if he may call. You really could give pointers to the magazine writers. But consider, my dear. Does even such glory as this compensate for such a shock to one's nervous system as I have suffered? I do beseech you never to repeat to-day's performance."

"Alright," said Tommy.

CAROLINE MINOR, '09.

*CONCERNING LECTURES.*

A hundred students, more or less, bend low over their note-books, writing with frantic haste and noiseless pens. The lecturer's words follow each other slowly and distinctly. Once some one asks him to repeat the last sentence. He does so with patient exactness, and there is a moment's feeling of relief, a moment's straightening of backs. Then there is the eager rush of pens again until the bell rings, note-books are shut, and the students are off to the next lecture.

Is not this a poor, roundabout way of gathering the fruits of knowledge? One loves to think of the crowded class-rooms of the Middle Ages, where young men, gathered together from far and near by a common thirst for learning, knelt with one knee on the floor, the other supporting a note-book, transcribed the master's precious words. But since the Middle Ages the printing-press has been invented; and the college lecture-room is the only place in our busy, bookish modern world that seems to have noticed the invention. Here the average student spends some two hours every day in merely writing down, practically from dictation, matter that he is at some future time to read over and digest. At the time of taking it down he often has not time to grasp its meaning, so absorbing is the manual labour; at least he cannot stop to go over a difficult passage as he would in reading a book, or to follow out a train of thought suggested by the words. Surely it is the mists of tradition that blind us to the fact that the custom of imparting information through lectures has survived its usefulness.

I am far from wishing to urge that lectures should be given up altogether, that a college should consist simply in a large library and examination-rooms. On the contrary, lectures should, I think, play a more useful part than they play now. The student's information should come almost entirely from print—whether from a text-book or pamphlet of the professor's own writing, or from other books, or from both of these sources; but in the class-room his mind should be prepared to receive new ideas, and the ideas he has already received should be quickened or crystallised. The hours of lectures, instead of being, as I have lately heard a clever student say they are, hours in which one's mind

may relax itself by merely mechanical work, should be hours of the keenest intellectual activity.

In this golden age of college work, which is not behind us, but which is, I think, certainly ahead of us, there would probably be, in most courses, fewer lectures than there are now—a result, by the way, that would solve one of the most perplexing of college problems by giving the professors more time for original work. But whether the lectures were few or many the student would receive from them that intellectual stimulus for which the professor has little time when in his hour's lecture he must acquaint his class with the bare facts of his subject. It is this stimulus, this direct contact with the mind of one who has thought much on the subject in hand and is deeply interested in it, that is, I think, in so far as it exists, the *raison d'être* of a college. It is a stimulus that cannot be communicated by written or printed word, but comes, when it comes at all, through the voice of the lecturer.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

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### THE WISDOM OF BELSARTO.

There was once a young man who possessed all that heart could wish. From his father he had inherited good looks and great riches and from his mother what was far better, great wisdom. Thus he was able to live always in luxury and in complete contentment. Although he was young and as yet unmarried, all people knew him to be wise; and few could look on him without loving him. Even the King of that country, who was esteemed the greatest and wisest monarch of his time, often sent for Belsarto—for so this fortunate youth was named—and brought him to the royal councils, for Belsarto was deemed wiser than the King himself. And always when he was called to the court, he was loaded with gifts and honours and came back to his home a greater man than before.

One day a messenger came from the court desiring his presence there at once, for the King had need of him. So the youth, not thinking of any harm to come, set off as merrily as usual, wondering what question the King could have to ask him. But when he came before the



throne, the King received him with a frown and said: "It has been whispered in my ear that you are not so wise as you pretend. Now tell me, is this so?"

Belsarto, having true knowledge, replied: "I am not indeed so very wise, sire, for there are many, many things I do not know."

At this the King became angrier still. "A truly wise man should know all things," he said, "and should be able to do all things. I have a mind to test your wisdom. To-morrow you shall come before me and I will tell you what thing I want most in the world and you shall get it for me."

"Indeed, sire," said the young man, "neither I nor any man can be so wise as that."

Then the King began to repent of his anger and said: "This will I do. Should you perform the tasks that I shall set your wisdom, I will give you half of my kingdom and my daughter for your wife; but should you fail to do as I command then will I cut off your head. You need not undertake this unless you wish; but should you once begin and fail your life is forfeit. Go look at my daughter and think whether you like the plan or not."

The young man had never seen the Princess, although he had heard often of her beauty. Now he was led before her and he had no need to look twice.

"Sire," he said to the King, "I like your plan—I like it well." And here it may be stated that the Princess liked the plan, too.

"Should I lose my head," continued Belsarto, "through failure to do as you command, then shall I lose it in a good cause."

"Then go," said the King, "and return to-morrow to give me what I shall ask."

As the youth went forth into the street, his heart began to sink, for how should he have the power to give the King what he should demand.

"If I could but know what he might want," he reflected, "but my mother in her wisdom taught me never to wish for anything, so how should I know what men most desire."

Presently, beside a wall, he saw an old man sitting, counting his gold. It was not a task that seemed difficult, for he had but six coins; these, however, he counted over and over again, for he loved to think that they were his.

"Sir," said Belsarto, stopping before him, "tell me, what do you wish for most in the world?"

The old man did not have to think an instant. "I should like to own seven gold pieces," he said.

Belsarto pulled out his purse and laid a coin on the wall beside him. "Now are you perfectly happy?" he asked.

"No," said the old man, "I think I might need eight pieces of gold to make me entirely happy;" but when he had eight he began to believe that it was nine that were necessary, so the youth gave up in despair.

"But I see what it is that men desire," he reflected as he walked on. "It is gold."

Soon after he met an old woman who trudged toward the market with a basket of eggs. "Good mother," said Belsarto, "tell me, I pray, what you most desire in the world."

"Indeed, sir," answered the old woman, "what I want most is a new white cap to wear to church on Sundays."

"Should I give you the money for such an ornament," said the youth, "then would you be quite happy?"

"No," replied the old woman, "I am old and nearly blind. I could not buy the head-dress myself, and it is the cap not the money that I want."

So Belsarto took her to a shop and there he bought her a cap, but I fear that with all his wisdom he procured an uglier one than the foolish maiden would have purchased. But the blind old woman was happy.

"Now," said the young man, "you have everything in the world that you want."

The old woman hesitated. "No," she said, "now that I think of it, I should like a red and green checked shawl to wear when I visit my sister."

This, too, the youth purchased, but he hastened away before she could say a word about the yellow stiff petticoat that would also contribute to her happiness.

"It is hard to please them," thought Belsarto, "but I see another thing. What women long for is dress."

Just to make sure of this idea, he spoke to a young girl whom he met soon after. "What is it you wish for most in the world. Is it a new cap or a shawl?"

"Indeed, it is neither," answered the maiden. "What I desire is a husband."

This answer so disconcerted the poor youth that the girl passed on and left him staring, for her answer did not fit his theory at all.

By this time it was evening and he walked home in deep dejection. To-morrow would soon come and he must face the King's demands. He turned over and over in his mind the knowledge that he had received from his three informants; but they had all desired such different things that he gained little help from them. Long into the night he sat pondering, asking himself again and again what it could be that men most desire. Suddenly, when midnight was near at hand, a thought came to him. "They all wanted what they had not," he said to himself, "each desired a little more than he or she already had. Now, to fulfil a man's desire, one must keep what he has well within the margin of what one can give him." Then hastily calling his servants, he gave them many excited orders, and sent them flying in all directions.

Meanwhile the King slept peacefully, dreaming of what he most desired, and a pleasant dream it was. But toward morning a swift messenger came riding, who, leaving his weary horse at the gate, was admitted at once into the King's apartment. He brought news from the frontier that two of the King's choicest provinces had been seized and occupied by the army of a neighbouring ruler.

Then the palace was in a turmoil. The King called for his arms, his soldiers were gathered in the courtyard. Everything was got in readiness for an expedition to recover the stolen lands. Into the midst of this confusion came Belsarto, calm and smiling, ready to give the King whatever he should most desire.

"What I most desire?" roared the King. "Why, my provinces; give me back my provinces, man."

"It shall be done," said Belsarto. "Within a few hours a messenger will come saying that all is well with the provinces. By my great cunning I know this."

And surely he spoke the truth, for soon there came another messenger, who reported that all was safe and the provinces were once more the King's. When he had delivered the message he rode down the street toward Belsarto's house, but few there were that noticed this. The King sent one of his own servants to the frontier, who came back to say that

the troops had vanished and that the country was as peaceful as if no foe had invaded it. Thus was the wisdom of Belsarto proven.

"To-morrow I will test you again," said the King, and this time Belsarto was not so plunged in grief. He gave his orders, and slept peacefully through the night, dreaming of the Princess.

But the King's rest was once more broken. This time came news that the royal treasury had been entered by thieves and that forty thousand ducats were gone.

"Whisper it to no one," commanded the King, "and, above all, do not tell Belsarto. I shall try through him to get my ducats back again. Therefore, when day came, Belsarto was told that the King wanted forty thousand ducats. For this the youth seemed ready, for, to the amazement of all, he had but to call his slaves, who came bearing bags of gold, until forty thousand ducats lay piled before the King.

"Belsarto," said the monarch, "you have done well and great indeed is your wisdom. To-morrow I shall prove you still further and for the last time. You must then tell me what it is that I long for most; for I doubt if I can know it of myself."

At this the young man's face fell. He could grant the King's desires, but to tell what they were seemed too much. He could think of nothing more to take from the King, his lands and his riches seemed the only points upon which his majesty was vulnerable.

Once more he pondered the answers that the people in the street had given him. The old man and the old woman had helped him to his idea, but no good had come from the young girl's answer. "Men desire money," he thought over and over again. "And women desire dress—what help lies there? And that last foolish wish of the young girl, how could she have given so silly an answer, what help can I gain from that—maidens desire husbands." Again he thought until late into the night, repeating the three answers again and again—then suddenly he leaped to his feet crying: "Ah, yes, that is it—maidens desire husbands, maidens desire husbands." Then once more he called his servants, and this time it was the King who slept peacefully while Belsarto was awake and busy all through the night.

When he came before the King's throne next day, all the court had assembled to see the last trial of Belsarto's wisdom. The King was sure that now he must fail, for how could anyone know what the King



desired when the monarch had not decided that question himself. Yet was Belsarto unruffled and confident, and when the King asked him, "Tell me, Belsarto, what it is that I most desire," he answered promptly, "Sire, your greatest wish is to have your daughter once more."

"Have my daughter," shouted the King. "Where is my daughter? I always have my daughter."

"No, your majesty," said Belsarto, unnerved, "you will find that the Princess is not in the palace."

"Go search her rooms," commanded the King, and when the slaves had gone he called for the executioner. "If my daughter is not here," he said, "then you are right, and my greatest wish is for her. But if she is found, then you have failed in your task and you shall die at once." And the executioner stood forth and whetted his axe that there should not be a moment's delay.

But soon the slaves returned, saying that they had searched the palace and the Princess was nowhere to be discovered. "Belsarto, you are truly wise," said the King. "You have accomplished the three tasks and you have gained your life, the half of my kingdom and my daughter's hand. Now, tell me, how did you know that my daughter was not here?"

"Because," said Belsarto, "I stole her away in the night and married her. I thought that I might not get the half of your kingdom, and I saw that I was very likely to lose my life; but of one thing I was sure,—that I must have the Princess."

CORNELIA L. MEIGS, '07.

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*ON A FADED GARLAND.*

The little wreath you wove for me  
And placed upon my brow  
Has lost its colour and its bloom,  
Alas! is withered now.

Yet to the yellowed round there clings  
A fragrance faint and rare;  
Ah! love, 'tis that addition sweet  
Which your dear hands put there.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.



*THE ROMAN SASH.*

"Margaret, come here a moment. I have something to show you."

Margaret walked slowly up the garden path. She had been torn from a delightful game, in which the flowers—beautiful, deep-coloured flowers—were fairies and she was their queen; yet everything connected with her mother was a joy. So she came willingly, though slowly.

"See, dear, what Aunt Madge has sent you from abroad," her mother said, and put a box into Margaret's hands. A present from Aunt Madge, that enchanting person who had gone away before Margaret could remember,—a kind god-mother who sent beautiful things to a little girl to whom such things seldom came. Eagerly she opened the box and drew out what lay within. It was a sash,—a wonderful, broad, heavy silk sash made up of glorious colours. It seemed to Margaret, a thin, colourless little slip of a girl, that bright colours were the best things in the world; and never had she seen any like these, bold, deep reds and greens, pale soft blues and yellows, narrow black stripes, making lovelier the purity of white and cream—these would henceforth be the dearest treasure of her dreams.

Her mother smiled at the child's delight. "It is a Roman sash," she said. "Fold it carefully and put it away in the guest-room chest. You must save it for your very best."

Reverently Margaret carried the box upstairs. Life seemed quite a new thing to her, now that she had this beautiful treasure for her very own. When could she wear it, she thought anxiously. She lived alone in the country with her mother, and there were no parties. To church on Sundays? No, it might get crushed and dusty owing to the long drive. On Christmas Day, when Uncle Frank came? Well, perhaps; she would see when the time came. She must be sure to save it for her very best.

The summer passed, then the winter, and now June had come again, without bringing the desired opportunity to Margaret. Once or twice she had been tempted, but after deliberation had pronounced the occasion unworthy of the honour. She had often gazed at the sash as it lay in the drawer, and sometimes, as a great self-indulgence, she had spread

it forth in all its glorious length upon the bed, but never had she tied it around her waist. Things were growing desperate, she could not stand waiting much longer. She was pondering over the state of affairs one hot morning in the garden, when once again she was aroused by her mother's voice.

"Yes, it is from Aunt Madge again," her mother said. "It is better than a present this time, dear, it is—herself. She has suddenly returned to America, and—think of it!—this very afternoon she will be here, she will see her god-child."

It seemed to Margaret that the morning would never pass. She was to see her adored aunt, her mother's beautiful young sister, whose description she had heard repeated until she knew every detail by heart. Ever since she could remember she had been told tales of Aunt Madge's beauty and charm, of her riches and foreign adventures. And now Margaret was to see her, and—yes, she had decided it instantly—she was to wear the Roman sash.

Long before the hour of her aunt's arrival Margaret stole into the guest-chamber for the sash, then took it hurriedly back to her own little room. The day was very hot indeed, and the blinds were closed to keep out the glare, so that it was rather hard for her to see her image in the tiny mirror. With trembling fingers she shook out the length of the ribbon and began to wrap its heavy folds about the waist of her plain, stiff little white dress. It seemed strangely long, Margaret thought anxiously; for, although she had wound it around her twice, so that it had a curious, bulging look, she still had to draw out the loops of the large bow to a very great length—much longer than her skirt—to keep the ends from dragging on the floor. She walked to the door, then rushed back to the mirror, pulled the sash off, and tried it again and again. She *must* look well for Aunt Madge.

Suddenly she heard the grating of carriage wheels upon the gravel and her mother's footsteps on the veranda; then a wonderful deep voice and a merry laugh. Margaret gave the heavy sash one last mighty pull and rushed to the head of the stairs; then stopped short, her whole little body quivering. She heard the opening of the screen door—they were coming in,—then her mother's voice calling her, and that other laughing one that cried, "Yes, indeed, where is my fair god-child?"

Margaret clenched both her hands tightly and started down the stairs to face the sisters waiting in the hallway below. She looked painfully white and hot and miserable, and the great sash trailed solemnly behind her on the steps. She could not look up, she was afraid even of her mother.

The next instant two arms were about her shoulders and the merry laugh sounded close to her ear. "So this is my little namesake? How hot and unhappy she looks! And dragging about that absurd heavy sash, too, in this intolerable heat. Gracious, child, you do not need to wear it, I imagined you tall and dark like your mother, or I should never have sent the gaudy thing! And after all children are not wearing sashes this year."

M. M. EGAN, '09.

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ON RONSARD'S "LIVRE DES AMOURS."

*Translated from Heredia.*

Many a lover did in days of old  
Carve on the Bourgueil trees his lady's name,  
And in the Louvre full many a heart became  
At flash of smile both tremulous and bold.  
Their ecstasy and grief no tongue hath told,  
They lie enclosed in an oaken frame,  
And through the years none cometh to reclaim  
Their senseless ashes from oblivion's hold.  
And all your beauty would be lost in air,  
Marie, and proud Cassandra, and Hélène  
—Roses and lilies live but for a day—  
Had not Ronsard made garlands for your hair,  
Beside the Loire and the clear-flowing Seine,  
And with love's myrtles woven glory's bay.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

*THE DISCOURAGED POET.*

It was midsummer. The dust hung thick about the poet and his little horse, and the flowers, which knocked together behind the retreating heels of the horse, looked gray to the poet.

"The famous bard is quite right, I do not know enough ever to become famous. I shall not try to write," he said. He was lurching comfortably in the saddle, but he spoke wearily, for he was thinking hard of his visit to the sage.

"You'd like to dream for hours and hours  
Of nodding gardens, tall with flowers?  
Of reddening vines and small round towers?"

"My, but it's bad! Isn't it bad, Jack?" he said, crushing the paper in his hands regardless of the shadowy neatly blocked oblongs of writing which covered it. The little horse tossed his forelock and switched his tail. The roll dropped by the road and the poet lifted the sagging rein and dug gently into the animal's ribs.

They jogged on easily for a mile or so. Then, when the gray line of the town, and the rounding masses of green, and the bits of red chimney, and the swallows had all come into view once more, the poet dropped the bridle again and slipped from the horse's back, with care not to alight on more dandelions than he could help. He patted the creature's neck, then turned it loose, for it did not belong to him, and, with a last glance over his shoulder, trudged on by himself till he had come before the great door of his, and his guardian's, abode.

He gazed at the forbidding door, looked into the gray-green distance, and then, glancing at the ground, sat down to examine a flower which had been blooming during his absence. He remained for some time, with his hands clasping his knees; then, having made up his mind to enter the house, he got to his feet and was soon in his guardian's presence.

"My lord," he said, "I have come to say that I am no longer a poet." Then he paused. "You are glad, perhaps?"

The old man looked hard at the youth and said:

"I am glad indeed—more glad than I can say, my son."

There was another long silence, during which the youth worked his toe through imaginary fringe.

"My lad," said the guardian, with a frown, "you are young. You do not know enough to write."

The poet turned away, and there was an angry look about him. He wandered through various rooms and entries, till he found a large dark window-sill, upon which he sat down. And he made no motion save to rub an eyelash from one of his eyes and to pass his hand slowly along his calm, tilted chin.

"I don't know?" he queried, hesitatingly. "The bard—may know, but you—my careful guardian, you don't know about verse—or me. To the winds with distemper. I'll roam the woods and then, if I wish, I'll write." He jumped up and strode back through room after room. He passed his guardian, but paid no attention to him, and paused only long enough on the sill of the great, forbidding doorway, to adjust a shapeless cap upon his determined head.

The guardian plucked a companion by the sleeve and remarked, "This new decision becomes him, friend. Should you not say so?"

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

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## THE PROFESSOR

Although Professor Von Schleppegrell, assistant to his wife as principal of a co-educational boarding school, met his classes many times a day, he never let himself be hampered by any too rigidly timed appointments, and when he entered the room at about the middle of the hour we simply calmed our disorder as usual and dutifully folded our hands. He crossed to the blackboard on bounding tiptoe, faced the class with a whirl of coat-tails, an eye gleaming with mathematical enthusiasm, and the usual statement:

"Now I vill show you some nice bropositions," adding, with a finger laid aside of his nose, "Now vatch!"

The latest subject he was determined to teach us was geometry; the average age of the class was ten years; the result was increase of skill on his part, dire confusion on ours. Under the click of the ruler and the



agonizing squeak of the chalk compasses the intricate web of lines and circles spread quickly over the blackboard, while he demonstrated and expounded, and expounded and demonstrated, and—

—“therefore  $ABCD = GHKL$ , and you then broceed as in case 1. Quod erat demonstrandum.”

We picked up our ears.

“Now. Do you understand?”

We looked at the board.

“Do you understand?”

We knew better than to say no, so we nodded.

“*What* do you understand?”

Silence.

“Eh?” savagely.

“Why, er—” I began, hoping desperately to save the peace by giving him the cue to a further demonstration.

“You are a lot of inattentive trrrriflers! Open your books. Rachel Kennedy, you take the third question there. Answer it, child.”

The question I was looking at was impossible to answer at sight, it was a “written work” question, and I knew I must have the wrong page. I glanced at Arthur Smith’s book in anxious fear, but he was hunting.

Suddenly Professor Von Schleppyrell slammed his book down on the table.

“Um Gottes Willn!” he screamed, “how long vill I stand this?”

“But Professor, I—”

“Ach was! You think to try me, do you? How much I vill stand, eh? Rachel Kennedy, I know your tricks! You are a trifier. Immer und immer against your teacher. I vill teach you to be stubborn, Rachel Kennedy!”

“No, Professor, I—”

“Go to your rrrroom, Rachel Kennedy!—and stay there the rest of the day until I ask you to come out.”

If tears had not dimmed my eyes I should have seen the doorstep, but when I tripped over it the children did not even laugh; they were used to this scene. In the quiet of my room, even behind the shut door of my huge, dark closet, I sat me sullenly on my little trunk and banged my heels again the tin, while I meditated upon the ways of foreigners.

After five or ten minutes there came a tiptoeing step and a knock at

my outer door. I did not answer. The door opened and Professor called me softly, "Rachel!"

Still no answer.

He bustled anxiously around the room. "Rachel, child, where are you?"

I came out of the closet and stood there without looking at him. He came and patted my head so hard that I winced. "Rachel," he said, half coaxingly, half reproving, "why did you not answer that question?"

"Well, I wanted to, Professor, but I didn't have the place."

"Um Gottes Willn! Dot is a thousand times vorse! a thousand times vorse! Why *did* you not tell me, why *did* you not tell me?"

"I tried to, Professor, but you—"

"Ach, child, you must always tell me ven it is like dot. So was ist ganz scheusslich, child. You must not make me mistake you. Na, na, you should always tell me! Vill you so?"

"Alright, Professor."

"Now komm mit me, child, we vill haf some ice-cream. Do you like some ice-cream, child?"

"Yes, Professor."

"Komm, I show you somedings for yourself."

We went to the front door.

"See there my bicycle? und see there a little bar vot comes at the back veel axle, dot little step by vitch I mount,—so, mit dem rechten Fuss?"

"Yes, Professor."

"So, so, und I have fixed von other step on the other side of dot axle, und dot is for you, they both are for you. You stand, vile I ride—siehst du?"

Two minutes later we had left the school and the class seven blocks behind us. Professor was pedaling away for dear life and I was standing serenely behind him astride the rear wheel, a foot on each step and my hands on his shoulders, trying to dodge the cigar smoke which he blew into my face, as we whirled down the main street towards the "ice-cream parlors."

PLEASAUNCE BAKER, '09.

## EDITORIAL.

April, the month of buds and showers, is here again, with its warm breezes and lengthening days, and infinite possibilities of sentimentality. We have, of course, a touch of the world's annual fever and secretly we each of us cherish the thought that our own case is more exquisitely serious than any others. We wander languidly over the new grass, feeling our latent impulses to poetry stirring within us, or murmuring in harmonious monotony the rhapsodies of other geniuses. To stay at home with one's tools on such a day as this, would, we tell ourselves, be little short of a sin. Youth comes to all of us but once, and spring but once a year. "This was a day that knew not age," we quote, and fling ourselves upon the soft ground beneath the trees to—do what? To lie in low-voiced conversation, with a suggestive melancholy upon us, to sorrow at the thought of passing years, of times gone never to be recalled, to brood sadly upon future partings, or in curious reveries, to dream of what is to be, and to be done. And as we lie motionless looking up through the leaves, at the soft blue of the sky, the moment of inspiration touches us and passes on. At last we rise and go home prosaically to dinner. The April days and weeks go by and spring promises blossom into their full loveliness. Then of a sudden we realize that what was to be done has not been done, that our many plans have been but so many dreams, that for the past weeks we have lain in the "lap of the green world" and said, "Old Earth is fair enough for me," and that is all. "But that is much," we cry to drown the thought of the time that must elapse before another April comes. And then, perhaps, we sigh to ourselves, still with a faint trace of sentimentality—"What a wonderful time is spring, how beautiful is the moment of the world's awakening—and how easy to sleep through."

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We have received the following open letter from the Editor of the *Alumnae Quarterly*, which we hope will clear up any misunderstanding there may have prevailed among the undergraduates as to the purpose of the magazine. We wish also to express our cordial greetings to the new paper and to assure it of our future interest and co-operation.

*To the Editors of the Tipyin O'Bob:*

Claiming the privilege of relationship, the *Alumnæ Quarterly* would like to explain itself in your columns. It was indeed with surprise that the editors found there was any need for explanations, for we had expected the undergraduates to be hardly more than aware of the existence of such a magazine; but hearing of some misunderstanding of its aim and character, the editors wish to set the matter right.

Among the nine hundred alumnæ and former students of Bryn Mawr scattered through this country and others, there are some who have never seen the campus since their Commencement day, to whom college is still a very living interest; some who come back eagerly and often, and cannot know enough of it; some perhaps to whom the college loyalty was so keen is becoming hardly more than a memory. What they all want—or need—to make an active and efficient body, is a knowledge of Bryn Mawr as it is to-day, and of each other as alumnæ—this is what the *Alumnæ Quarterly*, as in other colleges, proposes to give. Some of the alumnæ are writing books or making explorations; we want the rest to realize it. The college is building new buildings, making new laws, gaining new professors; we want the alumnæ to know it. The undergraduates are doing new and interesting things; we want the alumnæ to understand them. We hope to give correct and official information about college matters, and to increase the interest of alumnæ in Bryn Mawr and in each other.

The *Quarterly* intends not to be in any sense a rival of the *Tipyin O'Bob* nor of the *Lantern*; indeed it could not be, for it aims only at information and makes no pretense to other excellence. It will not conflict with the advertising. It cannot take the place of the literary magazines; we hope indeed to make more alumnæ interested in them, as in everything at college, and should consider it a sign of success to see your subscription list lengthened. The *Quarterly* could also be a means of communication between alumnæ and undergraduates, and just as we expect from them expressions of opinion about college matters, we should like to have you present to them in our numbers any project in which you want their assistance or advice.

These are our plans—believe us, most friendly to your interests. And I may say that the alumnæ committee feel that they already owe a great deal to the very cordial help of undergraduates, particularly of the Conference Committee.

*DULCI FISTULA.**COLLEGE MOTHER GOOSE.*

Sing a song of sequence,  
 Unity, and ease.

Four and twenty pages ground out at a squeeze.

When the essay's opened, hark, the angry cry,

"Isn't that a pretty thing to greet a reader's eye?"

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

*TO ELEVATE THE CLASSES.*

I should like to be a pedant, and always get H. C.,  
 To talk a mystic language, have the Faculty to tea,  
 To give æsthetic parties of a simple bill of fare,  
 To walk with the Department, and watch the Freshmen stare.

But, most of all, I think I'd like to get off sage remarks,  
 With that unstudied manner that is natural to sharks:  
 To offer apt opinions that were true but never trite,  
 Without the guilty knowledge I'd composed them overnight.

We all wish we were pedants; but alas we wish in vain,  
 We cannot be uplifted above our common plane—  
 At least not by our efforts; but why could there not be  
 To keep up the tradition, a class in pedantry.

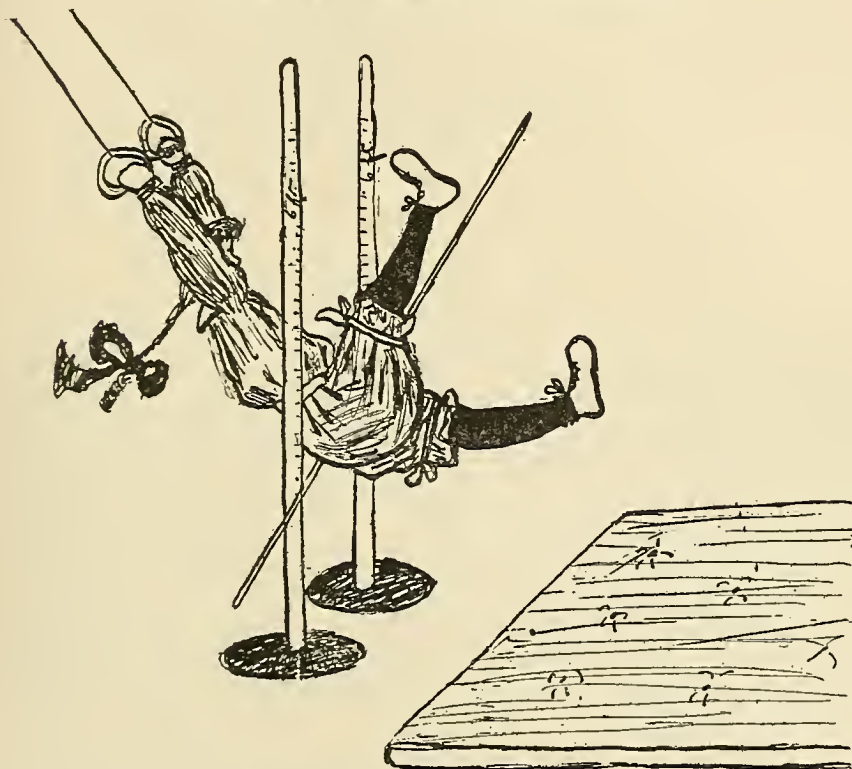
Suppose we common mortals should give a tea each day.  
 Invite the geniuses to come, take notes on what they say—  
 And notice how they take their tea, and how they dress and walk.  
 We too might grow pedantic in all our thoughts and talk.

And if we are too stupid we'd at least be glad we tried  
 To help keep up the pedants, our greatest joy and pride,  
 So that in future ages, oh will it not be nice  
 To point to Bryn Mawr College as the Pedants' Paradise!

C. L. MEIGS, '07.



## BEFORE THE TRACK-MEET.

*(Written in a moment of deep dejection.)*

My mistress is the Ring-high jump;  
 In vain do I pursue her!  
 I am too old or else too plump  
 To win my glory through her.  
 O, once I dreamed that I might swing  
 High up and lightly in the air,  
 Clasp in each firm hand a ring,  
 The swift breeze stirring up my hair.  
 I'd die indeed, if I might hope  
 She'd some day let me clear the rope.  
 So, gentle image, soothe my mind.  
 To-morrow, Ring-high may be kind.

M. P., '08.

*LINES ON BROWNING.*

Thy words, they say—and yet my soul somehow,—  
But let that pass, for I am wearied now.  
I sought in vain, it fled, it stayed not there,  
But who can say,—and how,—and when,—and where?  
ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

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*COLLEGE NOTES.*

On Monday evening, February eighteenth, Miss Florence Farr gave a most interesting talk on the "Music of the Spoken Language." The talk turned chiefly upon the reading of poetry, and Miss Farr explained the theory of Mr. Yeates, with whom she has been associated for some years. According to this theory, poetry should always be read with some sort of musical accompaniment, calculated to bring out as much as possible the natural music of the voice. She herself used an instrument which she called a cithara, made as much as possible like the old psaltery. There was considerable discussion of the subject after the lecture, both in and out of elocution classes, and it was generally agreed that the plausibility of Miss Farr's position lay chiefly in her own personal power and charm, and that it would be unwise to place the cithara in the hands of the world at large.

Professor Kuhneman delivered a lecture in German, on Thursday evening, February twenty-first, on Hauptman's dramatic work. The lecture was rather well attended and the audience for the most part wore a look of almost suspicious intelligence.

On Friday evening, March eighth, Professor S. Bras, of the University of Rennes, lectured in French on the Celtic Renaissance.

The announcement of the awards of Fellowships was made in Chapel on Friday morning, March twelfth. They are as follows:

The Mary E. Garrett Fellowship was awarded to Alice Middleton Boring, A.M., fellow in Biology.

The President's Fellowship was awarded to Esther Harmon, A.B., scholar in Teutonic Philology.

The Bryn Mawr European Fellowship was awarded to Virginia Greer Hill.

The ten highest averages in the Senior Class were made by:

Virginia Greer Hill.

Edith Florence Rice.

Clara Lyford Smith.

Comfort Worthington Dorsey.

Helen Lamberton.

Anabella Elliott Richards.

Anne T. Hann.

Eunice Morgan Schenck.

Brownie Elizabeth Neff.

Emma Sweet.

As for the Freshman Show, one scarcely knows where to begin. Were we most delighted with the brightness and ease of the dialogue, or the daintiness and effectiveness of the costuming; with the adaptability of the performers to their most various parts, or the skilfulness and smoothness of the management; with the charming dances and clever songs of the (might we say) daring comprehensiveness of its scope? Every phase of college life had its appropriate representation, and the presidents of three upper classes were heard to say afterward that they particularly approved of the selection of the detail shown in the play. Not a moment dragged during the whole performance, but some features were particularly charming. The Dance of Cards was very effective and featly done, and the Self-Government song is rapidly being immortalised. We have it, on the authority of those who know, that it is one of the best plays ever given in college. Certainly it was "good enough for you and good enough for me," and we pretend to be critical.

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#### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'92. Helen J. Robbins is spending the winter in Rome.

'01. Marion Reilly sails for Europe on the twentieth of March.

Evelyn Fiske is spending the spring in Italy.

Madge Miller has announced her engagement to Mr. Francis.

Marion Parris has been called by the Directors to take charge of  
of the courses in Theoretical Politics.

- '03. Maud Spenser was married to Mr. George Holmes Corbett in Cambridge, England, on the ninth of March.  
Dorothea Day has been passing several days in college.
- '05. Greta Whittall has announced her engagement to Mr. Partridge.  
Clara Herrick has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Havemeyer.  
Leslie Farwell is to be married to Mr. Edward Hill on the 15th of June.  
Alice Jaynes, Frances Hubbard and Lydia Moore Bush have been passing several days in college.  
Natalie Fairbank was here early in March.  
The Chicago Bryn Mawr Club has raised \$7,000 for the Endowment Fund as the result of their week of Grand Opera.

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### ALUMNÆ MEETING.

On Saturday, February second, the annual alumnæ meeting was held in the Chapel. Of particular interest in the business transacted was the passing of the motion for the *Alumnæ Quarterly*.

A committee for alumnæ athletics was appointed.

It was decided that each \$100,000 of the endowment fund should not be divided for separate departments, but given to only one department.

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### ATHLETICS.

We thought our excitement had reached a very high pitch on Wednesday, February twenty-seventh, at the first track meet, but it was a pale thing to what we felt the next week at the final event. The galleries were thronged with spectators and the officials were arranged about the floor in imposing symmetry. There were eight white-clad judges, and one white-clad "starter," who gingerly held a powder-pistol and repeated inspiringly, "On your mark, get set, go." There were time-keepers with stop-watches, markers carrying large pieces of chalk; there were rope-holders and mat-draggers uniformed in bloomers and jumpers.

Then there was Miss Applebee, who directed everything and looked out for everybody and was in all places at once. The four track teams looked very valiant, appropriately costumed in their respective class colours. They sat in orderly lines on benches against the two long walls of the gymnasium.

After each event, one of the judges announced the results, counting up the highest points of both track-meets. They were as follows:

15-yard dash—Griffith, '08, first; Platt, '09, second; E. Ecob, '07, third.

Hurdles—Kirk '10 (3 2-5 seconds), first; Platt, '09, second; Wesson, '09, third.

High kick—Hawkins, '07 (16 feet), first; Ayer, '07 and Foster, '07, tied for second.

Rope climbing—Platt, '09 (15 1-3 seconds), first; Nearing, '09, second; Baker, '09, third.

Running high jump—Griffith, '08 (4.2 feet), first; McKenney, '10, second; Rotan, '10, third.

Standing high jump—McKenney, '10 (3.5 feet), first; E. Ecob, '07, and Richter, '08, tied for second.

Putting shot—Young, '08 (33.1 feet), first; Hutchins, '07, second; Ballin, '09, third.

Tug-of-War—Won by 1910.

Standing broad jump—Griffith, '08 (7 feet 3½ inches), first; Platt, '09, second; Richter, '08, third.

Three broad jumps—Richter, '08 (32 feet 1 inch), first; Griffith, '08, second; Kirk, '10, third.

Hop, step, and jump—Platt, '09 (20 feet 2 inches), first; Griffith, '08, second; Plaisted, '08, third.

Fence vault—Wesson, '09 (4 feet 6 inches), first; Platt, '09, second; Nearing, '09, third.

Ring high jump—Platt, '09 (7 feet 4 inches), first; Wesson, '09, second; Plaisted, '08, Nearing, '09, tied for third.

The track-meet was won by 1908 at 50½; 1909 came next at 44; then 1910 at 19 and 1907 at 17.

Three records were broken; two college records, the rope-climbing by Platt, and the broad jumps by Richter. One world record was broken by Young, who put the shot 33 feet 1 inch.



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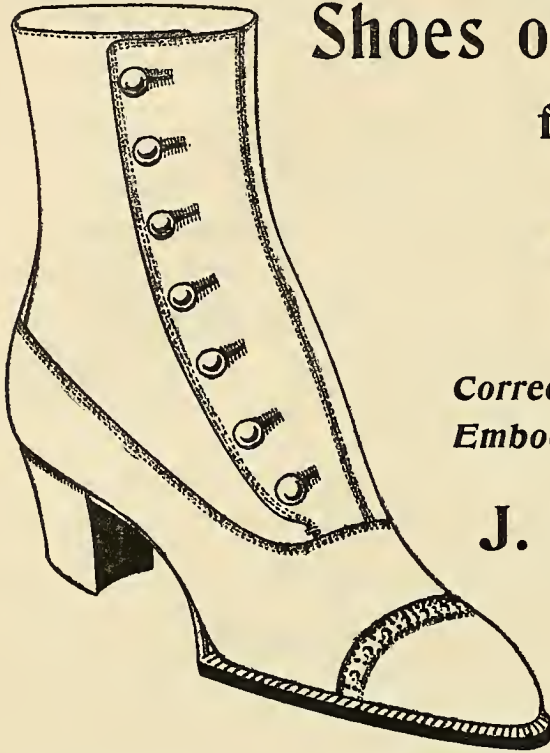
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May, 1907

# Tipyn o' Bob

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## UNSEEN HANDS.

They had always said a cat would be the cause of my destruction, and I believed them. I knew it was true. It was for this reason, and because I was weary and alone that I accepted Vivian Dale's invitation to come to him in the West. My mother had died, and I was still shaken by the disclosures she had made to me on her death-bed. She told me that before my birth a wise woman had prophesied to her that a cat would be my ruin. "But you can thwart them, my child, you can thwart them," she cried excitedly. I knew even then that there was no escape. From earliest childhood, the sight of a cat had thrown me into a swoon, and the feelings of nausea and of physical and mental recoil that accompanied my awakening are beyond words to describe.

But I was young then, and I still knew what it was to feel shame. I even laughed, and assured my mother she was the victim of a mad woman's hallucinations.

"But, promise me," she entreated, "promise me that you will escape, that you will spend your life, if necessary, in search of a land where you can live free from danger."

And I promised. Indeed, it was in accord with my own most feverish desires.

A week later Vivian's letter came. It was a surprise to me, for many years had passed since I had heard of him.

"I have taken to the woods and the hills," it said. "The doctors declare it is my only chance of life. I have married a little mountain creature named Juanita. But we need company. Come out and stay with us. I want you, and you will find Juanita fascinating. Besides, sport is of the best—any kind of game to be had for the shooting. Let me know when to expect you, and don't, for God's sake, fail me."

I started at once. Vivian met me as I stepped off the train, but we still had a long way to go on horseback. And, oh, the pleasure of that ride! A strange, new sense of freedom, a thrill of hope came to me in the sound of the streams, the fragrance of the air, the colour of the woods. Then the sunset!

"Are we nearly home?" I asked. "There are but a few paces yet to climb," Vivian replied. "You will need no sleeping potion to-night, I fancy." At these words, to my surprise, a quick chill passed over me. The forest looked dark, and the shadows stretched away ugly and misshapen into the cold blackness of the distance. I could only follow my companion in silence. As we dismounted before the cabin door such a feeling of shuddering and nausea came upon me that I could hardly stand. I knew the feeling; it was a warning of danger—but in those days I still had a sense of shame. I desired to hide my weakness. I tried to step up boldly, but my limbs were paralyzed. The question had to come.

"Vivian," I exclaimed, cunningly, "how wonderful to think of you living in this God-given place! Happy you, happy your wife! Happy even the animal that sleeps before your fire."

Vivian laughed. "Did I not tell you we left all luxuries in the East? You will find no animals here but wild ones."

So I knew that all was safe,—and yet I did not feel completely reassured. Hesitatingly I followed him into the cabin. A slim little figure in gray came running up to meet him. He bent to kiss her, and then led her towards me. "This is Juanita," he said. I was still so



much overcome by the emotion I had experienced that I could hardly bring myself to take her hand. Indeed, I was at that moment regretting intensely that I had ventured to this country. Something, the worse that I could not explain its cause, filled me with a ferocious sort of terror. I should almost rather have throttled the woman than have greeted her; but she did not see this emotion in my face. She was very still and shy, and never once lifted her eyes to mine.

That night as I lay in bed I tried to consider my situation calmly. I thought of the great free hills, and the smell of the pines, and the companionship with Vivian, and my pulses quickened. Then the picture of Juanita came into my mind; her small, childish form, her shy reserve. There was, as Vivian had said, a certain charm about her. I remembered now that I had watched her all the evening, had admired the swiftness and silent grace of her movements as she prepared supper. "Ah," I assured myself, "it is not hard to see why Vivian married her. She is the companion for a life like this." But I shuddered, and again that regret rose within me for the step I had taken—a loathing and horror of my present situation, so intense that I could get but little sleep throughout the night.

The next morning my life in the woods began. We breakfasted beneath the trees, the sunshine glinting across the rough-wood table, and Juanita saw that we lacked for nothing. Then Vivian and I took our guns and went out to hunt in the forest. We tramped all day, and talked, and felt again the tie of affection that had bound us in our youth. At night we returned with well-filled game bags, and sat down to the supper Juanita had prepared. But my appetite suddenly failed me. I could not eat for watching her. I was impelled to keep my gaze fixed upon her; I feared to lose even a turn or a quiver, and all the time she never looked at me or spoke.

And so the days went on—always like this one. In time I came to long and pray for variation, but none occurred. Everything was always the same. In the morning we set out to hunt, returning in the evening, Vivian to enjoy his dinner, I to watch with ever-increasing agony Juanita's movements—the suppleness of her curves, the silence of her footfalls, the deftness of her fingers. Oh, how my eyes burned with the weariness of concentration! I dared not move them from Juanita, because she was never still. I despised myself and hated her for the spell she wove about me, but I was impotent to change. I was lost, my

actions no longer obeyed my will. I spent whole nights trying to invent excuses so that Vivian might permit me to remain at home, where I could sit in the doorway all day long and watch. But nothing ever availed with Vivian. He was a man of strong will, and he only said impatiently, "Nonsense, you have no spirit. I will show you how to gain it. Come!" And I always went. But his bearing toward me had changed. He was cold and morose. I knew he resented my attitude toward Juanita, but he was deceived. I loathed her. I wished to go away; and several times I was on the point of suggesting my departure to Vivian, but my tongue was too thick and dry.

At last, however, I could bear it no longer. We were just returning home at dusk after a long day's tramp. I had resolved to explain to him the misery of my affliction, to implore him to send me away. I was just arranging the words in my mind, when suddenly there was a rustle of leaves in the tree above—a gray flash, a grinning face, and Vivian fell to the ground, his fingers dug in the throat of the hideous, snarling thing. I fell, too, and for a long time I knew nothing. When at last I awoke I saw Vivian lying there clawed to death, and beside him was the beast, dead, too. Vivian had strangled him. My heart gave a sudden great throb that sent the blood beating in my ears. "Ha," I laughed, as I boldly kicked the stiff gray form. "You were deceived that time, my kitten. They meant you for me, but you made a mistake." I was mad with the sudden relief from fear, and I laughed in loud, ringing peals. The danger was over. I had thwarted the prophecy. My friend had met the fate prepared for me.

Then Juanita came,—I did not know how or why,—and I explained to her very calmly why it was her husband had been killed instead of me. In my security I even apologized and said I wished it had been otherwise; but she interrupted me.

"Perhaps it was not a mistake after all," she said, and at her words my sense of elation vanished. It may have been the unexpectedness of hearing her address me; it may have been the cold, restrained tone her grief gave to her voice, but there seemed to be a horrible portent in what she said. The old terror surged back with redoubled force. "Do you mean that my fate is still before me?" I shrieked at her. She made no reply, but began tugging at the body. Together and in silence we dragged it home, and stretched it out upon a cot of rough boards with candles at the head and foot.

I could not bear the thought of being alone. I knew my room was dark and haunted by strange night-sounds, but the companionship of Juanita offered no relief. I trembled and cowered in her presence. Every act of hers, every step, every motion expressed to me, as by a mysterious language, that Juanita knew; and that she was keeping me in ignorance. I tried to read my fate in the signs before me, but my brain burned, there was a roaring in my head. If she did not leave me, I knew that I should go mad. I forced myself to be very calm and wary. "Juanita," I said, oh so softly and persuasively, "you are very weary with your toil and grief. Go and rest. I will sit with Vivian, and to-morrow we will bury him together." Without a word she took a candle and left me, and I, in my relief, felt no surprise at her acquiescence. I was not even afraid now. My weariness was too great. I could only sit there in my chair by Vivian's side and battle sleep. It became very late, and drowsiness pressed heavily upon my eyelids. My senses were overpowered and I dozed. And as I slept there, a horrible vision came to me. I cannot even now think of it without hearing and seeing it in endless repetition, and feeling—but wait, I will tell it.

In my dream, I saw myself sitting, as in reality I was, by Vivian's corpse; and I thought I had fallen into a doze, when suddenly I was awakened by a hideous sound—a snarling, and hissing, and spitting that caused my skin to contract and crawl. I dreamed that I opened my eyes, and there upon my friend's breast sat a cat with dilated, yellow eyes, making the horrible sounds that had disturbed my slumbers. I leaped to my feet—I was brave in my dream—I caught the animal about the middle and attempted to drag him from the corpse. But he buried his claws in the flesh, which gurgled and tore as I struggled with the cat. I tried to force him from his hold, and as I laboured, his body grew before my eyes, and grew and grew. He turned his yellow eyes and grinning face full upon me as if to mock my efforts, and as he did so, a voice hissed: "He thinks it was a mistake; oh, he thinks it was a mistake."

At that, my dream snapped off. Bewildered and confused by sleep, I did in reality leap to my feet, and only too truly did the sounds of my dream now ring in my ears. Snarls and hisses and growls came from the direction of the corpse—then it ceased and all was deathly still. At first I could not bring myself to look, then I glanced timidly, quickly, and my gaze became riveted to the scene before me; for there upon the body

of Vivian lay Juanita, her arms about his neck. I grasped her roughly by the shoulder and tried to put her away. I pleaded, I cursed, I raved, she but clung the tighter. I called the powers of Heaven and Hell to my assistance. Juanita lifted her head. She was smiling, so that I could see her starting white teeth, and for the first time since I had known her, she raised her eyes. She stared at me with them long and searchingly, and, God help me, they were yellow and dilated like a cat's.

"He thinks it was a mistake; oh, he thinks it was a mistake," she leered.

I ran from the cabin into the night shrieking, "Oh, no, it was not a mistake; it was not, it was not. My turn is yet to come." And since then, wherever I go, whatever I do, these words ring themselves over in my brain. It would have been well for me if I had remained in the house and accepted what was there prepared; but no! I preferred to die a million deaths. For is it death when I look into Juanita's eyes, it is death when I hear her voice, and I see her, I hear her every hour of the day, every hour of the night.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

---

### MR. DOOLEY ON "THE HOME."

"Did ye know ye'er wife was a squaw, Hinmissy?" said Mr. Dooley.

"A what?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"A squaw," said Mr. Dooley, "a prehistoric squaw."

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's manny a year, Dooley, that you and me've been friends. Ye're not agoin' f'r to spoil it now by callin' me wife names?"

"Sure, an' it's not Mrs. Hinmissy alone that I'm manin'," Mr. Dooley explained. "This here is a new discovery about ivery man's wife. Hogan's been telling me about it. It's all down in a book he's been reading called 'The Home,' be a lady with too manny names f'r me to raymimber anny of thim. Ye see it's this way, Hinmissy. We were all poor benighted heathen once—not you an' me, sir, but our ancestors. We men spent our time in fighting—all our time, instid iv just a fair share as we do to-day—while the women were industhrously cookin' "



our food and batin' our children as they arr doing still. But since them days the race has progressed—our part in it has, while the women have sat still. You see ivery man used to do his own wurruk—make his own knives, an' kill his own animals, an' write his own po'thry. Now ivery man does ivery other man's wurruk but his own. Take mesilf. I sell whiskey f'r you an' the rest of Arrchey road—an' much good I get out of it. But have the women gone ahead and gotten to be experts an' specialists like you an' me? Not they! Ivery wan of thim stays at home be her own happy hearth, and darns her own husband's socks and cooks her own husband's dinner just as she did centuries ago."

"And whose socks should she be adarnin,' will ye tell me that?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Me dear friend." said Mr. Dooley. "She may not have a talent for darnin' socks at all. Whatever she has a talent for she should do, an' what she dos'nt do herself other women should do for her. That's how it's going to be, Hinnessy. Now ye see there be some women as has a talent for takin' care o' babies. Well, all the other women will take their babies to thim gifted souls an' have 'em proticted from the dangers of the home. All the babies of Arrchey Road can howl in comfort to-gither thin, an' you'll niver heer a wan of thim."

"Ye're jokin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Divvil a bit," said Mr. Dooley. "You'll clean fergit ye have a baby before ye know it."

"I shouldn't like that," said Mr. Hennessy.

"An thin," Mr. Dooley went on, "yer poor hard-wurrukin' wife won't have to slave an' toil over the family stove any more. She'll either do enough cooking for all of Arrchey road or she won't cook at all. If she cooks, she'll cook for the universe. Ivery wan iv us, as Hogan says, was born f'r the universe, only it took us a long time for to find it out, an' the women haven't made the discovery yet. Now wouldn't ye like to know, Hinnessy, that yer wife was helpin' to make the wurruld spin round, instid av just keepin' a place av comfort for you an' the children? Thin thar's another change comin'. Ye see now the women have nawthin' to talk aboot, Hinnessy, but food an' babies. They have naw intherest in politics, an' if they had they'd have naw time for such instructive conversations as ye get from me, old feller. But whin they all do the wurruld's wurruk, they'll all know what's goin' on in the wurruld, an' they'll have time to talk about it, too. It takes



less time to wurruk f'r the wurruld then it do to wurruk f'r a family, Hinnessy. In the future, whin you an' yer wife both come home afther a harrd day's wurruk at yer rayspictive places of business, she'll be able to put ye right about how ye're goin' to vote."

"But I always vote the Dimmicratic ticket," said Mr. Hennessy. "An' if my wife was born f'r the universe, as ye say, an' not f'r me an' Terence an' the childher, why, I hope you an' Hogan will keep it quiet, that's all."

"Thin ye don't mind the women bein' squaws, afther all?" said Mr. Dooley.

"Call 'em what ye like," said Mr. Hennessy, "as long as ye lave 'em be what they arre."

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

*ROBERT GREENE.*

A lying quiet after noisy days—  
A drunkard's dying on the Muses' Hill,  
The clouded vision and the broken will—  
Yet on the poet's brow the poet's bays.

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.

*SONNET.*

Ah yes! a laurel crown, and many hands  
Held to clasp mine, and shouts that had made dear  
This hour above all others but last year,  
'Till heaped up pleasures smothered all demands;  
But there is one that in aloofness stands  
Leaving me in thronged isolation here,  
For all their shouts are hollow winds and drear  
And all their faces but as desert sands.  
Have I not earned of thee one word of praise  
For whom this poor but toilful work was wrought?  
Not one sweet smile for all the nights and days  
Which had that one smile but too gladly bought?  
Then is my art a poor dull instrument,  
That cannot carve thee joy nor me content.

MARY NEARING, '09.

*A PERMANENT DEVOTION.*

## I.

Mrs. Withers looked reproachfully across the breakfast table at the young clergyman, as he neatly folded his napkin and drew it through one of the blue celluloid rings provided for her boarders. "Ar'n't you going to have some batter cakes?" she inquired. "They're real good, and we only bake them Sundays."

"Not this morning, thank you," and after brushing the crumbs from his ministerial garments, the Reverend Herbert Armstrong rose with the ease and dignity he had lately achieved. "I am sure they are most excellent, but I have a great deal to do before my service."

But before he could get to the door Mrs. Withers seized him with her sympathetic interest. "Oh, I expect it does keep you busy composing those sermons, but you've plenty of time," and she glanced encouragingly at the clock. This gave him a chance to escape, and he hurried back to his room, a fairly large one, filled with sunlight, though bearing the abiding stamp of the Wither régime. One by one, he read over the different opening paragraphs he had succeeded in writing on the preceding evening. They seemed to him rather good from a rhetorical point of view, but from none of them could he wring inspiration for a further message. At last, with a grand gesture, he swept them aside, and sprang nervously to his feet, as the clock on the chimneypiece struck nine. "Only two hours before the service," he uneasily reflected, "and nothing done toward a sermon."

Suddenly the boarder in the next room began to sing, and, frowning, he recognized that she was rendering in a shrill soprano voice one of his favorite hymns. He listened, though unwillingly, until she came to the refrain,

"Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light."

His face brightened instantly, as he bent over his desk to open the Bible, in which it was the work of only a few minutes to find a verse embodying to a sufficient degree the sentiment of the two lines. Then Armstrong ardently set to work on a new, and as it proved, fluent sermon. So

swiftly did ideas and ways of expressing them arise in his mind, that by half-past ten the sermon lay on his table completely finished, the object of many complacent glances as the young clergyman made his last preparations. And an hour later many among his congregation devoutly received it as an inspiration.

"Isn't he splendid?" whispered a young, rather pretty woman to the Doctor's wife. Both were seated in the latter's pew comparatively near the altar.

"He's wonderful," she whispered back. "He's been with us six months now, and we're so pleased." But the younger woman barely heard her, so absorbed was she in his closing words.

"I have shown," he was saying, "the intrinsic, universal value of the ideal, this standard of loyalty. How it is as old as history, indeed of necessity immeasurably older, while turning to life in its every day, more personal aspect, we are intuitively convinced that the man of loyal heart, or let me say of steadfast purpose, is fulfilling a tendency inherent in us all, and if that purpose be directed toward an end which in itself is good, whether a concrete existing object, or an abstract idealized ambition, such a man at length attains to a high degree of self-realization. One word more, beautiful to see, beautiful to cherish, is that unswerving loyalty, guarding, nay encompassing, the hallowed memory, against that time when we, too, will be as shadowy names on this earth, though in Heaven partakers of an immortal, eternal life."

At the close of the service, Irene Henderson quickly turned to her neighbour. "I can't thank you enough for taking me. I don't know when I've heard anything so inspiring."

"Don't you want to meet him," the Doctor's wife suggested, "he's already noticed you. I saw him looking straight at you, after the Doxology."

Mrs. Henderson shook her head a little wistfully. "I wish I could, but I must hurry away. My sister-in-law is waiting for me outside. Good-by," and she held out her hand. "My husband writes me he is ill again, and I am leaving unexpectedly this afternoon." At this moment Armstrong succeeded in disengaging himself from a group of eager parishioners, and turned away, only to find that the Doctor's wife was standing alone in her pew, as her charming guest retreated down the aisle. He somewhat regretfully watched her leave the church, upon which he resumed again the conversational duties of his profession.

## II.

The parish, as time went by, grew immensely devoted to their young clergyman, and on the strength of the number of members who had lately joined the congregation, now far the largest in the town, finally increased his salary, and talked of building a rectory. In point of fact, a year and a half later, on the completion of the rectory, he straightway installed himself and his belongings in its delightful rooms, with their open fireplaces and windows which, on one side of the house, looked out upon a garden, and beyond over open fields, and on the other upon the ivy vines of the little gray church.

It was now high time, such was the opinion of his parish, as well as his own, that he should marry, and of late many among the congregation looked upon his growing intimacy with the charming widow, Mrs. Henderson, as a favourable indication. Two years after the death of her husband she had returned to her native town, and, immediately joining his congregation, had become a most devout and faithful church-goer.

Late one spring afternoon Mrs. Henderson sat embroidering in her small parlor; she glanced every now and then at the clock, and finally took up a note from a table nearby. "It's not quite time yet," she murmured. "I wonder why he wrote he was coming; I suppose he wanted to be sure I'd be in." A little later, when Armstrong, obviously nervous, had entered the room, and had seated himself opposite her, Irene began the conversation by asking how he took his tea. As she busied herself over the lemon and sugar, his eyes fell on a large gilt framed portrait over the chimneypiece. "Oh, of course," she went on, "you haven't seen that before. It's a picture of Alden, my husband. He did it himself," she added, "but it doesn't do him justice; it's too dark, and then that gray, cold background." As her visitor made no response, she continued, but in a subdued and sadder voice, "Of course I had it framed over in black for a long while, but it's just been reframed," and she gave a pleased glance at the thick gilt setting, carved into garlands.

During her explanation Armstrong grew more and more uneasy, as the strangeness of their present situation tinged his consciousness. At last, directly turning his back upon the portrait, he very suddenly, with barely no approach to the subject, asked her to marry him. For a few seconds Irene did not seem to make out the meaning of his words; then,



as it dawned upon her, she threw him a look of amazement, of complete repudiation.

"How can you," she finally faltered. "It's quite too dreadful."

It was his turn for bewilderment.

"Why?" he ventured.

"And you preached of a loyalty that should cherish and remain faithful to a hallowed memory; and Alden died only a few days after. I shall be loyal to his memory, and then in the Heaven you spoke of—"

"But," Armstrong broke in—

"Don't go on," she cried, "he wasn't religious, I know, but he was good. You can't be right."

"But I don't understand," continued Armstrong again, not heeding her words. "I haven't delivered such sermons since you've been here."

"I know you haven't, and I've hoped so much each Sunday you would. You've been quite different though," and she looked at him sorrowfully. "But I heard you a long time ago. I was spending the week-end here."

"Of course, I remember now," he excitedly returned. "I can't bear to think of your listening to that, and of your taking it so to heart. Naturally," here his voice assumed unwontedly a professional tone, "one must be loyal to a certain extent, but beyond that it's not right. And as for my state then, but let me read you something to explain it far better than I can. He pulled out from his pocket a small edition of *Robert Elsmere*, and, opening it at a certain page, read solemnly. "'He was in that young, morbid state, when the mind hangs in its own cloud over the universe.' Do you know your *Elsmere*?" he inquired. "It's a great book, and teaches one a wonderful lesson. I hope you see now," he added, "that what I gave utterance to then shouldn't be taken altogether seriously. I've changed immensely since then, by degrees, of course."

She interrupted with a horrified gesture.

"How can you say these things? It's almost sacrilege. Oh, what will they do?"

"Do," Armstrong caught up her last word.

"But, of course, I've got to tell them that your faith has gone, and you must realise that you won't be able to stay on here. The parish hasn't changed."

"No, they hav'n't yet," he murmured, as he walked down the street, still holding *Robert Elsmere*, "at least not perceptibly, but in time, they would, if I could only keep at them, in my own way."

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.



*EARTH GETS ITS PRICE.*

*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.* This proverb would seem to be the cold comfort seized upon by a man who feels himself excluded from those pleasures which he sees his more imaginative friends enjoy. It is the attempt of one who lacks that largeness of nature which sacrifices an immediate comfort to a more distant rapture to secure a mere tithe of commonplace security from life. Unable to follow the adventurous track of other more reckless spirits, he flaunts his security in their faces and even ventures an attempt to deter them from that track. But these men of imagination have their faces set to the east and are not to be deterred. To those who know that the joy of the race lies in the running and not in the winning, the admonition is a matter for jest. They know that in his secret heart the admonisher longs to feel the thrill of "a wild dedication" of himself to "unpath'd waters and undream'd shores." Such confidence does the pure air of the untrammelled heights of a growing ambition instil.

Nor, in fact, does the man who quotes the proverb delude anyone. He does not even deceive those of like temperament, for they, too, have sounded for water in empty wells. He knows their predicament and they his. So they struggle among themselves as to who shall have the surest grip on the meager bird, longing all the while for that courage which should carry them into the larger battlefield whence they occasionally scent the powder.

But since they have a bird in the hand, they must have run the race and won the wreath (so they themselves contentedly reason) and so have triumphed over us whom they admonish. On looking up, however, to see the dejection of us who lagged behind, to their astonishment they behold us running in a more glorious race. The value of their little wreath secured, fades before our dream of a lovelier garland. Into this other race they do not follow, these men of narrow dreams, for they have a large share of prudence which restrains them. Nor yet do they find peace in their achievement and rest upon their laurels; they must cling to what they have, lest it be snatched from them. They will not try their wings in wider flight, and the ability for such flight slips from

them. They lose that fine fresh prick of the stimulus. They remain the weary slaves of a mean ambition, while we, the tireless vagrants, spurred on by the chance of victory, are ever in pursuit of fresh visions and new aspirations.

Nor does our wisdom lack its reward. The prudent must in time see the dust collect upon their trophy and its sere leaves fall away. Then may they settle back to meditate upon their foolishness. We dream-chasers have not come out of the races entirely empty-handed. We have woven ourselves a coronal from the stray leaves we contrived to pick up by the way. And what if it does fade? Its leaves represent only illusions that paled before realities, pieties that flickered out in the wind of passions. When the last race is over, we can settle ourselves, with no sense of resignation, to the philosophy of "Hydriotaphia," feeling that we have reached a richer security in the knowledge of the vanity of our hope than those others ever dreamed of. We can still find pleasure in the mere contemplation of the height toward which we struggled, distant and beautiful in its serene sea of light, but for the prudent who groped in the dark at its base the summit is wrapped in clouds. Our content is not unlike that of old John Hester, who, while in possession of Italy's magic secrets, worked peacefully among his drugs.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

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*VERITATEM DILEXCI.*

To have seen her eyes is glory,  
 But no man has ever seen them  
 And returned to other men to tell the tale.  
 For their light calls him to follow,  
 To forget his human ways  
 And men find him in the morning dead and pale.

Love that eats the lover's soul,  
 Hands whose touch must be our death,  
 Are we strong enough to meet them and not fail?  
 We have loved the changing shadow.  
 But we know it is a shadow.  
 We are hungry for the face without the veil.

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.

## THE SALIANA.

Phipps and I watched the arrival of the *Saliana* with considerable interest, for the big, black steam yacht, now cautiously picking its way among the small fry of the harbor, was an object of curiosity to all the yachtsmen and sailors in the place. She had been "in" over night twice before that season, yet her owner was unknown to any of the men at the club, and her crew also, so Phipps told me, had remained strangers to all other sailors. It was therefore with a feeling of pleasure that I saw she was heading for the mooring next to ours, for on the water "next door neighbors" can seldom remain strangers. Phipps, too, seemed pleased.

"It may give me the chance to wring the neck of that pasty-faced little runt of a Chinese cook," he remarked.

"What has he done to deserve it?" I asked casually.

"Blubbered his filthy Chinese at me as I rowed past the last time they were in," said Phipps.

"And you 'blubbered' your own language in return?" I hazarded.

"Yes, sir," replied Phipps respectfully, but with a volume of meaning in his tone.

"Then you have had sufficient revenge, I should think. Besides, it's beneath your dignity to quarrel with a Chinaman, Phipps," said I, as I went below.

My acquaintance with my new neighbor began even sooner than I had dared to hope. Coming on deck early that evening, I saw a gentleman standing in the stern of the *Saliana* smoking a cigarette and gazing at the sunset. He turned as I walked forward, and I bowed in hospitable greeting as became an old "habitué" of the harbor. "Good evening," said the man, coming to the rail. "This is a night for the Gods, isn't it?"

"And men, too, luckily," I assented. He was very young, I noticed, with well chiseled features and almost feminine coloring.

"It's an abominably pretty harbor," he remarked.

"Yes," said I, "and we're glad to see your boat in here again. Going to stay any length of time?"

"I can't say. I'm never anywhere very long, rather a will o' the wisp, you know."

He had an odd, pleasing habit of tossing back his head as he began to speak, and his eyes were blue devils that laughed constantly. In the course of our conversation I learned that he came from Brentford, a small place on the Georgian coast, that the pennant he flew was of the Pleon Yacht Club, newly formed in the town and probably not yet listed in the books; that he was cruising alone and knew scarcely anyone in the North, and that his name was Phillip Somers. The more he talked the more I liked him, and before the sunset gun was fired I had asked him to dine with me on shore that evening, and he had accepted. He proved the life of the dinner, at which two other men joined us, and after one of his many amusing sallies, I smiled to myself as I thought of the mystery with which we had surrounded this bright-faced boy. We begged him to spend the night on shore, but he refused, and at half-past eleven I rowed him back to his boat. He thanked me warmly for the evening's jollity.

"It's like a breath of Heaven to get back into civilization again," he said, and I thought there was a note of bitterness in his tone.

"Why do you cruise alone, without friends?" I asked.

He stared at me a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"I have no friends," he said, "at least none that would cruise with me. They all think I'm a bit queer here." He touched his forehead with his finger. "Well, perhaps I am, who knows?" he added, and, still laughing, he sprang lightly onto the landing steps of the *Saliana*, and ran up to the deck, where a man was waiting to receive him.

Phipps, who was rowing the tender, managed to restrain his tongue till we were in the cabin of my sloop, the *Dodo*, then, though he had the discretion to leave my friend unmentioned, he burst out with:

"It's blame funny, sir, but I sat here from eight till ten before I went on shore for you, sir, and I'll be concussed if that boat didn't fly a blue rag from her yardarms every minute of the time!"

A blue flag means "crew at dinner," and is a polite warning to possible visitors that the men are, for the time being, not "at home."

"What fearful gluttons and epicures they must be," I said laughingly. "Didn't you even catch a glimpse of your friend the cook?"

"Well, he did stick his yellow face out of a port hole, but it wasn't the same man," said Phipps regretfully.

"You are very intelligent, Phipps, to know one Chinaman from another," I remarked as he went out.



I went to bed but not to sleep. The wine I had taken at dinner had made me wakeful, and I lay tossing for an hour or more, wondering curiously about my new friend. It was a stifling night, and at last I rose, put on a coat and went up on deck to get some air. I threw myself down on a blanket by the mast. The night was cloudy and the ship lights gleamed dully in the black water. There was no wind, the air hung silent and motionless around me. I heard four bells rung from a distant vessel, and the sound only intensified the stillness. Suddenly a muffled noise came from starboard, and, craning my head around the mast, I saw a man's shadowy figure walk down the deck of the *Saliana*, haul a tender alongside, climb in and wait. After a minute the figure of a woman, cloaked and veiled, came out of the hatchway and stepped into the tender. Another followed, similarly dressed, as far as I could see in the darkness, and four more came after. When they were all seated in the tender, a man's figure appeared, closed the hatchway, jumped into the crowded boat and pushed off. From the quick agility of his movements, I recognized my guest of the evening. Not a word was spoken. In silence they rowed away, and even the oarlocks must have been muffled, for there was no creaking as they turned in their sockets. When the boat had passed astern, I began to crawl noiselessly along the deck towards the wheel, from where I could dimly make out its course, as now and again a low-hung ship light was blotted out by its passing, to reappear again after a moment. It disappeared far down the shore, where the houses were few and scattered, and when, after a long period of waiting, which I was too excited to estimate properly, it reappeared, there was in it but a single figure. This I again identified as Somers, for, with the same remarkable springiness, he left the tender, moored it, ran softly to the hatch, opened it and climbed down. For another hour I must have lain there, listening to the loud knocking of my own heart. Then it began to rain and I went below, where, in spite of my excitement, I was soon asleep. I was awakened in the morning by Phipps' voice.

"Did you know the *Saliana* was out, sir?" he called from above, and looking out from my porthole I verified his remark. The mooring of the *Saliana* floated quietly in a wide space of vacant water.

Among my letters that morning was a hastily written, brief note from Phillip Somers.

"The 'wanderlust' has seized me again, and I am off," it ran. "I



shall look in upon you probably in a fortnight or so, and we may have another pleasant evening together."

Somers was as good as his word. Coming out to the *Dodo* about ten one evening, I was informed by Phipps that the *Saliana* was again in harbor. I also found a note waiting for me from its owner, which proved to be an invitation to dine with him on board his yacht the next evening. I tore the letter to pieces and dropped the fragments into the water.

"Where is the *Saliana* moored, Phipps?" I asked, and Phipps pointed her out, where she lay some distance away and further from shore than we.

"That's good," I said tersely. "Draw the tender alongside, Phipps, and come here."

Phipps obeyed and joined me with wonder in his eyes, which increased tenfold after I had had five minutes rapid conversation with him. Then for four long hours he and I took turns lying on the deck and staring at the *Saliana* through my strongest binocular glasses. At last I gave the signal.

"Get into the boat," I whispered. I waited another second to confirm what I had seen with a second glance, then I followed him, and we rowed, as we had never rowed before, for shore. Once there, we left our boat and started quickly along the alternating stretches of beach and rocks. It was a race against time, and we won. With bruised legs and cut hands, we cowered down in a black angle of rock, as a heavily laden rowboat drew silently up to an old, dismantled landing a few yards away. With wide eyes and tightly repressed breath, we watched a man spring lightly out and a series of female figures—it was too dark to count exactly—follow more slowly. One man was left in the boat, and he started immediately to row away.

"Go back to the tender," I whispered to Phipps, "and bring it down to this landing. Then wait for me here."

"You're not going alone," Phipps whispered back.

"I am. One man can follow where two can't."

"You'll get into trouble."

"Nonsense. It's only Somers and a parcel of women. Besides, I'm armed."

With that I left him and began cautiously to follow the group of women and their guide. It was not by any means easy work. Their

way led first through half deserted streets on the outskirts of the town, and I had always to wait till they were very far ahead or had turned a corner before I dared proceed. Later, they reached open country, walking inland with steady pace and never stopping to rest, and soon we entered the outskirts of the next village, an ugly, sordid, straggling place about two miles distant. Here again began a hiding around corners, by means of which I was sometimes enabled to get comparatively close to them. Once, as they passed beneath a street lamp, I was struck by the curious shambling walk that seemed common to all the women. Not at any time did I hear a word exchanged between them. Finally they stopped, in a narrow, dark, deserted-looking street, and the door of a small house was unlocked by one of their number, presumably Somers. They went in one by one, and I was left outside half a block away, wondering what to do next. They would probably remain indoors for the rest of the night, and I had no desire to prolong my uncomfortable watch indefinitely. Neither did I wish to return to Phipps with nothing learned or accomplished. For the first time I realized my utter stupidity in having come so far alone with no definite knowledge or plan, and I cursed the silly scruple and foolhardy desire which had made me keep my secret to myself, or at least share it only with Phipps at the last moment. For a long time I stood deliberating, when suddenly the door of the little house opened and a path of light stretched from it across the street. A figure stood in parley on the threshold, then, turning to go out, the light fell on the yellow face and tight braided hair of a Chinaman. Four more men, unmistakably of the same race, followed. Then the door closed and the party proceeded up the street. I stood motionless, as the mystery of the women was revealed to me. Then I determined to follow the adventure to the end and started softly up the street after the retreating footsteps. But as I passed the little house I heard a window thrown open, and at the same time a voice said quietly:

"Raise your hands or I'll fire." Being so close, I thought it wise to obey, and turning I saw Phillip Somers leaning gracefully against the side of the window, a pistol in his hand and a lighted candle on a table beside him. In my excitement at the new discovery I had forgotten his existence.

"Will you come in or shall I go out?" he asked in his usual tone.

"I leave it entirely to you," I replied politely.

"Then we will avoid discussion by doing both," he said, and still levelling the pistol at me, he climbed easily over the sill onto the ground.

"Please remain exactly as you are," he said as he approached me.

"Certainly," I answered, "but it's a very humiliating position," and I did feel like a fool with my hands dangling above my head.

"I realize that," said Somers, "and I propose to relieve you of it at once." As he spoke he had drawn close to me, and now, with a quick direct movement, he pulled the pistol from my back pocket.

"I am sorry," he apologized, "but this is a matter of life and death."

"It seems to be," said I.

"Would you mind going into the house now," said Somers. I obeyed, and found myself in a small, dirty-walled room, empty save for a table and two chairs and lighted by three candles stuck in cups of sand. Somers motioned me to be seated and took his place on the table facing me. For a moment we confronted each other in silence, and the look in his eyes made me forget the rim of the pistol pointed towards me.

"Somers," said I, "how did you get down to this?"

"To what?"

"To smuggling Chinamen across the border," I said distinctly.

"So. You have that all right. When did you find it out?"

"To-night. I was an idiot not to have seen sooner."

"Well, now you have seen you must promise to keep mum."

"And if I promise?"

"You may go back."

I stared at him in amazement.

"And you expect me to keep that promise?" I asked.

He stared back, clear-eyed.

"Yes," he said. There was a moment's pause.

"Well," I said at last. "I refuse." Again we relapsed into silence.

"You bring them from Canada," I remarked finally.

"Yes," he said, straightening quickly.

"And all that talk about Brentford and the Pleon was a lie?"

"Yes."

"And you still expect me to keep that promise?"

"Yes," he repeated doggedly, but his face was drawn. After a minute he began to speak. "Perhaps you don't know," he said, "but when a man's at the end of his tether there isn't much he won't do. They offered me the job—to play the master and not much else. There was risk in it and excitement, and money, much needed money." Suddenly

his voice changed. "You have shown me that the risk is too great," he said. "I shall steer the *Saliana* out of harbor to-night and then leave her for good and all."

"And the gang will go on without you as before," I said.

"There are ways of breaking every gang," said Somers slowly. "Will you promise?" His finger was on the trigger.

"No."

"Ah! I'm so sorry," he cried, jumping off the table. "I thought you would. But since you won't, here's your pistol and there's the door. Good-night."

He held out the handle of my pistol towards me and put his own into his pocket. I took it unconsciously and stood there trying to get my bearings. Suddenly there was a noise outside, the door was thrown open and Phipps, hatless and breathless, stood on the threshold.

"Here you are at last, sir," he gasped, and raised his pistol quickly at Somers. "Now, sir, what shall I do?"

Somers looked at me smiling, and I turned from him with a feeling of annoyance.

"Put that pistol down, Phipps," I said pettishly. "Mr. Somers and I are going to walk back to the harbor. Then you can row us out to our boats. Are you ready?" I demanded, turning to the man beside me.

"Yes," said Somers, "quite ready." He moved to the table and blew out two of the candles. Picking the third up in his fingers he lighted us out of the door and locked it after him. Finally he put the key in his pocket and blew out the last flame. Then the three of us, in silence, started to walk back through the night.

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

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### CROCUS.

When the wild winds of March are up,  
While yet the grass is hardly green,  
The crocus lifts its saffron cup,  
Filled with fresh light and rain-drops clean.  
No other sight or sound as yet  
Has stirred the promise of the spring,  
Save this brave herald, sweet and wet,  
But hark! I hear a robin sing.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.



*QUO USQUE, TANDEM!*

The motto of the world is no longer to be up-to-date, but to be ahead-of-the-date. The modern age does not stop at calculations about the future; it actually turns the future from a possibility to a reality, a reality of everyday life.

No sooner does the public inaugurate one President than it begins to campaign for the next. No sooner does the baby boy lisp his first syllable, than the provident parent takes pains to secure him a place, for fifteen years hence, at Groton or St. Mark's. In order to guard against the unpardonable error of being "behind the times," our evening newspapers appear at noon and our morning issues run a close race with the dawn. The April number of *McClure's* is on the news-stands on the fifteenth of March, and we have no patience with the *Theatre* which keeps us waiting until the twenty-fifth. We lay in our store of winter flannels in the mellow fall, and woe to the one who, not having previously fortified herself against the snows of February, hopes to provide for her needs as the season impels them. With frostbitten fingers she seeks to buy a muff, but finds the fur counter decked with "lingerie" hats—and why! Because next summer will be upon us in four months! The world decrees that a man shall have no chance of finding an umbrella after the storm has begun, but must provide for the rainy day while the sun is still shining.

Surely this era of anticipation must be one of hopeful enlightenment. What could better bespeak the progressiveness of the age than this outdistancing of time itself! Perfection and perfect happiness will, no doubt, be reached, when we have completely drowned the evils and sorrows of the present in the fast-encroaching tide of the future.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

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*THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.*

Faxton set down his coffee cup with a shaking hand, and drawing a chair to the window he ran excitedly through the paper again. At last he rose and moved about the room, his face twisted into a frown.

"Such things ought not to be printed," he muttered. "What a horrible, horrible affair. And the police—a hundred to one the murderer



gets off scot free. I wish there were something a man could do. It's hell to sit by when you read of a case like this."

His eye fell on the headlines of the newspaper, and he shuddered as the few known details of the murder recurred sharply to his mind. Faxton pictured himself as the man who had discovered the matter. He saw the dank ragged meadow, and the solitary tree near which there wheeled and screamed a flock of crows. He saw the birds scatter at his approach, saw then the object they had half uncovered, ghastly with blood and earth. The very smell of it all steamed into his face sickening as an actual physical presence.

"Ugh," ejaculated Faxton, jerking himself out of his reverie. "I won't let this thing get hold of my nerves. There is just such stuff in the papers every other day. I'll go out and walk it off."

His interest, however, was freshly stung by the development of the case on the next day and the next. The problem, in spite of added evidence, remained as dark as ever; and Faxton felt himself irresistibly drawn by the mystery of it. Impatient of the dull strain to which it put him, he half thought more than once to throw himself personally into the case, to help as he could with time or money.

Coming home one day, his nerves jumping with weariness, he dropped into a chair to read the "night extra," which was even then being cried in the streets. "More about the big murder! Landlady furnishes new evidence. Says stranger drove from her inn early on the fatal night in company with victim of crime. Departs quietly next morning, leaving no clue to identity. Carriage shows sign of struggle."

The excitement smouldering in Faxton's mind burst into flame as he read. He followed the reporter's story through the night of the murder, with its wind and storm and darkness. It was a dramatic enough description. The little buckboard lurched along the uneven road, while the two men, locked in each other's arms, strained and swayed in the terrible death struggle. Now and again a flash of lightning outlined the picture, black through a grey veil of driving rain.

Faxton, with an attempt at calmness, lay back in his chair, stilling his hands on the paper and trying to quiet the leap of his pulses. Close by him the wind moaned against the windows, fumbling about the panes as if searching for a place to enter. In its pauses came the soft whisper of the snow upon the ivied wall. A sort of terror laid hold upon him—a terror of the night and the loneliness and of the matter which lay

in his own mind. He went through the case again and again, fitted and refitted its particulars, seeking some circumstance which should bind it all together and furnish him the key to a solution. There must be some such key, he told himself, with the uncomfortable feeling that he held it somehow in his mind without the ability to bring it to consciousness. The sequence of his reasoning was broken continuously by a new access of pity for the murdered man, and at the same time by pity for the murderer. What must have been the tension of the man's nerves, thought Faxton, to come back with a picture in his mind of the deed he had just done, and give his horse to the stable-boy calmly, as if nothing had occurred.

In the morning Faxton, taking the precaution to disguise himself, set about investigating the case privately, convinced that he would be able to add something to the solution of the problem.

At first the activity brought him relief, yet the baffling idea that the solution lay in some knowledge already at his command filled him with increasing uneasiness. As his stock of facts grew, so did this idea. Why could he not grasp it, identify it, bring it into the light of his reason? At every unoccupied moment he was searching the mysterious half-known depths of his mind, eagerly, at last even feverishly, but in vain. The idea became a sort of mania with him. It haunted him always, lying like a dark background behind each thought, and appearing in the suppressed excitement that tinged his commonest act. His nights were tormented by it. He felt himself like a man groping into a great dark room in search of some strange, horrible thing. He shuddered at the thought of finding it, yet not to find it was misery unbearable.

Meanwhile he worked untiringly at the case. His mind had in his younger days been brilliant, if erratic, and it served him now with a rapidity that seemed at times almost intuition. In a week he was able to go to the police with clues which he knew must lead eventually to the taking of the murderer.

Yet even as he walked back from the chief's office to his rooms, he found himself at work as before, selecting and rejecting among the dim objects at the back of his mind, striving to grasp the one idea which still eluded him. Once he felt that he had touched upon it, when a little girl, running head down against the wind, bumped against him, and it was gone again. His nerves quivering with irritation, he strode on, impatiently trying to recover the clue he had lost.

Again the idea half came to him, and he grappled with it, struggling hard to hold it, for he was weary with the long strain of concentration. Slowly it took shape, loomed larger and clearer, as in a fever of expectancy he forced it into consciousness.

And as it grew, his old fear grew with it, till, in a very agony of mingled relief and terror, the truth flashed upon him.

"God!" he cried, "it was I who did it!"      ELEANOR ECOB, '07.

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### THE TWICE-BORN.

Close by the margin of the world-wide sea,  
With eyes but newly opening to light,  
He bends his gaze toward the vast quivering arc,  
Whence valiant dawn with frail gold arrows shoots.  
Sole witness to the strife 'twixt dark and day,  
He shares the glorious sense of victory,  
As if for him the miracle were wrought.  
Then dreaming, while the waters ebb and flow,  
He sees the moon glide through the noonday sky,  
And breathes the mystery of the elements.

MARJORIE YOUNG, '08.

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### NEW ENGLAND TRAITS.

So much has been said and written about New England character, so many molds, all more or less alike, have been made in which to cast its idiosyncrasies, its faults and virtues both, that it seems almost impossible even to think about it as typical without reverting to some one of these definite interpretations. Perhaps this is partly because we would fain believe that real New England characteristics no longer exist; that, in the descendants of those hardy tillers of rocky soil, those sailors on gray and stormy seas, the original traits have become softened by the influence of some sunnier atmosphere, or perverted by the curious mundane spirit of these times, or obliterated entirely. But those who think that the sturdy spirit of old New England still lives are inclined to be of the opinion that narrowness and severity were never, except in the earliest Puritan days, either the sole or the chief characteristics of the New Englander. Is not the New Englander also the Yankee? That

long, firm-mouthed countenance can wrinkle up into a very genial smile; and beside, round faces are perhaps as common as long ones among New Englanders. We have been too prone in our love of generalisation to make them all alike without and within.

The real New Englander still exists, but he combines with those points of character, so often and so wearily accentuated, other traits not infrequently overlooked. Any old New England town will give illustrations. There are people, very set in their ways, fearfully curious, and as outspoken and blunt as possible, like Liz Smith, who wrote the following note of consolation to an old friend of hers:

"Dear Mary: I hear your mother is dead. What did she die of? Shall you live on High Street or keep boarders?"

"ELIZA SMITH."

But even she is benevolent, and is well known for having often watched at a sick-bed week in and week out for no reward. The narrowness and hardness of such people is chiefly in their manner of expression, and is by no means so fundamental as it seems.

Then there is Split-Peppermint Perkins, so called because he is said to have split a peppermint to make the weight exact; but he is at heart a very generous soul, who gives almost lavishly when it is a question of giving. These people are not unlikely to acquire an epithet that indicates a special characteristic. But it seldom fairly sums them up. An old friend of mine is always called Rat-Trap Davis, because once, long ago, he bought a trap, and having caught all his rats, carried the trap back and asked for his money. It wasn't poverty that prompted him, but thrift. It is always his custom, even though his daughters have visitors, to lock every door and window soon after eight o'clock, saying to his dog, "Come, Sammy, time for all decent folks to be abed." The visitors can be let out when they choose. But he, of all people, is a man of sentiment. When his daughter was married he gave her a solid gold key with a tag saying "Home" on it, an exact fit to the side door where she used to let herself in when she came home in the evenings after he had been on his rounds. I can see him now at the wedding, his enormous proportions buttoned, for the first time in thirty years, into a stiff, uncomfortable Prince Albert coat. He stood in the refreshment tent on the lawn, solacing himself with a huge plate of ice cream, of which he was very fond, his fine blue eyes wet with tears the while, as he thought of what was to come.



Another good soul, Mrs. Henrietta Simpson, having made for her eldest son's child a wonderfully elaborate set of baby clothes, reflected that she had not been fair to her bachelor son, and made an equally good set for him. Sad to say, when he found them laid tenderly away in a drawer in his room, his embarrassment took the form of profanity, which sorely shocked and grieved his mother. Sentiment, here as always, tends to have the ridiculous side, but it is an element in the New England character not always taken into account, and which makes it pleasanter and more varied than it is sometimes supposed to be.

But there are other qualities beside sentiment possessed by these true New Englanders, called so hard-headed and so hard-hearted. The strict adherence to tradition, so frequently noticed in regard to them, is commonly tempered by a sturdy independence, which sometimes amounts to frank unconventionality. Mrs. Jane Henderson is the most proper soul in the world as a rule, but she has a passion for funerals, not to be restrained by any considerations of prudence. She goes whenever there is a chance, with a good excuse if there is one at hand, without one if necessary. She is over eighty, but she went thirty miles, the other day, to a funeral announced in the paper. His name was the same as hers, and she found him in the family tree. It was her duty to go. But she was doomed to disappointment. He had been such a hardened reprobate that no glowing eulogy was possible: there were no flowers at all, and only three hacks.

But there are also other sorts of breadth and freedom, of a much deeper and more serious kind, not apparent to those who only know New England people superficially. The women especially are by no means the mere drudges they are thought to be. One might almost say that they never are when they have much of an opportunity to be otherwise. Not a few can look back of years of heavy care to a happy year spent in Paris, and such you will find still reading French and speaking it, too, and possessing probably very decided charms, by virtue of the inner freedom this breadth of view gives. Nor do these women lack an æsthetic sense as is so often supposed. You will find beautiful old mahogany in their parlors as well as haircloth; and there are no lovelier gardens anywhere than those they watch over so carefully.

If many of these people seem hard or narrow to us, it is rather because the outward circumstances of their lives have hampered them, for most of them have had to live very closely in one place. When we



know them we come to believe that the narrowness is not a matter that lies deep, but that they possess a freedom of their own of a peculiar and delightful sort.

ELIZABETH B. POPE, '07.

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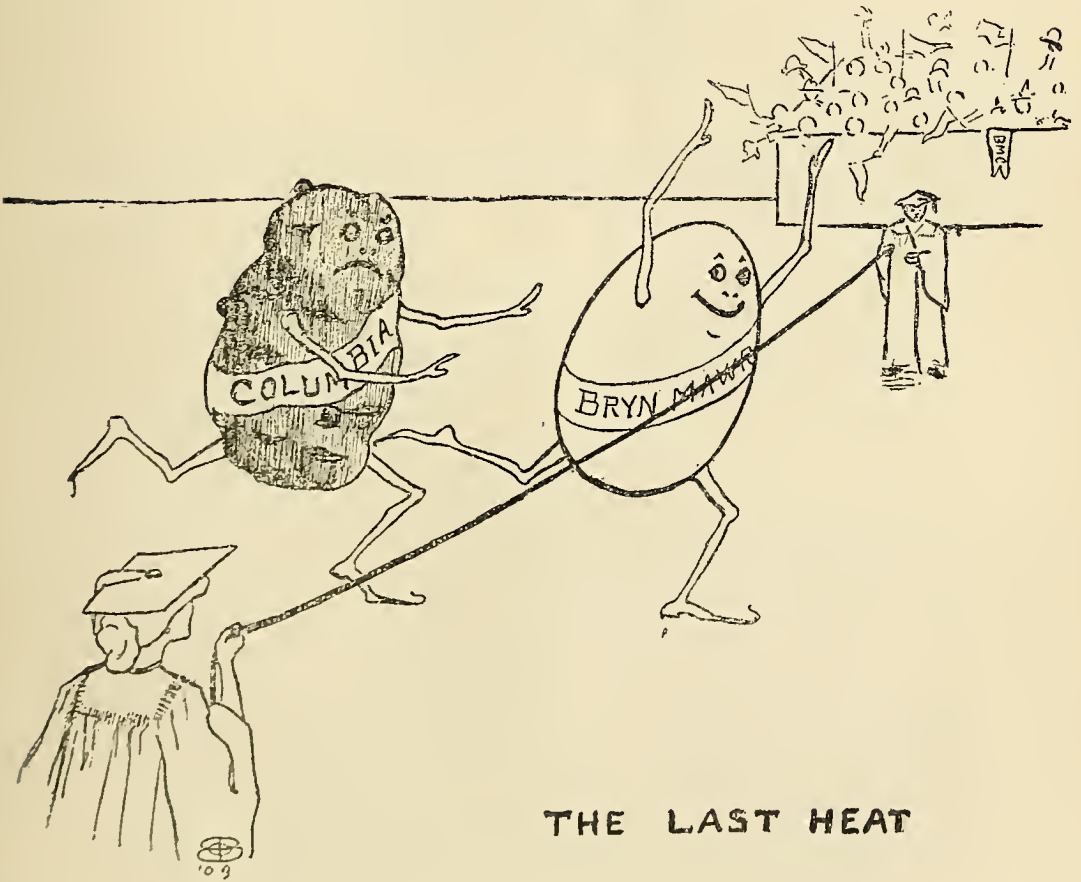
### *EDITORIAL.*

If, at the approach of summer and its inevitable promise of departures and separations, instead of the cursory glance we usually cast, sighing, over the months that lie behind us, we should, for once, deliberately follow back the course of our college years, as children carefully trace a woodland brook to its source, we would probably marvel most at the vast number of things we have in our journey seen, touched, passed, and forgotten. As we follow up the little stream of our career, whose tiny eddies and detours reproduce in miniature the appearance of any great river, hundreds of pale phantoms rise up among the trees on either side. Ghosts of old pains, old pleasures, old ambitions, old disappointments, old influences, and old enthusiasms, stalk silently among the realities of the present, and in their "desolate eyes" we read a definite reproach. With a sudden foreboding of its justification, we turn from those white transparent inhabitants of the lands we have left behind us to the vivid, tangible forms which we have permitted to travel along by our side. Had we suffered them all to come and none to remain, the throng would have become inordinately large, it is true, and yet we wonder, have we chosen our companions wisely? As we survey the thronging forms of the past and the present, we see here and there among the shadowy phantoms a pale face more beautiful than any of the ruddier realities. Now, of course, it is too late to effect a change, to say to the beautiful one, "Follow thou on," for he is already dead. Perhaps it is a former ambition, crushed in the turmoil of less fragile, though less lovely, desires, perhaps a young enthusiasm, drowned in a cowardly deference to conventions, perhaps a fair illusion shattered by a superficial scepticism. Inevitably, in times to come, what we have taken at college and what we have left will be the source of numberless vain regrets. This much, let us hope, we will at least have acquired from the lost opportunities of the past, a truer standard of picking and choosing for the years to come.

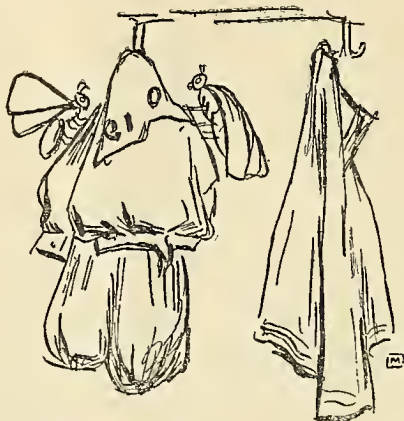
*DULCI FISTULA.*

An exam deferred maketh the heart sick.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON, '07.



THE LAST HEAT



MRS. MOTH—Now that "gym" is over, I think we might begin our housekeeping at once.

MR. MOTH—Not at all. This girl is on the basket ball team. Don't you see her numerals?

---

The red ant and the centipede were fighting for the core;  
 The red ant chased the centipede all around the floor.  
 Some gave them doughnuts, some gave them pie,  
 Some gave them hockey-sticks,—but most turned to fly.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

---

#### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

- '93. Umé Tsuda spoke on the education of Japanese women in the Chapel on April eleventh.
- '96. The class of '96 has presented to the college a marble bench in memory of Mary Helen Ritchie. The bench will be placed on the campus near the Athletic Field.
- '97. Cornelia B. Greene has announced her engagement to Mr. King, of New York.
- '01. Eugenia Fowler has announced her engagement to Mr. Mahlon Neale.
- '02. Elise Gignoux, Jean Crawford, and Anne Todd visited college this month.

- '03. Sophie Boucher, Helen Fleischman, and Elizabeth Utley visited college lately.  
Anna Phillips has announced her engagement to Mr. Bolling.
- '04. Maude Temple has been visiting in college.  
Eleanor Silkman has announced her engagement.  
Leslie Clarke visited college lately.
- '05. Theodora Bates has been in college taking examinations for her Master's degree.
- '06. Janet Thornton, Ethel Bullock, Louise Fleischman, Laura Boyer, and Alice Lauterbach are visiting in college.
- 

### COLLEGE NOTES.

A meeting of the Consumers' League was held in Merion Students' Sitting Room on March fourteenth. The meeting was addressed by Miss Florence Sanville, Executive Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia.

On March fifteenth a meeting of the Oriental Club was held in the Chapel at eight o'clock.

The College Fortnightly Meeting was conducted on March twentieth by the Rev. Charles Erdman, of Princeton.

An informal debate was held by the Law Club on March twenty-second at eight o'clock in Denbigh. The question was: *Resolved*, That capital punishment should be abolished in Pennsylvania.

On April fifth an informal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held in Pembroke West. Virginia Robinson spoke on Pragmatism.

The Founder's Lecture was delivered by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson on April eighth. Colonel Higginson spoke on Whittier's life and work, comparing him to Longfellow and showing why Whittier, although as great a poet as Longfellow, has enjoyed less popularity.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel Wednesday, April tenth, at half-past seven. The meeting was led by Dr. John Timothy Stone.

On Thursday evening, March eleventh, Miss Tsuda spoke in the Chapel on her school in Japan. Miss Tsuda is a very charming speaker, and aroused considerable enthusiasm among the students.

### ATHLETIC NOTES.

On Monday, March 25, a gymnasium contest was held between the classes of 1909 and 1910. Out of a possible 210 points, 1909 won 118, and were rewarded for their good work by the gift of a shield from Miss Applebee. The events were as follows:

#### PART I.

Marching Tactics—Managers: 1909, I. Goodnow; 1910, J. C. Brown.

Barbell Drill—Managers: 1909, E. B. Brown; 1910, D. Nearing.

Indian Clubs—Managers: 1909, F. Ballin; 1910, F. Stewart.

Fencing Class—Æsthetic Gymnastic Dancing.

#### PART II.

Wand Drill—Managers: 1909, E. Holt; 1910, A. Boggs.

Apparatus—Managers: 1909, C. Wesson; 1910, F. Jackson.

Owing to the bad weather, basket-ball practise began unusually late this year; but it *has* begun, and the athletes are playing as assiduously as possible between snowstorms and showers.

The captains of the four teams are as follows: G. Hutchins, 1907; M. Plaisted, 1908; A. Platt, 1909, and G. Kingsbacher, 1910.

Wednesday afternoon has been reserved for Varsity practise, under the management of a committee composed of Miss Applebee, Miss Hutchins and Miss Plaisted.

The graduates have organized a basket-ball team, and it is rumored they will send the Varsity a challenge. The prospect of two games instead of only the customary one with the Alumnæ fills the Varsity basket-ball with that same nervous excitement that proved to be so effective in the Varsity hockey.

Second teams have been organized by each of the classes, which are managed with the same system and care that characterize the efforts of the first teams. The captains are: Cannon, 1907; Seeds, 1908; Ecob, 1909; Liddell, 1910.

The water-polo games were played off very enthusiastically last month. The chief feature of the occasion was the appearance of white numerals on each player's suit. It has taken three years to secure to swimmers the right of wearing numerals. The results were as follows:

|                             |                         |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Preliminaries—1907 vs. 1908 | } Won by 1907 and 1910. |
| 1909 vs. 1910               |                         |

Finals—1907 vs. 1910; won by 1907, with a score of 4-2.



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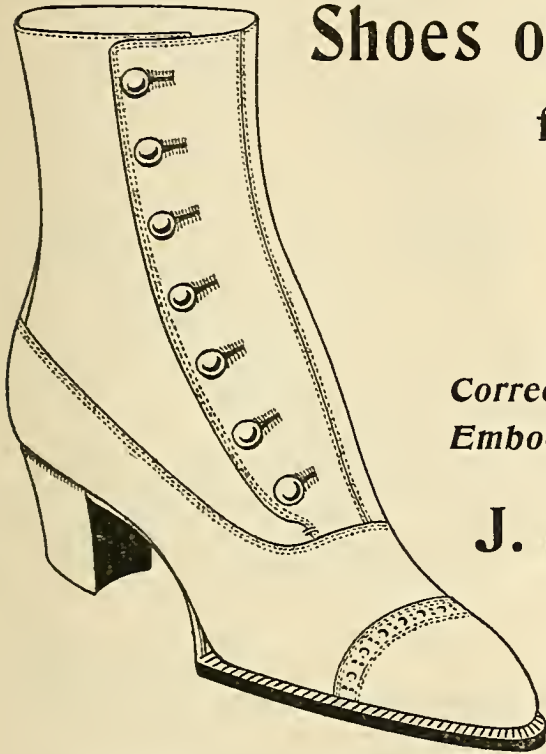
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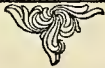
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June, 1907

# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

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*THAT ONE SHOULD KEEP UP APPEARANCES.*

[*IDOLA TRIBUS.*]

It goes without saying that we must measure ourselves by some objective standard, and that truth, claimed as one's individual possession, ceases to define the boundaries that puzzled humanity has upheld against the formlessness of the outer darkness. The illogical submission, however, of a mind that cares rather for the looks of things than for its own freedom and dignity, is, in the present condition of society, more likely to turn us all into smug worshippers of the Goddess Stupidity. For, at present, in practical living, in spite of what one trusts, is an increased depth and sincerity of philosophic thought, we are, often unconsciously, more interested in the judgment of our fellow than in the more essential matters which answer to one's own inward decency.

We can note this fallacy in all grades of living. The shop-girl

spends for false hair and calico roses the money that she needs for laundry bills. Women with less frank vulgarity go to "conversation classes" that they may be able to talk of books they have not read. The student gets more pleasure from a professor's "Good" on an accidental cleverness than from the consciousness of thorough work on an uncommended paper. Men seem utterly careless of theft that will not be lightly found out. The modern world leads a Jekyll and Hyde existence, and nothing seems right or wrong in itself but only as it looks to others.

And thus this submission to the external must be shown to be as destructive to social life as is that quite other "idola species" of overwrought individuality. Perhaps, when this unreasoned creed has worked itself out it will prove the greatest of social evils. For, to the subjective mind, all things must at least be sincere. When a man scorns the narrow lighted strip of human precedent he must be the more carefully reverent of the unmapped vastness in which he lives; but for them that cling to their fellows' good will and disregard the obligation of a common life, there can be no reverence and honesty and self-respect. There can be no question that a life from within outwards, and not a sham of living on the outside, is the element on the part of the individual that tends to keep the social world together.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

---

### *THE PROFIT OF HIS DEEDS.*

So absorbed was I in my book, that not till the rising wind had blown out the candle at my side, did I become aware of the rain's sudden heaviness or the rumble of thunder in the distance. I turned to see if the other occupants of the library had noticed the rising of the storm. Vernon Rutledge was sitting motionless in the carved chair by the fireplace. His volume of Lucretius had fallen closed to the floor, his thin hands lay idle in his lap, and his gray eyes were fastened in a wide unwavering gaze on the carving above the chimney-piece. Corinne, less conspicuous, on a low stool by the wall, sat leaning far forward, her chin resting on her hand. She, too, had ceased reading. Instead,

she was watching Vernon's fine, delicate face with an expression so easily fathomable that I rose rather shamefacedly to my feet.

"It's going to be a proverbial March storm," I observed casually, and though my back was turned I felt that my two companions had responded as if to a shock. Corinne joined me hastily at the window, just as a line of fire split the dense blackness of the sky.

"Ah, how dreadful!" she exclaimed. "I am afraid of storms. But Vernon surely cannot go back to-night."

"Of course not," I rejoined heartily. "The thought's absurd."

"I *must* go back," said Vernon. "You know I hate to be away over night."

This apparent unwillingness to remain did not annoy me, for I was long since inured to Vernon's many idiosyncrasies.

"You will really have to overcome your scruple for once, Vernon," I replied. "I couldn't think of letting you ride back through the woods on such a night."

He still demurred, but Corinne joined her voice to mine and we persisted, until from simple courtesy, he was obliged to consent. Corinne crowned his submission with a gay little laugh.

"That was a very hard struggle," she said with a tiny shrug of pretended fatigue. "I am going now to tell Wallace to fix your horse for the night, and to see that your room is prepared. You shall be comfortable in spite of yourself." Holding a candle aloft, so that its light flickered on her pale hair and in her brown eyes, she dropped us a dainty courtesy and departed.

When she had gone I sat down in the carved chair and watched Vernon as he moved nervously about the room.

"You were wonderfully obstinate in the face of Corinne's pleadings," I observed.

"Your cousin is very charming," replied Vernon. "It was good of her to take so much trouble in my behalf."

I checked a laugh. "Either you are damned ironical or an utter fool," I said.

"What do you mean," demanded Vernon, facing me.

"Simply that it is her misfortune, not her fault, if she happens to adore you."

Vernon went quite pale. "That is meant for a joke," he said in a low voice.



"You are blinder than I thought you. I believe you see only your own fancies, like that fellow in Poe who would lose himself for hours watching a shadow, falling aslant upon the tapestry, or 'dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower.'"

"No," said Vernon very seriously. "He dreamed of nothing and I—"

"It is time you waked to the reality, Vernon," I interrupted. "I thought you knew—but now, are you not glad?"

For reply he only gazed at me with such a curiously troubled look in his eyes that I went to him and put my hands on his shoulders.

"Michael," he said, "Michael."

"I felt sure you cared for her," I half apologised.

"She is very lovely in every way," he murmured. "But marriage, for me, is out of the question."

"Really, Vernon, this is carrying things too far. You have lived so long alone up at that great forsaken house that it has begun to tell on your nerves. Pardon my speaking bluntly, but the best and sanest thing you could do would be to marry."

"Corinne—" mused Vernon.

"Is perfectly made for you," I broke in, "with her sweetness and capability and all her gay, fresh youthfulness."

"Are you in love with her yourself?" he queried suddenly.

"What would be the use?" I laughed in reply, but Vernon had already ceased to pursue that idea.

"Youth is not everything," he said. "The truer, fuller beauty comes with age."

"You say that because you are young. When you are older you will think differently."

"No," he replied, moving away from me. "It is true that 'no youth can be comely but by pardon.' Listen," he added as the low, long wail of the wind came to us from outside, "the cry of pain is always more exquisite than that of joy, is it not?"

"Vernon," I said, "tell me who is it you are in love with?"

He did not move, but stood looking at me with the same curious gaze.

"I do not know whether I am in love with her or not, or where she is, or who, but her face is here," he said, putting his two hands to his forehead, "and the thought of her is with me always."

I led him to a chair. "Tell me about her," I said gently. "Is she more beautiful than Corinne?"

"Yes," he replied, "more beautiful."

I waited a moment, then, "Well?" I prompted.

He bent forward and clasped his hands tightly between his knees.

"She is old, quite old," he said, "and you would call her ugly. Her hair is gray and her face is lined with infinite wrinkles. It is very thin, too, with faintly sunken cheeks. But the eyes are large and dark, and lustrous with the beauty of pain, and the mouth has the intense sweetness of suffering. Ah! it is almost an agony to see!"

The last was a cry. He had shrunk back in his chair, and I knew he was gazing at something hidden to my vision.

"Vernon," I said quietly, "you must control your imagination. This is probably some distorted image of your mother's face which comes back to you."

He rose with a bitter little laugh. "My mother!" he explained, "she had not the capacity for suffering, though God knows there were opportunities enough. What would have brought tears from others, brought only laughs and sneers from her. No, her face has nothing in common with that other."

"That other," I repeated, "is it always with you? Do you not sometimes wish to escape it?"

"There are times," said Vernon, "when I long for it and it does not come, and others when it is here and the pain of its presence becomes intolerable. Often in those sorrowful eyes I read a strange, sad reproach that seems to say, 'Why do you not come to comfort me?' And I cannot go. I am powerless before her misery, and there is no escape."

"Yes," I said, "there is. Listen." From the hall came the sound of a fresh young voice singing a German song. Corinne was coming down the steps towards the library.

Vernon stood listening with downcast eyes. At last he raised them and looked at me.

"I understand," he said, "but I wonder—I wonder," and then Corinne came into the room.

One afternoon in early December I ordered my horse and started to ride across the little wooded valley to where the great Rutledge house stood far up on the hillside among the beech trees. It was now five days since I had heard from either of its occupants, and my mind was

uneasy, for the last news had not been especially auspicious. Corinne and Vernon had been married only five months, too short a time, I thought, for the leaves of their happiness to be turning. But already I could perceive a tinge of shadow in Corinne's accustomed gayety, and the even cheerfulness which had been Vernon's during his engagement and the first weeks of his marriage was now broken by long fits of abstraction and frequent moods of melancholy. He seemed, too, at times to be deliberately avoiding his wife. One afternoon I had attempted to allude to this change. We were walking together through the woods, now bare and leafless in the autumn wind.

"I can remember," I said lightly, "how envious I was this summer of you and Corinne, on your long all-day rambles, when you had converted this whole place into an Arcadia where I dared not intrude."

Vernon picked a withered leaf from a tree as we passed and tore it absently to pieces.

"Well," he said at last, "the summer is over now. We will walk no more in the woods."

"No," I replied, "but Corinne can sing indoors as well as out."

"Michael," he said, stopping suddenly in his path. "She is so extraordinarily gay, so buoyantly young." His tone was almost an accusation.

"She is merly a naturally happy young woman," I retorted, "what else under Heaven could you desire?"

"You are quite right. She is perfect," he replied quickly, and then, "but my ears seem not attuned to joy," he added with a faint shudder. He was silent before my remonstrances until we came in sight of the low gray façade of Rutledge. The house had, of necessity, been renovated before his marriage and changed from a forlorn, partially ruined building to a respectable mansion. But Vernon now turned a sad gaze from it to me.

"I can never look at it without suffering for its desecration," he said, and as we went up the steps he moaned softly, "Oh, Michael! its beautiful oldness! That, I shall never see again."

A few days ago I had found him in my library palefaced and more inclined to let me talk than to speak himself. At last, however, after a long pause, he had looked up and said, quite irrelevantly:

"Michael, she is always laughing. It is like the days of my mother come back."

I had reasoned long with him, trying to show him Corinne's gayety in the light of her desire to relieve his sadness, to rouse him from his broodings. He had left me in penitence, and I wondered now as I approached the house whether his contrition had been lasting. No one was in sight. I broke the heavy stillness of the place by calling Vernon's name, but there was no response. Then, tying my horse, I went up on the terrace, and finding a French window open entered the great living-room. It was empty, and I passed on to the little library beyond. The place was in silence and in shadow—for twilight was at hand—but when my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness I saw Corinne in a dark gown kneeling on the floor, her arms outstretched across a low couch before her, her face hidden between them. I moved quickly to her side and touched her head with my hand.

"Corinne," I said, "Corinne, what is the matter?"

Slowly she raised her face. It was white and drawn, and the swollen eyes were very tired. She spoke at last as if with a great effort.

"Michael," she said, "Vernon has gone away."

Fifteen years elapsed before I saw Vernon Rutledge again. A few letters I had received at long intervals from odd places all over the world, but none ever held an intimation of his return. After a few years, he had written desiring that his wife should be given her liberty, and, not that she wanted it, but because he so wished, it was done. The other letters were curious, vague, incoherent things, tinged ever with the sadness of great longing, the hopelessness of unfulfilled desire. As time went on his obsession seemed to increase rather than diminish. From ignorance of his address and other reasons his letters were never answered, and finally they ceased altogether. It must have been almost a decade later, that, returning to my house one afternoon, I was told that a gentleman, Mr. Rutledge, had arrived to see me. On not finding me at home, I was further informed, he had gone out to walk in the woods. With a strange, not wholly pleasant, excitement, I went in search of him, and where two straggling paths crossed we met and stood a moment silently facing each other. He had aged, of course, but strikingly less than I. There was still something oddly youthful about his carriage, and the significance of his gray hair and lined face, paled before the intense fire of his brilliant eyes. He was evidently strung to a high tension, and I wondered with a quick pang whether this was now his natural condition, or caused by the novelty of his home-coming.



He spoke first, without a greeting.

"Michael," he said, "I have found her. The thought of returning and seeing it all again had always been unbearable, but something forced me back against my will. And now what I so dreaded has proved wonderful. For she exists, she is there in the woods and I have seen her."

"Who is there?" I asked coldly.

He gave me a quick, reproachful glance, which changed swiftly into the old one of intimate friendship.

"Come," he said. "When you see, you will know."

He turned and almost involuntarily I followed his rapid, devious course. At last he stopped in a place, where, hidden by the trees, we could see a tiny green clearing around a single tree, at whose feet a little brook wound slowly.

"Look," he said.

Beneath the tree sat a woman dressed in black. She was very thin, so thin that the bones of her face and hands were unduly prominent. Her skin was wrinkled and oddly yellow against the whiteness of her hair. And as I looked into her face, distinct in the soft light of the gray sky, there came to me the words Vernon had spoken so many years ago—"the eyes are lustrous with the beauty of pain and the mouth has the intense sweetness of suffering. Ah, it is almost an agony to see!"

I caught Vernon strongly by the arm and dragged him swiftly away.

"We must go back," I said tersely.

"Michael," he whispered, "you know her. Who is she?"

In sudden revulsion I dropped his arm and moved away from him.

"Yes," I said, "I know her. She is my wife. Once she was yours."

Vernon stood motionless, staring at me. Every drop of blood went from his face and the brilliance from his eyes, but instead there came into them a sadness of realisation, more simply human than any look I had ever seen there before. Then, without a word, he turned on his heel and strode away into the woods.

Theresa Helburn.



*TOYLAND.*

It is hard to say what really recommends the present extensive use of toys by people generally regarded as beyond the toy age. It can hardly be actual pleasure in them, for certainly many girls who care no more for playthings than their grandmothers do—perhaps less—are as ardent devotees of the fad as any; nor can it be an æsthetic or artistic consideration, as anyone will acknowledge who has seen a representative number of the favorite toys. It may suffice for the social world that a fad is a fad; one persons adopts it because another does.

Here at college, so far as I can make out, the affectation is regarded as indicative of a certain refined, subtle, sense of humour, and also, perhaps, as a casual deprecation of the charge that the college woman takes herself too seriously. At all events, you have only to walk down a hall corridor and glance in at the open doors to see examples enough to stock a well ordered nursery. Teddy bears extend their arms to you from every couch; leaden live-stock parade confidently across the mantelpieces; little figures that might have stepped out of a comic valentine waggle their heads at you with a fixed and inane smile. The more grotesque the objects are, the more distinction, it seems, is due to their owners. A painted dog—salmon colored with pea-green spots—will elicit squeals of admiration and delight; a pop-eyed rag-doll is hailed as “sweet,” and “adorable,” and “a lamb.”

Now, I daresay, such pastime has its value here. It may relieve the tension of our daily “busyness,” and may even train some people, otherwise unteachable, to trifle ungrudgingly upon occasions. No doubt, too, it is an aid to the clever hostess to have something on which to bestow her attention now and then—to be able to fill up a pause with arranging Dinah’s sash, to make a facetious turn by an appeal to Teddy Bear, or to emphasise her point with a squeak from Bunny. But of course her devotion to the toys is fundamentally affectation, and I venture to guess that not one student in fifty, if left to herself, would look at her playthings once a day. For all that, since the devotion is for your benefit, she expects some similar demonstration from you; and you must, therefore, spend a certain percentage of your time babbling baby talk to Angelina (a wooden mule about one foot long), and thenceforth remember, whenever you pass, to inquire about the latter’s health and welfare as tenderly as if she were a relative.

For the true devotee, the next step,—one which, to speak fairly, is not often achieved by the college student—is to invite her friends and their toys to teas and receptions given in honor of her sawdust pet. The last step of all is to drag this pet about with her in public. Only a few weeks ago I saw an elegantly dressed young lady getting aboard a Pullman car with a dog under her arm. The docile little dachshund was carefully provided with a red jacket, a brass-studded collar, and a fine, long chain. Drawing nearer, I noted its glassy stare and rigid tail—and behold a toy, cloth-covered and stuffed—a rag-dog, so to speak!

When creatures of this sort (often further elaborated with ribbon bows to match their mistress' hats and gloves) appear in street cars, in victorias, in automobiles, on the boardwalks at Atlantic City, in parks and in railway stations—in any of the public places where people usually desire their conduct to be fairly representative, I am tempted to wonder whether their fair escorts realise that it is only themselves and their intimates who are qualified to approve and enjoy their behaviour, and that the big, dull world-at-large is inclined to think that some fads, like family jokes, are best kept for family use.

PLEASAUNCE BAKER, '09.

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*“Μνάσσεσ θάι τινά φαμι καί ὕστερον ἀμμέων.”*

“Hereafter we shall be remembered still,”  
 Sang Sappho, as, in Lesbian groves apart,  
 She taught her band of eager maids the art  
 Of song:—to catch, with magic skill,  
 The note of nightingale; or to distil  
 The fragrance from the tender violet's heart;  
 And render all in liquid verse, with dart  
 Of love-lit eyes. But “Just as, on the hill,  
 The shepherd's foot treads down the purple bloom  
 Of hyacinth,” so erring Time hath bruised  
 Thy loveliness, Oh Sappho, and diffused  
 Thy precious syllables, though even now  
 More sweet and rare than spring-time's faint perfume,  
 Or “ruddy apple on the topmost bough.”

CLARA LYFORD SMITH.

*THE CHILD WITHOUT A SORROW.*

The difficulty in my case was not alone that I never had had a sorrow, but that, up to this particular Sabbath afternoon, I had lived in gross ignorance of the extreme advantages of acquiring one. If I had only known as much about sorrows the week before this Sabbath as I took pains to learn during the week after, I might, somehow, have been spared the humiliation of that day. And yet, even in the light of subsequent discoveries, I can see pretty clearly that the arrangements of a well-meaning Providence in my behalf were altogether unfavorable to the production and nourishment of a real heart sorrow.

To be sure, I had cried when my bird died, and often I felt very unhappy because my hair stayed short and straight, even after I had prayed for long yellow curls,—but all the information which I have subsequently gained has been directed against counting any experiences of this sort as real sorrows. It seems that, if your father should come home drunk, like Peter Lowe's father, that would be a real sorrow. But my father was a minister, and ministers very seldom, if ever, come home drunk. Or if you had a stepmother who would beat you because you were good and kind, like "Patient Myrtle" in my Sabbath school book,—that would count for a sorrow, too. I, however, had no stepmother, but only ordinary parents, who smiled congratulations upon each other when I was good, and sometimes spanked me a little when I cried about my bibs. It would be a regular sorrow, too, if your little brother died, like dear little Paul Dombey, and left you all alone with people who did not understand you. But I had six brothers. It was hardly likely that they all would die, and one or two, of course, would hardly count for much of a sorrow, when there were still plenty left. However, the biggest sorrow of all is when you love some one who doesn't love you back—so you never get married. My best friend, Eleanora Forsythe, told me of this sorrow. And yet, indications were that I should never have any of this sort either, as Eleanora and I had decided never to marry anyway, but just to live together and be milliners, instead. Eleanora was exactly one month and three days older than I, and this curious coincidence of our births, together with the fact that pink was our favourite colour, and "Helen" was our favourite name, seemed to indicate pretty clearly a foreordained intimacy, not to be lightly regarded.

Besides, there weren't very many unmarried men left in the world now, excepting just Jackie Macfarlane and a few others.

But, as I have said, all these facts which I have gleaned concerning sorrows came to me too late to be of any practical service. I had lived five whole years, quite unconscious of the prosaic nature of my life, and now, on this afternoon, I skipped off to Sabbath school quite content with my ignorance and smiling down affectionately at the shining tips of my new shoes, as each hop flashed one of them into my line of vision. After all, whatever the arguments against church-going in general, there was no denying that this matter of "Sunday clothes" was an immense compensation, in particular.

Fresh from the hands of the enemy, my sister, scrubbed and garished and shiny, I was free at last to stand off, as it were, and regard myself with unrebuked satisfaction. There was my "carpet dress" for one thing, and my "Aunt Mary satchel," with two nickels, one for Sabbath school and one for church, and then my gray pussy muff and tippet—I wanted white, but "you know how white does soil"—and then there was my brown Sabbath hat, with strings that made my ears stick out—I resented the strings and wanted a red fuzzy hat that would flop when I skipped, like Eleanora Forsythe's,—but every one seemed to think I looked better with my ears out, and besides, "brown is very serviceable." Anyway, strings and all, it was much more splendid than my week-day hat, and Sabbath school was a pretty nice place, after all, when one dressed like this to go, and sat on a dear little yellow chair in a big room with glass doors.

However, Eleanora's little yellow chair was next to mine, and, somehow, all my elegance always seemed to wither when I sat by her. Indeed, from before Eleanora—even in her newly acquired mourning—I imagine that Solomon in all his glory must have made a confused and hasty retreat. And yet Eleanora never could remember her Psalm, while, as for her Catechism, I distinctly recall that she spent three Sabbaths on "What is Effectual Calling?" when Jackie Macfarlane and I were away over at the "reasons annexed to the fourth commandment." But I would have been humiliated to death if Jack had passed me in Catechism. He and I had been rather co-workers than rivals ever since that long ago day of my timid arrival at Sabbath school. On that memorable occasion he had stationed himself in front of my chair—from which my two short legs stuck straight out before me, while I grasped a nickel in



my clammy palm, and blinked to keep from crying—and I remember that the quizzical look in his gray eyes was very kind, as he surveyed my conflict.

At length, "Are you married?" he asked abruptly.

"Not yet," I admitted, apologetically, feeling half rebuked for my inexcusable delay.

After a pause, during which he glanced approvingly at the "Aunt Mary satchel"—new then,—and at sundry other adornments,—

"I'll marry you, if you want me to," he volunteered in a cheerful burst of generosity.

His frank smile was very warm and pleasant, but—with feminine recoil from entangling alliances—

"I don't want to," I said, hurriedly.

"I've got a goat," he said—whether to compensate himself for my refusal, or to encourage me, I could not tell—but I assumed the latter intention.

"I don't like goats," I remarked disagreeably.

"And a wagon," he urged. "It holds two."

Then, failing to see the avenue he had opened up—"two fellows," he added laconically, and turned on his heel, his hands plunged into the pockets of his neat blue trousers.

All that was long ago and of course marrying was quite out of the question now, in view of the millinery enterprise. And yet Jackie's attentions were far from disagreeable, and I blush to recall that there was most unmaidenly weeping the afternoon he told Miss Nellie he meant to drive an ice cream wagon and marry her.

Miss Nellie was our teacher, and was still very beautiful, in spite of her age, which dark rumour placed at about twenty. As soon as Miss Nellie arrived, and had been duly shocked by our conscientious reports that Jackie and Peter were not "being brave," I remember that she always restored order by viciously striking a harsh little bell.

Somehow, when that little bell rang, I always seemed to remember, with a start, something that Miss Nellie had told us to do every day that week, perhaps. At least some sort of heart-searching was sure to be forthcoming. Probably I would have to tell whether I had copied at school, or whether I had answered back to mother, or whether I had saved any pennies for the heathen babies. At all events, Miss Nellie



would think of something disturbing to ask, and somehow the very sound of the little bell was depressing.

It was all very well—thanks to my long-sighted parents—when she only wanted to know how many in the class had been baptised. Even the interesting task of selecting a besetting sin to vaunt as one's very own was comparatively simple and pleasant, and quite a halo hovered about the head of pale little Bessie Anderson, who first thought to claim, in a childish lisp, that she had a violent temper. But imagine the shock of being suddenly drawn up by—

“How many of you children remembered to say your prayers this morning?”

Imagine having Eleanora Forsythe fairly rise off her chair to wave her little gloved hand, while you—the minister's daughter—recalling in dismay your morning haste to see the new puppies,—could only writhe uneasily into an equivocal position which you hoped might be interpreted into a raised hand, and then, scarlet with despair and shame, slink into your chair, while Jackie whispered in your ear that you would go to hell. Jackie's full name is John Calvin Macfarlane.

But now, to-day, she might not think of anything, after all. Besides, it was my day to pass the cards, and the spirit of heaviness never sat long on those who had public duties of this sort to perform. Jack wanted two cards, to-day, and smiled so captivantly that I weakly yielded—then told on him afterwards. At roll call, I had a long new verse, while Eleanora could only say “God is love” again. Then Eleanora, assisted by frantic whispers from Jack and me, stammered through “Effectual Calling,” while I, to crown the day, answered two more Catechism questions than Jack. Little wonder, that, by the time I had raced breathlessly through—

“My heart not haughty is, O Lord,  
Mine eyes not lofty be”—

I had come to feel quite as arrogant as the strings behind my ears must have made me look. Just then Miss Nellie tapped her bell.

It was time for the chart now. The picture to-day showed a curious door which Miss Nellie called a tomb. A woman, and some men with inordinately long beards and curious red and blue dresses, stood about, and one in pink, with his hands over his face, was Jesus, Miss Nellie said. The verse below was so astonishingly short that all of us who could spell at all had our hands in the air in an instant, and Eleanora

Forsythe even snapped her fingers. Perhaps there were so many hands that Miss Nellie could not choose. For a moment she looked thoughtful, then—"Children," she said, "I want you all to think and tell me what was the saddest day of your life."

Reluctantly and gradually we drew down our fluttering hands. Next to me Eleanora Forsythe, with doting affection, smoothed the crepe flounce of her stiff black silk. "When my mother died," she said with a pathetic droop of her lip. Jack, always soft hearted in spite of his bravado, leaned across me with something closed in his hand. Eleanora's pretty gloved hand met it, but I saw and knew in a flash. It was Jack's second best "glassie." He would not let me even play with that glassie. (What a fussy dress that was of Eleanora's!) Bessie Anderson's mother had died, too, a long time ago, but her father had promised her a new one now in a week, so that her loss was remediable—still it was a sorrow. Peter Lowe, who had a wide selection—poor little chap—chose the day their barn burned down, and Harry Chandly, whose two brothers and a sister had died of scarlet fever within one week, burst forth into new importance in his own eyes, apparently, as well as in ours.

In despair, I cast about in my memory. There was the day grandfather died; I stayed at home from kindergarten and all the cousins came. That would do at a pinch. No one else that I could think of had ever died, excepting Mrs. Dempsey, and I had not felt sad about that, only very much relieved to find that this first dead person whom I had ever seen was not chopped and bloody, as I had expected—but only white and asleep.

"And yours, Sarah?"

"The day little Rebekah died," I said.

Then the bell in the big room rang, a hasty prayer and the two white doors emptied us into the street, a confused multitude, folding papers and clamoring for lost caps.

Eleanora and Jack loitered behind, and when they caught up with us under the trees, I had already crossed my heart to satisfy the feeble faith of my companions, and sworn that the said Rebekah was my deceased sister.

"And she was three days old," I pursued hotly, grasping hopefully for the one point of this dead infant's history which had always appealed to me as most unusual.

It was a telling stroke. No one had ever deemed it possible that any one could die at so early an age.

But realistic Peter was not satisfied.

"Did you cry?" he asked.

"No," I said disgustedly, for Jack disliked tears.

"I cried when my mother died," put in Eleanora Forsythe, "and I didn't eat a speck of supper. Did you eat any supper?"

"There wasn't any," I said, off my guard.

"Why not?" urged Peter.

"I—why," I stammered, "they—I—I wasn't hung—"

Then suddenly, in a burst of humiliation and despair—

"Because I wasn't born yet," I said.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the sheltered seclusion of my piano box playhouse, I lay with my face buried against my hard unresponsive little rocker. My eyes were hot, and the sleeve of my jaggy coat smelt damp and steamy. Some one was running past and calling my name—Jack—no doubt, come to tell me that I would go to hell. Well, I would just as lief. Nobody would care. Probably they would all be glad when they saw me being dragged into the Devil's mouth, along with Peter Lowe's father, like the men in my Judgment Day picture. Then Eleanora and Jack could take hands and fly up with their little wings and their little crowns—but here I could only clutch the rockers of my chair and gasp—so intolerable was my pain. Then while I writhed I heard my name again and tried to cover my head with the skirt of my coat. Suddenly I felt, thrust against my hot little palm, the cold, hard surface—it couldn't be—certainly not—but yes, through the blur of wet eyelashes, I could see it—honest and true—Jack's best pink striped "Uncle Jim glassie."

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

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### *THE NEW PERSEPHONE.*

Weep not, O maids, for my untimely doom,  
 But sport among your golden daffodils;  
 I walk among pale flowers, more precious bloom  
 Than ever crowned the spring on Grecian hills,  
 Dim asphodel that whitens all the sod.

Think not of me as sad 'mid Hades' gloom,  
But happy in the unshadowed light of love,  
The love that rests on me from Death's own eyes,  
Not that relentless God  
Whom you, O foolish ones who dwell alone,  
Think you hear laugh the while he sunders life,  
But that young Death who weeps for him who dies,  
He who desired Persephone to wife.

Well, now we sit once more 'neath Grecian skies!  
Do you remember how we sang in spring,  
Sitting among the blossoms white and pied?  
Last night I heard the brass doors backward swing,  
And knowing that the spring was here, I sighed,  
And then I wept to see Demeter there,  
To hear her call me from the stern-browed king  
Up to the earth, to the cool fragrant night,

Where flowers and dew and stars were in their prime.  
At home, she bound my hair  
And rocked me in her arms so strong and white,  
Bade me be glad, now the drear time was flown

That I must dwell in Dis' unhappy clime.  
But there my young Death waits for me alone!

O maids, impatiently I wait the time  
(Nay, look not on me in this swift amaze.)  
'Till spring and summer shall have passed away,  
(Nay, weep you not for those sweet vanished days.)

'Till bleak winds fade the azure into gray,  
And with mysterious fire of frosty breath,

Autumn shall kindle trees into a blaze  
Of votive flames, of rose and amber fires,

To light the way that leads me to my tomb,  
The arms of my young Death.

The year's own melancholy, lovely pyres  
Shall be my funeral fires and torch of love;

Swift be my nuptials with the God of Doom!  
I long for Death, for asphodels, and gloom,

With all the weeping world shut out above.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.



*THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM.*

The blue paper-covered book slid to the floor, as the weary student yawned and stretched herself back among the cushions.

"My dear Eliza," she said, "has it ever occurred to you that this pastime of ours is perfect nonsense?"

"Don't call it a pastime, Jane, I beg of you," replied Eliza, her voice trembling with earnestness. "You may think of it as you like, but to me it is a step toward realising a life's dream."

Eliza was very plain, being stout and rather indefinite as to colouring and expression; she was also stupid; but what did these slight drawbacks matter to her success in life. Eliza was intense. When she made up her mind to do a thing it was invariably done in the end, although years might be spent in the process. It was so with their trip abroad. Four years ago she had decided that she and her sister must see the world. "We are not too old," she said, "and it is time that we acquired breadth and culture. Here we are without uplifting intellectual influences." She seemed to have a theory that culture could be found somewhere in pellet form, and could be taken as easily. She began to save money from that hour, her efforts at economy were crowned with success and now the great moment was at hand. They were to be gone two months, and were to visit all picturesque and historic points in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Switzerland.

"It does seem a shame to go back without doing Spain," said a satirical friend, and Eliza, after grave reflection, added Madrid, Seville, and Granada to their itinerary.

"We should speak at least one language well," she said, "besides being able to make ourselves understood in one or two others." This matter was settled as easily and definitely as the question of what clothes they were to take. Eliza selected German as the language to be mastered perfectly, purchased a set of the *Meisterschaft* instructive pamphlets, from which, with a little application, any one could learn German, and fell to work. Her determination invariably swept all before it, so that Jane found it easier to fall in with the plan than to resist. In a few days she, too, was repeating, "Have you the book?" "No, I have the pen," with as much enthusiasm as her sister. Being more clever than her sister, she soon penetrated to Volume seven and the difficult region



of, "Can you tell me, sir, if this train stops at London or at Paris?" while Eliza still floundered among the complications in Volume two.

"I don't think you need complain," she said when her sister bewailed the futility of their occupation. "You are learning something, while, look at me! I can persevere, if you can."

"We sail in two weeks," replied Jane, "and I know barely enough to interview a German cab-driver, while you can only ask what time it is. I do not feel that we are very well equipped."

"We can study on the steamer," said Eliza firmly. "Everyone says the language comes to you suddenly. We are bound to learn it in the end."

In the excitement of packing and of departure, Jane forgot her misgivings and began to believe, as they boarded the steamer, that the journey was sure to be a success. No such ordinary emotions contented Eliza. This first step toward the new life of intellect and culture was to her a solemn rite, she felt that she was beginning to be uplifted at once, and strove to appreciate the situation as fully as possible.

Not a moment of the journey was to be wasted. Throughout the voyage she made desperate efforts to spend her time out of doors and to "enjoy the sea air." Whenever she could leave Jane, who was prostrated from the first moment, she struggled on deck and sat, very limp, in her steamer chair.

"We do not see the ocean at home," she told herself sternly, "and shall not have this opportunity often again," so she kept her admiring eyes upon the waves, although the sight made her feel very unwell.

It was with a sigh of relief that she prepared to disembark.

"A delightful voyage," she murmured, although her hypocrisy shamed her. Jane had no scruples against crying out against the hideousness of the experience, saying that Europe must be wonderful indeed to make up for the agony that she had gone through.

With solemn conscientiousness they made a tour of the Cathedral towns, taking notes on length of naves, height of spires, etc. For a few dizzy days they dashed about England and Scotland. They had little time to talk, they followed guides and drank in information all day, and returned to their rooms at night too weary to utter a syllable. On the trains they were busy looking up the next place in their Baedeker.

"We can discuss it all later," said Eliza, and, as usual, Jane agreed. Whenever there was a moment to spare, Eliza brought out the Meister-

schaft books. The language had not yet come to her, but she expected to have a grasp of it at any moment now.

When the occasion came for crossing the Channel, her stout spirit quailed for the first time. After fifteen minutes of utter misery on deck, she succumbed.

"The scenery is not distinctive," she said, and tottered below.

They did not remain long in France. Eliza felt that they were doing their duty by that wonderful country in a shamefully sketchy manner. They stared at chateaux and palaces and grand toilettes with but faint enthusiasm.

"We will do better in a country where we know the language. There is nothing like Germany, after all. I feel that the German tongue will come to me very soon."

They went straight to Dresden, and there received the first definite shock. Although Jane found the correct place in her book and read aloud whole pages of the "Phrases for Travellers" to the porter, he laughed in her face and turned them over to an English-speaking official. Could it be that the system was inadequate?

They were guided to a hotel. There they were assigned rooms and were led upstairs by a maid who giggled audibly at Eliza's attempts at conversation. Now and then they ventured to make a few timid excursions in and near the city, saw such sights as they felt must be seen and fled back to their hotel. Very little was said as to their itinerary. After a few days they fled, with common consent, from Germany to Switzerland.

They had their first view of the mountains and were evidently too much impressed to say much. They travelled through the valleys for hours, speaking very seldom, gazing long and silently at the scenery, Eliza occasionally taking notes in the margin of her Baedeker.

Late in the afternoon they left the train at a small town to which they had been directed by some friends at home. "Wonderful views, a comfortable pension, a most delightful spot for your first stopping place," was the recommendation. They reached the house and climbed wearily upstairs to their apartments. Leaving her sister to unpack the bags, Jane went out to negotiate with the maid—in sign language—for some hot water.

When she returned she was horrified to find Eliza prone upon the bed, her dusty hat flung upon the floor, her neat hair dishevelled, her stout form shaken with sobs.

"What is it, my dear, what is it?" cried Jane in frantic terror.

"It's—it's everything," wept Eliza. "Nothing is right. I hate the whole affair. I haven't admired a chateau or a cathedral, and haven't thought anything picturesque. I can't bear it abroad."

"Eliza, dear Eliza, do calm yourself," cried Jane.

"We haven't learned anything or met anybody but impertinent maids who drop their h's and porters who laugh at our German. I thought, if we only tried hard, we might learn to like travelling, but it is impossible. I wish I were at home."

"When you are not so tired—" began Jane.

"It's not that," sobbed Eliza. "You know you hate it as much as I do. It is no use. We are too old, too uncultured, we can never appreciate what other people do. These dreadful, overpowering mountains, that everyone praises so, are the last straw. There is only one thing worse and more overrated than Switzerland—the Meisterschaft system."

Slowly the sobs died away. After the first burst of anguish, the stalwart soul of Eliza reasserted itself.

"We must make the best of it," she gasped, sitting up and mopping her flushed countenance. "Since we have come so far, we had better not miss the sunset."

"We can talk about our trip when we get home," was all the comfort that Jane could offer. "Perhaps we will even know some German by then."

Eliza shuddered at the mention of the hated language. In silence she unlatched the window and leaned out. The high wooded hills rose abruptly beyond the meadow before the house, the valleys between were beginning to look dim and ghostly in the twilight, a light mist was creeping from the river up the dark slopes. They could hear the rushing of the little mountain stream, but could only catch glimpses of it here and there where it broadened into roaring white shallows. Behind the dark hills rose the snowy peaks, half mountain, half cloud, towering so into the sky that they seemed too far away to be of the earth. The dull glow of red upon the white deepened as they watched, then faded to a dull pink, then to gray. The whole valley was silent except for the river, which sounded louder and nearer in the gathering darkness.

Eliza dried her eyes.

"Do you know, Jane," she whispered, "I begin to like it."

CORNELIA L. MEIGS, '07.

## OUR NONSENSICAL NATURE STUDY.

An *Engaging and Winning* freshman, a *Mighty Pert Baby*, and a *Jolly Cunning Kid*—*Busy, Energetic, Nimble, Blissfully Happy*, enters Bryn Mawr anticipating *Infinite Studious Enlightenment*. She childishly plays with *Many Rubber Balls* and *Koddles Kittens*, and, though a *Great Speech Bungler*, *Always Babbles* to her *Merry Amiable Friend*, a *Robust Light-footed Christian* who is *Especially Scented*, and *Ever Gracious, Hopes For Suitors*. All freshman year she *Goes By Papa, A Jocular Hayseed*, talking of "*My Kingly Lineage*," and, although she *Endures Tortures* and *Gets Painfully Huffy*, *Entices Haverford*, and *Husbands Pursue Strenuously*.

Although *A Good Girl*—an *Assiduous Amiable Soul*—*Ever Normal, Her Temper Steady* and her *Appetite Noticeably Constant*, during sophomore year, she, with an *Extremely Dictatorial Warbler*—who is, indeed, an *Exceedingly Bossy Person*—*Manifests Much Resentment* at a class-mate who *Makes Ecclesiastical Bluff*. She is an *Earnest Talker, Always Mildly Withering*, though, since she is never *Judiciously Laconic*, she often *Makes Remarks Foolishly*, her *Mouth Ever Busy*. As, although an *Astonishingly Helpful Girl*, she *Just Dotes Fondly* (on) *Bossing*, by junior year she becomes an *Exceedingly Majestic Shrew* as well as an *Eminent Editor*.

In junior year, *Athletic, Gleeful, Histrionic*—in fact, an *Actor's Guide*—showing *Boundless Resolution*, combined with a *Marvellously Alert Conscience*, she becomes an *Enthusiastic Schemer* and the *Ablest Mayday Hustler*. She is a *Lively Learned Paradox, Has Plentiful Humour* and *Evades Conventions' Walks*. They say she *Makes Fudge*, but, as she *Dreads Fat, Maintains Healthy Balance*. *Entrancingly Dulcet*, she *Loves Being Worshipped* and *Makes Birds Melancholy*. An *Exotic Worker*, she *Composes Like Mad*, and *Works Midnights, Rising Yawning*.

But, by senior year, her *Enthusiasm Waning*, she buys *A (da) Vinci* and *Vigilantly Grasps High-credits, Manifesting Idealistic Oxford Sympathies*. She, already noted for her *Great Heart*, and for her *Many Righteous Works*, now becomes *My! How Academic*. An *Ever Eager*



*Chemist, she Haunts Laboratory since she Always Enjoys Research and is In Chemistry Most Wonderful, also Measuring Hydrostatic Fluctuations, doing Lovely Biology Work, and Dissecting Many Corpses. She finds Scientific Keenness Gives Satisfaction and is Loyal to Work on Meteorological Phenomena. Calm, Wise, Deliberate, she shows Much Valorous Resistance, when Kant Vexes Her, but has her English Themes Typewritten, and, with English Marks Remarkable, Bears Latin High-credits. She Always Takes Honours and, being a Noble Linguist, Captures Longed-for Scholarships and Easily Attains Rank. On looking back on her college career she Manifests Absence's Adage.*

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### THE OLD LADY OF THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

I stood poking my nose through the uncomfortable whitewashed palings which stood between the sun-baked pavement and the shady garden of the old lady who lived across the way from us. We had just moved to the neighborhood, and in all my explorations of it, I had not found a lovelier spot than the garden which lay about the great dark-house before me. A path strewn with pink and white pebbles stretched from the tall white gate to the low broad porch. Tall box bushes reared their dark foliage from the borders of the path, and the cool fragrance of their glossy leaves lay over the whole garden like a spell. Heavy clusters of wisteria bloom drooped from the vine-wrapped pillars of the verandah, narcissus and lilies bloomed in the flower-beds which bordered the walks, and over the drowsy deliciousness of the flowers, over the clean trimness of the walks, over the wide greenness of the flower-bordered lawn, huge magnolia trees spread the shade of their great dark leaves.

I sighed with the desire to escape from the scorching glare about me into that cool Paradise. The house seemed deserted. No one was in sight on the street. Dropping my hoop, I opened the gate a little way, slipped inside and closed it after me. Then, holding my breath, and, stepping softly, I went up the pink and white path between the rows of fragrant box until I came to another little path branching off to the back of the house. I followed the windings of this until a sudden turn brought



me in view of the lawn behind the house, and I stopped short. A little summer-house covered with tender sprays of the honeysuckle vine stood in the center of a crocus-studded plot of grass, the sunshine—not the fierce glare which I had left behind me, but a clean fresh light—painted the grass a golden green, and at the door of the summer-house a fluffy white kitten chased its own tail. With a cry of rapture I ran forward, sat down upon the doorstep, and gathered the delicious ball of fur into my lap.

When I looked up again I saw that an old lady in brown sat on the bench within knitting a white shawl. She smiled at me timidly.

"I'm very glad you've come," she said in a tremulous little voice.

I rose in some confusion.

"Oh, don't go!" she cried, appealingly stretching out her hands to me. "Sit down," hospitable eagerness was in her voice. "Play with the kitten while I go to get you some cookies."

My soul expanded under such a welcome. I smiled, and, with a pleased little laugh she tripped across the sunlit grass into the wide kitchen doorway.

When she had returned to her knitting and I had settled myself at her feet with the kitten in my lap, a cookie in my hand, and a great blue dish overflowing with them near my knee, my mind turned to the crowning condition of contentment.

"Tell me a story now," I said to her.

"What about?"

"About this house," I said after reflection. "This is a good house for a story."

She started and drew a deep breath. "Very well," said she. "Once long ago in the war times a girl lived in this house all by herself except for the servants. Her mother and father were dead."

"What did she wear?" I asked inexorably.

"She wore gray, home-spun dresses in the daytime and white muslin frocks at night."

I was satisfied and allowed her to proceed.

"Do you see that great brick building down there at the foot of the hill?"

"Yes, that was the old prison."

"Well, the girl used to sit at twilight here in the summer-house

looking down upon it and pitying the poor prisoners of war who were thrust into it daily. She used to watch it with hatred and dread because she knew that her sweetheart, who was fighting against—against— Do you love the Union, child?" she asked irrelevantly.

"No," I said hotly. "If you mean the Yankees and the—"

"Hush," said she. "He was fighting against the people of the prison and she knew that at any time he might be captured. In the day she visited the ladies whose husbands were officers in the army which she hated for her lover's sake. At night she went to parties, where sometimes, because she was very beautiful and very eager to know what they could tell, young officers would whisper war secrets into her ears. Yes, there were many, very many, who whispered secrets to her and stole kisses from her in the dark, fragrant corners of vine-hung verandahs."

"What did they eat at the parties?" said I.

Her eyes were half closed, and she looked at me dreamily. "What did you say, dear?"

"What was her lover like?" I pursued. I could not waste good time repeating questions when there were hundreds of new ones ready on my lips.

"Like?" she murmured. "He had the most wonderful gray eyes you ever—"

"What did he wear?" I demanded.

She smiled. "He wore a dark blue suit with gold buttons and gold braid."

"Why," said I, "that sounds just like a Yank—"

"Hush!" said she. "It was in the twilight, the resting time between day and night, that the girl used to sit here in the summer-house by herself, looking down at the prison and thinking of her lover. And, one evening, as she sat musing, a hand fell on her shoulder, and, looking up, she gazed into his face. He was in the land of the enemy and he had come to her for concealment and aid in his plans. She—"

"There's our dinner bell," I said, "I've got to go now. Good-bye!"

She leaned forward, and, catching me by the shoulders, kissed me. "You'll come back, sweetheart, won't you?" she said.

"Yes, I'll come back to-morrow," I said, "and hear the rest of your story," I added politely, though I had been very much bored by it.

"Be sure to come, and I will give you a great many more cookies."

This sounded good. I held up my face to be kissed once more, and, calling, "I'll surely come back," I ran away. As I shut the tall white gate I could still hear her tremulous old voice crying, "Don't forget to come back to-morrow."

That evening as I sat on the front steps trying to make two lightning-bugs fight, I heard the voices of my father and mother coming through the window behind me.

"Who lives across the street?" said he.

"A Miss—" I did not catch the name which she pronounced.

He whistled.

"What is the matter with her?" said my mother. "She seems very lonely in that great deserted house. No one ever goes near it, and the only other human being on the place is the old cook. But she seems a quiet, lady-like person."

"Yes," said he. "She is a pitiful old figure. You see, she was the beautiful heiress of one of the best families in the South during the Civil War. She used her power to gain information about the secrets of the Confederacy and then not only betrayed all she knew to a Yankee spy, but helped him in aiding the prisoners to escape from *The Old Prison*. He was caught and hung. She was a woman and nothing was done to her, but, of course, since then no one, not even the children, will have anything to do with her. She is a traitor."

For the rest of the evening I sat with my chin on my hands, thinking. Once or twice I rubbed the spot where she had kissed me, but the burning would not cease.

C. MINOR, '09.

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### EDITORIAL.

Now, at the close of the college year, we go out, all of us for four months, some of us for the rest of our lives, into the larger world which we sometimes forget lies beyond the walls of our little community. We go out, moreover, with certain new responsibilities which our one, two or more years of college life have entailed upon us. We may not be conscious of these responsibilities, or we may, perhaps, be too conscious

of them. We may, that is, be confident in the thought of what lies behind us, be inclined to underestimate the value and importance of the women who differ from us, and resemble more those who, coming before us, were deprived of the advantages that time has brought in its wake. It may, indeed, be worth our while to consider for a moment the claims that the "old fashioned woman," so called, has upon our attention, to discern with impartial eyes how far our progress of the past generations has been in the right direction, how far our gain has outweighed our loss. We have, inevitably perhaps, sacrificed beauty to use as is the modern way, but those who treasure a regret for the white hands, the precise curls, and smooth brows of our grandmothers, though perhaps in need of consolation, cannot be justified, any more than the people who object to railroads on the ground that they mar the loveliness of the landscape. Any such superficial objection is absurd in the light of the fact that the present position of women has been as much forced upon them as acquired by voluntary effort. Economic conditions have demanded their independence, their entrance into the battle for self-support, and it is therefore unavoidable that they should lose their rare charm of seclusion, and that instead dishevelled hair and rumpled garments should be their portion. Let us then not pick a quarrel with necessity, unless we can find a deeper reason for our objection, a plan not in externals but in the method of obtaining the greater usefulness and happiness for which the modern woman is struggling.

The particular pride of the woman of to-day is the possession of the fruits of the higher education. A worthy object of pride, to be sure, and yet, in our exultation we sometimes forget that such a thing as education ever existed among women before. It was not, indeed, somewhat ostentatiously obtained, by four years of comparative isolation from the world, and yet for that very reason, perhaps, might it not have been all the more valuable? Is not the present separation of the pursuit of knowledge, from the ordinary walks of life, a dangerous luxury, and one, moreover, apt to defeat its own ends? Looking upon the pursuit of learning as something detached from the rest of life, we get to stressing and overstressing the intellectual for its intellectuality and nothing else. Life becomes the tool of knowledge, instead of knowledge the tool of life. "Only so much do I know as I have lived," said Emerson, and the college graduate for all her learning often goes through life



strangely unsophisticated. For she has forgotten that the essence of living is its social quality, the opportunity of getting into touch with one's fellows, and that "the deepest truths are best read between the lines and for the most part refuse to be written." Now to the woman of past generations learning was but a prelude to the larger social life, a means of becoming intelligently acquainted with the interests of others, so that she might meet them, with sweet comprehension or wise sympathy. If she knew on the whole less actual "book learning" than the modern woman, she could put it far more skillfully to use. She seemed to understand better than we do that the best we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely. This is not a plea for the revival of "salons"—the possibility of those charming institutions has in great measure been vetoed by the coming of daily newspapers and telephones—nor do I mean to overstress the conversational aspect of life. But in comparison with the cultured woman of the past, the college bred woman seems to me a very limited and unsympathetic talker, and this is but a natural consequence of the limited and unsympathetic quality of her purely intellectual point of view, for, after all, "the best society and conversation is that in which the heart takes a greater share than the head."

What we have got we cannot of course now do away with, nor for that matter do we wish to. Only let us remember that we have not yet reached perfection, and that the past offers as much for us to follow as to avoid.



*DULCI FISTULA.**THE JACOBITE.*

I never go to lectures,  
(There's always someone there).  
I never write my English themes,  
(They make me tear my hair).  
In fact, the only thing in life  
That satisfies my soul,  
Is to loaf around the campus  
And read *The Golden Bowl*.

I never do my exercise,  
I never go to Gym.;  
I slink from the Director,  
She'd rend me limb from limb.  
The only time I went there  
I trembled at her rage.—  
She sternly bade, "Pick up your feet"  
And found the *Awkward Age*.

I'll never get my proud A.B.  
What difference does it make?  
I've learned to face the facts of life,  
I've eaten up my cake.  
As one must make a choice in life  
I've taken things that count.  
I'm not a shark in Physics,  
But I get my *Sacred Fount*.

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.

### UNDER TWO FLAGS.

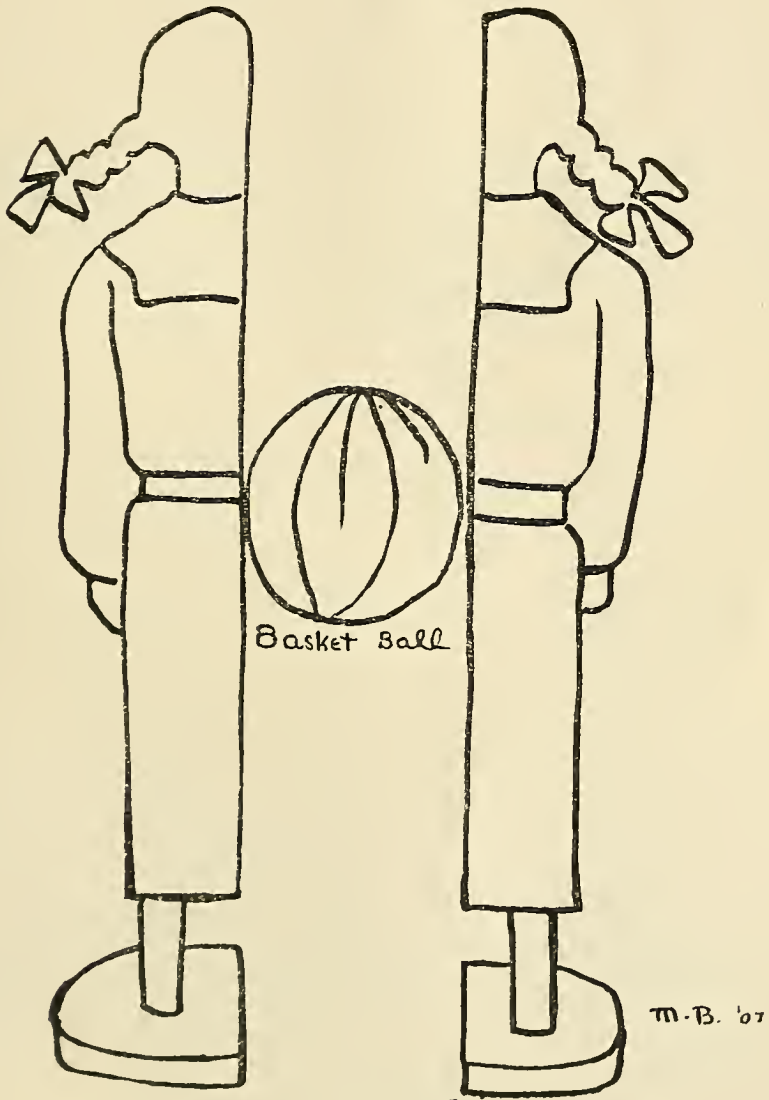
Nineteen-Seven's long expected Senior Play that was to make amends for the prohibited Junior-Senior Supper Play was not *Cyrano* nor yet *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. So many Nineteen-Seven's stars in drama were prevented by illness or by Orals from taking part, that the class was forced to give up Rostand and Beaumont and Fletcher for Ouida, and the Senior Play resolved itself into *Under Two Flags*. After a fashion, it is, of course, appropriate that a dramatic career which began with *The Ladies' Home Learnall* should finish up with melodrama and, by the spirit of the audience, who hissed and clapped at appropriate places, Nineteen-Seven found barn-storming at least as pleasant as art. Of course, the actors were all good. Virginia Hill was an innocent and charming young scape-grace, and Elizabeth Pope was as wicked and vulgar as the heart of Ouida could desire. Dorothy Foster was not to be recognized in the cruel Black Hawk. Margaret Bailey as the sporty duchess would lead any young man astray, and Harriet Seaver was gentle and good enough to lead him back again. Ellen Thayer and Ellen Graves were a manly pair of friends, and Anna Haines made a delightful Irish boy. Grace Brownell as Cigarette was the center of interest, and her death was, I think, the one thing in the play that carried the possibilities of melodrama to the uttermost.

Julie Benjamin made an excellent stage manager. The Senior Class deserves great credit for turning out so excellent a show in the teeth of Finals and Orals.

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### IVANHOE THE ELEVENTH.

We, who have toiled through the arduous paths of matriculation English, met the other night with delight our old friend Ivanhoe in his newest and most attractive guise. Ivanhoe the Eleventh surpassed in every way his prototype, his very silence appearing to many of us an improvement. The scenes through which he walked had, moreover,

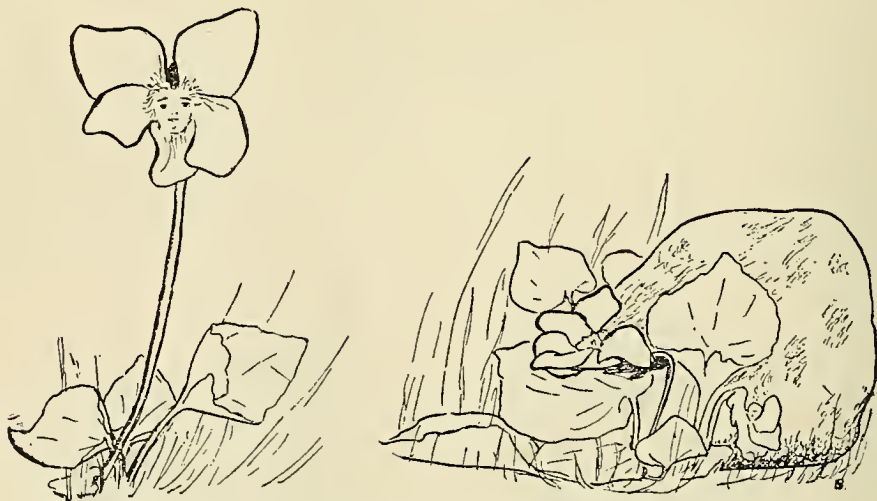


*BETWEEN YOU!*

## A NEW MOUSE TRAP.



*Mrs. Mouse:* Heavens, children, don't drink out of that. The girl who had tea in it has just developed Tonsillitis.



*Violet by the Mossy Stone:* Why do you rear your head so high?  
*The Lonely Violet:* I'm following the Bryn Mawr Standard.

for us modern spectators, a more heightened vitality than those in the novel of our childhood. The idea of serving to us the archaisms of Sir Walter concealed beneath a piquant sauce of Gelett Burgess and Bernard Shaw, proved a most palatable one. The employment of the magnificent scenic resources now open to the modern stage, such as we witness in the fire-scene of the Third Act—which rivalled Coney Island's far-famed "Fighting the Flames"—added greatly to the realistic effect. We wish especially to thank Ivanhoe and his voice, the frolicsome Wamba, and the charming Athelstane, for their vivid impersonations, and finally to congratulate the two collaborators with Sir Walter on the unalloyed success of their production.

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### LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE.

A large discount on individual enthusiasm is, possibly, a necessary element in all critical uprightness and, at any rate, is most undoubtedly one in a senior's judgment of the junior-senior supper play. And yet, laying aside for the moment all personal sacredness of sentiment, I find *La Princesse Lointaine* worthy of the popular opinion, which calls it "the best play so far in college."

An appreciation of *La Princesse Lointaine* must begin with the choice of the play. A symbolism, comprehensive enough to be satisfied by almost anyone's dreams and visions, united with the power of exciting emotion of the actual protagonists and a large capability of picturesque stage effects, make it an appropriate Junior-Senior Supper Play. For this admirable choice of play-book, the first of many acknowledgments to Miss Helburn is due.

The vivid claim which the play made on our imagination—a claim which is quite independent of the symbolism of the play—must be ascribed to the high-coloured interpretation of the principal actors.

The minor parts were filled with a picturesque care. The Pilgrims were pious and talkative and foot-sore; the Attendants only less beautiful than their Princesse and Sorismonde; the Knight-Whose-Arms-are-Green was manly and magnificent; the mariners and their skipper showed plainly the wildness of their life as pirates.



As Erasmus, Miss Marsh brought a well-subdued element of comedy into the first act, and Miss Helburn, as Squarciafico, the Genoese trader and the villain of the piece, acted with remarkable vividness and distinction. Miss Fauvre, as Prince Joffroy Rudel, was especially admirable in her command of facial expression and, as a person reminiscent of youth remarked, she looked "like the Little Lame Prince."

As Father Trophime, Miss Young showed us another aspect of her dramatic gift, and the venerable priest is, at the least, as charming as the young lover. Incidentally, our gratitude is due to Miss Franklin for the translation of Father Trophime's song in the first act.

Miss Elliot, as the Princesse Rudel's "Angel of the East," and Miss Fox, as Bertrand d'Allamanon, acted in a harmony so entire that neither's charm was quite complete without that of the other. When it is remembered the part of Melissinde was written for Sarah Bernhardt, it is impossible to praise too highly the vigour and colour of her interpretation. One forgot, I dare say, all of Miss Elliot's comparative uncertainty, but its freshness in appreciation of the passionate force of her acting. Miss Fox, as we have grown to expect, was impulsive, and brave, and beautiful. Her best tribute came, I imagine, from a venerable lady whose granddaughter Miss Fox might have been, who remarked sagely, "If she were only a man, I'd fall in love with her."

To Miss Helburn and Miss Carrère, who, as stage managers, are in large part responsible for the success of the play, and to the unknown heroes who decorated the gym. and earned backaches in the painting of scenery, gratitude is due from the college at large, and in particular from the Senior Class.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

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#### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'05. Margaret Nichols, Avis Putnam, Elma Loines, and Margaret Otheman have been visiting College lately.

'06. Helen Wyeth, Anna McClanahan, Alice Lauterbach, Laura Boyer, Louise Fleischman, and Adelaide Neall have been at College this month.

The Classes of '97, '04, and '06 will have their reunions this spring. The first number of the *Alumnæ Quarterly* was published in April. The Editorial Board is composed of Marion T. MacIntosh, '90, Editor-in-Chief; Content S. Nichols, '99, Ida Langdon, '03, Elma Loines, '05. The Business Manager is Bertha M. Laws, '01; the Assistant Business Manager, Elizabeth Blanchard, '89. The magazine is issued in April, June, October and January.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

On Tuesday evening, April sixteenth, Prof. Edward B. Titchner, Sage Professor of Psychology at Cornell University, lectured in the Chapel before members and guests of the Science Club on the *Sense of Smell*. The lecture was most interesting, both because a great deal of the data was the result of original research, and because it was put in a form comprehensible even to the most unscientific member of the audience.

The College Fortnightly Meeting was held on Wednesday evening, April seventeenth, at eight o'clock. Prof. Hugh Black, of the Union Theological Seminary, preached on Faith.

This last month has been one of unceasing gaiety, at least from the point of view of the onlooker. The season opened with the third "absolutely last appearance" of 1907 in a highly melodramatic representation of *Under Two Flags*.

On the following evening, Saturday, April twentieth, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their yearly concert. All the seats were sold far in advance, and the general enthusiasm was well rewarded. Whatever merit may lie in the custom of keeping everything so ostentatiously secret as we do here in College, the secret Glee Club practice certainly gives to the concert the greatly increased charm of freshness and surprise.

The regular Christian Union meeting, on Wednesday, April twenty-fourth, was led by Susanne Allinson.

On April twenty-sixth the Sophomores gave a play to the Seniors, entitled "Ivanhoe the Eleventh."

A meeting of the German Club was held on Saturday, April twenty-seventh.

On May Day morning, those of us who could look back upon the fête of last year were surprised to find ourselves rising on May first without a single care, and going out to dance with some real spontaneity, not even needing to be told to look cheerful. The Bryn Mawr Band, imported for the occasion, entered into the spirit of the occasion quite as much as we. When the Maypoles had been wound with more or less accuracy and much enjoyment, President Thomas made a short speech, in the course of which she spoke of a permanent wreath to be given hereafter to the Queen of the May.

The regular Fortnightly Meeting, Wednesday, May first, was conducted by the Rev. Wilton B. Merle-Smith.

A meeting of the Philosophical Club was held on Friday evening, May third, in the drawing room of Rockefeller. Prof. W. H. Sheldon, of Princeton, spoke on *Abstract Ideals and Human Progress*.

The same evening the Freshman Class Supper was held in the dining-room of Pembroke. Katharine Rotan was toastmistress.

On May fourth and fifth a week-end conference was held under the auspices of the League. A number of alumnæ attended.

The regular Christian Union meeting was held in the Chapel Wednesday, May eighth.

On Thursday evening, May ninth, Mrs. Maud May Wood Park, Secretary of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, spoke on the question of Woman Suffrage. As a result, a Woman Suffrage League is now in process of formation at Bryn Mawr, but its enrollment is as yet surprisingly small.

On May tenth the Junior-Senior Supper was held in the gymnasium.

On May eleventh the Junior-Senior Supper Play, "La Princesse Lointaine," by Rostand, was repeated for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

On the afternoon of May sixteenth the Society of Colonial Dames of America presented to the College the tablet which hangs in the library cloisters. Addresses were made by President Thomas and by Dr. Horace Howard Furness. Afterward tea was served in Pembroke to the guests of the College.

*ATHLETIC NOTES.*

The interest of the College has, for the past month, been concentrated on basket-ball. The teams were announced and the draws made (1907 *vs.* 1908 and 1909 *vs.* 1910), and the games were to begin May 6.

The results of the two match games were as follows:

Preliminaries.—1909, 8; 1910, 6. 1909, 1; 1910, 5. 1909, 11; 1910, 5. 1907, 8; 1908, 3. 1907, 3; 1908, 4. 1907, 2; 1908, 9.

Finals.—1908, 15; 1909, 6; 1908, 11; 1909, 2.

Two second team games have been played, with the following results: 1907, 7; 1908, 5. 1909, 1; 1910, 4.

The match games have been conducted in a very orderly way this year. The new rule about umpiring prevents any chance of mistake, and gives the players more confidence. There are on the field four umpires and one referee. A foul, to be counted as such, must be seen and approved by at least one other umpire, or the referee.

A team in cricket has been organized by Miss Worthington, 1910, and has been practising regularly when the weather would allow.

*JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.**1907 to 1908.**I.*

Far from our freshman and sophomore days  
Leaving our senior year,  
Juniors we sing to you, friends for always,  
Friends who are parting here.

*II.*

Greetings exchanged three years ago,  
Mutual work and play,  
Glimmer as faint in our memories now  
As mists at the close of day.

*III.*

And we who are leaving this place we have loved,  
And you we have known so well,  
Ask that you too may share some regret  
With us who now bid farewell.

*IV.*

Then 1908 once more to-night  
We stand here side by side,  
Thinking of days shared by us all,  
Looking toward years untried.

*V.*

Far from our freshman and sophomore days  
Leaving our senior year,  
Juniors we sing to you friends for always,  
Friends who are parting here.

JULIE BENJAMIN.



*JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.**1908-1909.**Tune—Pipe Dreams.**I.*

Here at the parting of the ways  
For one last song we stay,  
And may it be a memory  
Of cheer upon your way.  
We sing of years together spent,  
Alas they were but few,  
Those happy years that came and went  
In comradeship with you.

CHO: Seniors, seniors, though sad is parting we know  
We as Juniors sing you good speed as you go.  
Seniors, seniors, farewell good wishes we cry:  
May friendships cling to you,  
Glad years life bring to you,  
Now 1907, good-bye;  
Seniors of Bryn Mawr, good-bye!

*II.*

These three fair years together here  
Have passed with rapid flight,  
And you we'd bless with happiness  
As here we part to-night.  
May absence never come between  
Our friendship to undo.  
So long as leaves in May are green  
Or springtime skies are blue.

CAROLINE ALEXANDER McCook, '08.

*1908 CLASS SONG.**Tune—City of Sleep.**I.*

Over the way to the votive shrine  
Where the single torch light gleams,  
We come for a spark of the flame divine,  
To the goddess of our dreams,  
To the chaste and wise of the calm gray eyes,  
To Pallas we come from afar.  
With sacred light that never dies,  
1908 honors thee, Bryn Mawr.

*II.*

Devotedly through all the years  
Our tapers trimmed we keep,  
Undimmed the virgin flame appears,  
While shadows gather deep,  
Nor courage fails, nor ardour pales,  
To Pallas we faithful are.  
With sacred light that still prevails,  
1908 honors thee, Bryn Mawr.

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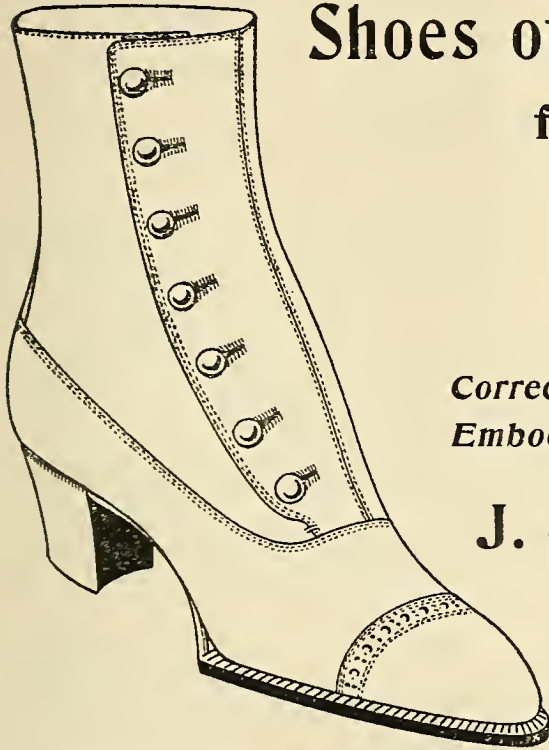
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